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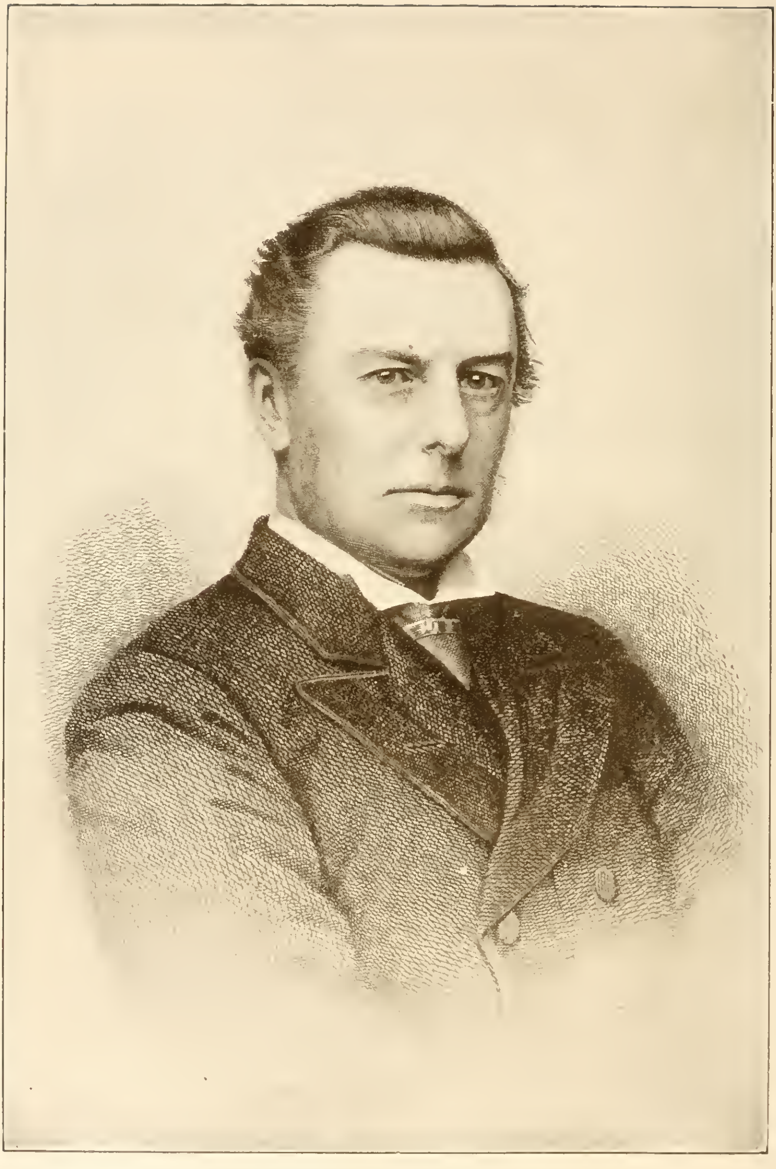

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

MASTERPIECES OF ELOQUENCE

FAMOUS ORATIONS OF GREAT WORLD LEADERS FROM EARLY GREECE TO THE PRESENT TIME

EDITED BY

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ORATIONS

ELIOT

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, an American college president of prominence, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, March 20, 1834. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard University, and was a tutor and assistant professor at his Alma Mater 1854-63. He then spent two years in Europe engaged in studying chemistry and investigating educational methods, and on his return became professor of analytical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and continued to hold that position until his acceptance of the presidency of Harvard University in 1869. He has carried out extensive reforms in the management of the university, the most important being the substitution of the elective system for the former prescribed curriculum. During his presidency the growth of the university in all of its departments has been very great, and through his active instrumentality the institution has received gifts and bequests of many millions of dollars. His interest in the general cause of education has been ardent and his counsel has been sought in various quarters. He has made many addresses in various parts of the country upon educational and political topics, and has never shrunk from expressing his honest sentiments for fear of consequent unpopularity. With F. H. Storer he has published "A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry" (1866) and "A Manual of Qualitative Analysis" (1869). More recent works by him are "American Contributions to Civilization" (1897); "Educational Reform" (1898).

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

DELIVERED OCTOBER 19, 1869

MR. PRESIDENT,—I hear in your voice the voice of the Alumni, welcoming me to high honors and arduous labors, and charging me to be faithful to the duties of this consecrated office. I take up this weighty charge with a deep sense of insufficiency, but yet with youthful hope and a good courage. High examples will lighten the way. Deep prayers of devoted living and sainted dead will further every right effort, every good intention. The University is strong in the ardor and self-sacrifice of its teachers, in the vigor and wisdom of the Corporation and Overseers, and in the public spirit of the community. Above all, I devote myself to this sacred work in the firm faith that the God of the fathers will be also with the children.

The endless controversies whether language, philosophy, mathematics, or science supply the best mental training, whether general education should be chiefly literary or chiefly scientific, have no practical lesson for us to-day. This University recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best. To observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly are operations as essential as that of clear and forcible expression; and to develop one of these faculties it is not necessary to repress and dwarf the others.

A university is not closely concerned with the applications of knowledge until its general education branches into professional. Poetry and philosophy and science do indeed conspire to promote the material welfare of mankind; but science no more than poetry finds its best warrant in its utility. Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action.

It were a bitter mockery to suggest that any subject whatever should be taught less than it now is in American colleges. The only conceivable aim of a college government in our day is to broaden, deepen, and invigorate American teaching in all branches of learning. It will be generations before the best of American institutions of education will get growth enough to bear pruning. The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are still very thankful for the parched corn of learning.

Recent discussions have added pitifully little to the world's stock of wisdom about the staple of education. Who blows to-day such a ringing trumpet-call to the study of language as Luther blew? Hardly a significant word has been added in two centuries to Milton's description of the unprofitable way to study languages. Would any young American learn how to profit by travel, that foolish beginning but excellent sequel to education, he can find no apter advice than Bacon's.

The practice of England and America is literally centuries behind the precept of the best thinkers upon education. A striking illustration may be found in the prevailing neglect of the systematic study of the English language. How lamentably true to-day are these words of Locke: "If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or anything rather than to his education or any care of his teacher."

The best result of the discussion which has raged so long about the relative educational value of the main branches of learning is the conviction that there is room for them all in a sound scheme, provided that right methods of teaching be employed. It is not because of the limitation of their faculties that boys of eighteen come to college, having mastered nothing but a few score pages of Latin and Greek and the bare elements of mathematics.

Not nature, but an unintelligent system of instruction from the primary school through the college, is responsible for the fact that many college graduates have so inadequate a conception of what is meant by scientific observation, reasoning, and proof. It is possible for the young to get actual experience of all the principal methods of thought. There is a method of thought in language, and a method in mathematics, and another of natural and physical science, and another of faith. With wise direction even a child would drink at all these springs.

The actual problem to be solved is not what to teach, but how to teach. The revolutions accomplished in other fields of labor have a lesson for teachers. New England could not cut her hay with scythes, nor the West her wheat with sickles. When millions are to be fed where formerly there were but scores, the single fish-line must be replaced by seines and trawls, the human shoulders by steam elevators, and the wooden-axled ox-cart on a corduroy road by the smooth-running freight train.

In education there is a great hungry multitude to be fed. The great well at Orvieto, up whose spiral paths files of donkeys painfully brought the sweet water in kegs, was an admirable construction in its day; but now we tap Fresh Pond in our chambers. The Orvieto well might remind some persons of educational methods not yet extinct. With good methods we may confidently hope to give young men of twenty or twenty-five an accurate general knowledge of all the main subjects of human interest, besides a minute and thorough knowledge of the one subject which each may select as his principal occupation in life. To think this impossible is to despair of mankind; for unless a general acquaintance with many branches of knowledge—good as far as it goes—be attainable by great numbers of men, there can be no such thing as an intelligent public opinion; and in the modern world the intelligence of public opinion is the one condition of social progress.

What has been said of needed reformation in methods of teaching the subjects which have already been nominally admitted to the American curriculum applies not only to the university, but to the preparatory schools of every grade down to the primary. The American college is obliged to supplement the American school. Whatever elementary instruction the schools fail to give, the college must supply. The improvement of the schools has of late years permitted the college to advance the grade of its teaching and adapt the methods of its later years to men instead of boys.

This improvement of the college reacts upon the schools to their advantage; and this action and reaction will be continuous. A university is not built in the air, but on social and literary foundations which preceding generations have bequeathed. If the whole structure needs rebuilding, it must be rebuilt from the foundation. Hence sudden reconstruction is impossible in our high places of education. Such inducements as the College can offer for enriching and enlarging the course of study pursued in preparatory schools, the Faculty has recently decided to give. The requirements in Latin and Greek grammar are to be set at a thorough knowledge of forms and general principles; the lists of classical authors accepted as equivalents for the regular standards are to be enlarged; an acquaintance with physical geography is to be required; the study of elementary mechanics is to be recommended; and prizes are to be offered for reading aloud and for the critical analysis of passages from English authors. At the same time the university will take to heart the counsel which it gives to others.

In every department of learning, the university would search out by trial and reflection the best methods of instruction. The university believes in the thorough study of language. It contends for all languages,—Oriental, Greek, Latin, Romance, German and especially for the mother tongue; seeing in them all one institution, one history, one means of discipline, one department of learning. In teaching languages it is for this American generation to invent, or to accept from abroad, better tools than the old; to devise, or to transplant from Europe, prompter and more comprehensive methods than the prevailing; and to command more intelligent labor, in order to gather rapidly and surely the best fruit of that culture and have time for other harvests.

The University recognizes the natural and physical sciences as indispensable branches of education, and has long acted upon this opinion; but it would have science taught in a rational way, objects and instruments in hand,—not from books merely, not through the memory chiefly, but by the seeing eye and the informing fingers. Some of the scientific scoffers at gerund-grinding and nonsense verses might well look at home; the prevailing methods of teaching science, the world over, are, on the whole, less intelligent than the methods of teaching language.

The University would have scientific studies in school and college and professional school develop and discipline those powers of the mind by which science has been created and is daily nourished,—the powers of observation, the inductive faculty, the sober imagination, the sincere and proportionate judgment. A student in the elements gets no such training by studying even a good text-book, though he really master it, nor yet by sitting at the feet of the most admirable lecturer.

If there be any subject which seems fixed and settled in its educational aspects, it is the mathematics; yet there is no department of the University which has been, during the last fifteen years, in such a state of vigorous experiment upon methods and appliances of teaching as the mathematical department. It would be well if the primary schools had as much faith in the possibility of improving their way of teaching multiplication.

The important place which history, and mental, moral, and political philosophy, should hold in any broad scheme of education is recognized of all; but none know so well how crude are the prevailing methods of teaching these subjects as those who teach them best. They cannot be taught from books alone; but must be vivified and illustrated by teachers of active, comprehensive, and judicial mind. To learn by rote a list of dates is not to study history.

Mr. Emerson says that history is biography. In a deep sense this is true. Certainly the best way to impart the facts of history to the young is through the quick interest they take in the lives of the men and women who fill great historical scenes or epitomize epochs. From the centres so established their interest may be spread over great areas. For the young especially it is better to enter with intense sympathy into the great moments of history than to stretch a thin attention through its weary centuries.

Philosophical subjects should never be taught with authority. They are not established sciences; they are full of disputed matters, and open questions, and bottomless speculations. It is not the function of the teacher to settle philosophical and political controversies for the pupil, or even to recommend to him any one set of opinions as better than another. Exposition, not imposition, of opinions is the professor's part. The student should be made acquainted with all sides of these controversies, with the salient points of each system; he should be shown what is still in force of institutions or philosophies mainly outgrown, and what is new in those now in vogue. The very word "education" is a standing protest against dogmatic teaching. The notion that education consists in the authoritative inculcation of what the teacher deems true may be logical and appropriate in a convent, or a seminary for priests, but it is intolerable in universities and public schools, from primary to professional. The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations, and penetrated with humility. It is thus that the University in our day serves Christ and the Church.

The increasing weight, range, and thoroughness of the examination for admission to college may strike some observers with dismay. The increase of real requisitions is hardly perceptible from year to year; but on looking back ten or twenty years the changes are marked and all in one direction. The dignity and importance of this examination has been steadily rising, and this rise measures the improvement of the preparatory schools.

When the gradual improvement of American schools has lifted them to a level with the German gymnasia we may expect to see the American college bearing a nearer resemblance to the German Faculties of Philosophy than it now does. The actual admission examination may best be compared with the first examination of the University of France. This examination, which comes at the end of a French boy's school life, is for the degree of Bachelor of Arts or of Sciences. The degree is given to young men who come fresh from school and have never been under university teachers: a large part of the recipients never enter the university. The young men who come to our examination for admission to college are older than the average of French Bachelors of Arts. The examination tests not only the capacity of the candidates, but also the quality of their school instruction; it is a great event in their lives, though not, as in France, marked by any degree. The examination is conducted by college professors and tutors who have never had any relations whatever with those examined. It would be a great gain if all subsequent college examinations could be as impartially conducted by competent examiners brought from without the college and paid for their services.

When the teacher examines his class, there is no effective examination of the teacher. If the examinations for the scientific, theological, medical, and dental degrees were conducted by independent boards of examiners appointed by professional bodies of dignity and influence, the significance of these degrees would be greatly enhanced. The same might be said of the degree of Bachelor of Laws were it not that this degree is at present earned by attendance alone, and not by attendance and examination. The American practice of allowing the teaching body to examine for degrees has been partly dictated by the scarcity of men outside the Faculties who are at once thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of examination and sufficiently versed in teaching to know what may fairly be expected both of students and instructors.

This difficulty could now be overcome. The chief reason, however, for the existence of this practice is that the Faculties were the only bodies that could confer degrees intelligently when degrees were obtained by passing through a prescribed course of study without serious checks, and completing a certain term of residence without disgrace. The change in the manner of earning the university degrees ought, by right, to have brought into being an examining body distinct from the teaching body. So far as the college proper is concerned, the Board of Overseers have, during the past year, taken a step which tends in this direction.

The rigorous examination for admission has one good effect throughout the college course; it prevents a waste of instruction upon incompetent persons. A school with a low standard for admission and a high standard of graduation, like West Point, is obliged to dismiss a large proportion of its students by the way. Hence much individual distress, and a great waste of resources, both public and private. But, on the other hand, it must not be supposed that every student who enters Harvard College necessarily graduates. Strict annual examinations are to be passed. More than a fourth of those who enter the college fail to take their degrees.

Only a few years ago all students who graduated at this college passed through one uniform curriculum. Every man studied the same subjects in the same proportions, without regard to his natural bent or preference. The individual student had no choice either of subjects or teachers. This system is still the prevailing system among American colleges and finds vigorous defenders. It has the merit of simplicity. So had the school methods of our grandfathers,—one primer, one catechism, one rod for all children. On the whole, a single common course of studies, tolerably well selected to meet the average needs, seems to most Americans a very proper and natural thing, even for grown men.

As a people we do not apply to mental activities the principle of division of labor; and we have but a halting faith in special training for high professional employments. The vulgar conceit that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything we insensibly carry into high places, where it is preposterous and criminal. We are accustomed to seeing men leap from farm or shop to court-room or pulpit, and we half believe that common men can safely use the seven-league boots of genius.

What amount of knowledge and experience do we habitually demand of our lawgivers? What special training do we ordinarily think necessary for our diplomatists? In great emergencies, indeed, the nation has known where to turn. Only after years of the bitterest experience did we come to believe the professional training of a soldier to be of value in war. This lack of faith in the prophecy of a natural bent, and in the value of a discipline concentrated upon a single object, amounts to a national danger.

In education the individual traits of different minds have not been sufficiently attended to. Through all the period of boyhood the school studies should be representative; all the main fields of knowledge should be entered upon. But the young man of nineteen or twenty ought to know what he likes best and is most fit for. If his previous training has been sufficiently wide, he will know by that time whether he is most apt at language, or philosophy, or natural science, or mathematics. If he feels no loves he will at least have his hates. At that age the teacher may wisely abandon the school-dame's practice of giving a copy of nothing but zeros to the child who alleges that he cannot make that figure.

When the revelation of his own peculiar taste and capacity comes to a young man, let him reverently give it welcome, thank God, and take courage. Thereafter he knows his way to happy, enthusiastic work, and, God willing, to usefulness and success. The civilization of a people may be inferred from the variety of its tools. There are thousands of years between the stone hatchet and the machine-shop. As tools multiply, each is more ingeniously adapted to its own exclusive purpose. So with the men that make the State. For the individual, concentration, and the highest development of his own peculiar faculty, is the only prudence. But for the State, it is variety not uniformity, of intellectual product, which is needful.

These principles are the justification of the system of elective studies which has been gradually developed in this college during the past twenty years. At present the Freshman year is the only one in which there is a fixed course prescribed for all. In the other three years more than half the time allotted to study is filled with subjects chosen by each student from lists which comprise six studies in the Sophomore year, nine in the Junior year, and eleven in the Senior year. The range of elective studies is large, though there are some striking deficiencies. The liberty of choice of subject is wide, but yet has very rigid limits. There is a certain framework which must be filled; and about half the material of the filling is prescribed. The choice offered to the student does not lie between liberal studies and professional or utilitarian studies. All the studies which are open to him are liberal and disciplinary, not narrow or special. Under this system the College does not demand, it is true, one invariable set of studies of every candidate for the first degree in Arts; but its requisitions for this degree are nevertheless high and inflexible, being nothing less than four years devoted to liberal culture.

It has been alleged that the elective system must weaken the bond which unites members of the same class. This is true; but, in view of another much more efficient cause of the diminution of class intimacy, the point is not very significant. The increased size of the college classes inevitably works a great change in this respect. One hundred and fifty young men cannot be so intimate with each other as fifty used to be. This increase is progressive. Taken in connection with the rising average age of the students, it would compel the adoption of methods of instruction different from the old, if there were no better motive for such change.

The elective system fosters scholarship, because it gives free play to natural preferences and inborn aptitudes, makes possible enthusiasm for a chosen work, relieves the professor and the ardent disciple of the presence of a body of students who are compelled to an unwelcome task, and enlarges instruction by substituting many and various lessons given to small, lively classes, for a few lessons many times repeated to different sections of a numerous class. The College therefore proposes to persevere in its efforts to establish, improve, and extend the elective system. Its administrative difficulties, which seem formidable at first, vanish before a brief experience.

There has been much discussion about the comparative merits of lectures and recitations. Both are useful: lectures, for inspiration, guidance, and the comprehensive methodizing which only one who has a view of the whole field can rightly contrive; recitations, for securing and testifying a thorough mastery, on the part of the pupil, of the treatise or author in hand, for conversational comment and amplification, for emulation and competition. Recitations alone readily degenerate into dusty repetitions, and lectures alone are too often a useless expenditure of force. The lecturer pumps laboriously into seives. The water may be wholesome, but it runs through. A mind must work to grow.

Just as far, however, as the student can be relied on to master and appreciate his author without the aid of frequent questioning and repetitions, so far is it possible to dispense with recitations. Accordingly in the later college years there is a decided tendency to diminish the number of recitations, the faithfulness of the student being tested by periodical examinations. This tendency is in a right direction if prudently controlled.

The discussion about lectures and recitations has brought out some strong opinions about text-books and their use. Impatience with text-books and manuals is very natural in both teachers and taught. These books are indeed, for the most part, very imperfect, and stand in constant need of correction by the well-informed teacher. Stereotyping, in its present undeveloped condition, is in part to blame for their most exasperating defects. To make the metal plates keep pace with the progress of learning is costly. The manifest deficiencies of text-books must not, however, drive us into a too-sweeping condemnation of their use.

It is a rare teacher who is superior to all manuals in his subject. Scientific manuals are, as a rule, much worse than those upon language, literature, or philosophy; yet the main improvement in medical education in this country during the last twenty years has been the addition of systematic recitations from text-books to the lectures which were formerly the principal means of theoretical instruction. The training of a medical student, inadequate as it is, offers the best example we have of the methods and fruits of an education mainly scientific. The transformation which the average student of a good medical school undergoes in three years is strong testimony to the efficiency of the training he receives.

There are certain common misapprehensions about colleges in general, and this college in particular, to which I wish to devote a few moments' attention. And, first, in spite of the familiar picture of the moral dangers which environ the student, there is no place so safe as a good college during the critical passage from boyhood to manhood.

The security of the college commonwealth is largely due to its exuberant activity. Its public opinion, though easily led astray, is still high in the main. Its scholarly tastes and habits, its eager friendships and quick hatreds, its keen debates, its frank discussions of character and of deep political and religious questions,—all are safeguards against sloth, vulgarity, and depravity. Its society and not less its solitudes are full of teaching. Shams, conceit, and fictitious distinctions get no mercy. There is nothing but ridicule for bombast and sentimentality. Repression of genuine sentiment and emotion is indeed, in this college, carried too far. Reserve is more respectable than any undiscerning communicativeness.

But neither Yankee shamefacedness nor English stolidity is admirable. This point especially touches you, young men, who are still undergraduates. When you feel a true admiration for a teacher, a glow of enthusiasm for work, a thrill of pleasure at some excellent saying, give it expression. Do not be ashamed of these emotions. Cherish the natural sentiment of personal devotion to the teacher who calls out your better powers. It is a great delight to serve an intellectual master. We Americans are but too apt to lose this happiness. German and French students get it. If ever, in after years, you come to smile at the youthful reverence you paid, believe me, it will be with tears in your eyes.

Many excellent persons see great offence in any system of college rank; but why should we expect more of young men than we do of their elders? How many men and women perform their daily tasks from the highest motives alone,—for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate? Most people work for bare bread, a few for cake. The college rank-list reinforces higher motives. In the campaign for character no auxiliaries are to be refused. Next to despising the enemy, it is dangerous to reject allies. To devise a suitable method of estimating the fidelity and attainments of college students is, however, a problem which has long been under discussion and has not yet received a satisfactory solution. The worst of rank as a stimulus is the self-reference it implies in the aspirants. The less a young man thinks about the cultivation of his mind, about his own mental progress,—about himself, in short,—the better.

The petty discipline of colleges attracts altogether too much attention both from friends and foes. It is to be remembered that the rules concerning decorum, however necessary to maintain the high standard of manners and conduct which characterizes this college, are nevertheless justly described as petty. What is technically called a quiet term cannot be accepted as the acme of university success. This success is not to be measured by the frequency or rarity of college punishments. The criteria of success or failure in a high place of learning are not the boyish escapades of an insignificant minority, nor the exceptional cases of ruinous vice. Each year must be judged by the added opportunities of instruction, by the prevailing enthusiasm in learning, and by the gathered wealth of culture and character. The best way to put boyishness to shame is to foster scholarship and manliness. The manners of a community cannot be improved by main force any more than its morals. The statutes of the University need some amendment and reduction in the chapters on crimes and misdemeanors. But let us render to our fathers the justice we shall need from our sons.

What is too minute or precise for our use was doubtless wise and proper in its day. It was to inculcate a reverent bearing and due consideration for things sacred that the regulations prescribed a black dress on Sunday. Black is not the only decorous wear in these days; but we must not seem, in ceasing from this particular mode of good manners, to think less of the gentle breeding of which only the outward signs, and not the substance, have been changed.

Harvard College has always attracted and still attracts students in all conditions of life. From the city trader or professional man who may be careless how much his son spends at Cambridge, to the farmer or mechanic who finds it a hard sacrifice to give his boy his time early enough to enable him to prepare for college, all sorts and conditions of men have wished and still wish to send their sons hither. There are always scores of young men in this university who earn or borrow every dollar they spend here. Every year many young men enter this college without any resources whatever. If they prove themselves men of capacity and character they never go away for lack of money. More than twenty thousand dollars a year is now devoted to aiding students of narrow means to compass their education, beside all the remitted fees and the numerous private benefactions. These latter are unfailing. Taken in connection with the proceeds of the funds applicable to the aid of poor students, they enable the Corporation to say that no good student need ever stay away from Cambridge or leave college simply because he is poor.

There is one uniform condition, however, on which help is given,—the recipient must be of promising ability and the best character. The community does not owe superior education to all children, but only to the *élite*,—to those who, having the capacity, prove by hard work that they have also the necessary perseverance and endurance. The process of preparing to enter college under the difficulties which poverty entails is just such a test of worthiness as is needed. At this moment there is no college in the country more eligible for a poor student than Harvard on the mere ground of economy. The scholarship funds are mainly the fruit of the last fifteen years. The future will take care of itself; for it is to be expected that the men who in this generation have had the benefit of these funds, and who succeed in after-life, will pay many-fold to their successors in need the debt which they owe, not to the college, but to benefactors whom they cannot even thank save in heaven.

No wonder that scholarships are founded. What greater privilege than this of giving young men of promise the coveted means of intellectual growth and freedom? The angels of heaven might envy mortals so fine a luxury. The happiness which the winning of a scholarship gives is not the recipient's alone; it flashes back to the home whence he came and gladdens anxious hearts there. The good which it does is not his alone, but descends, multiplying at every step, through generations. Thanks to the beneficent mysteries of hereditary transmission, no capital earns such interest as personal culture. The poorest and the richest students are equally welcome here, provided that with their poverty or their wealth they bring capacity, ambition, and purity.

The poverty of scholars is of inestimable worth in this money-getting nation. It maintains the true standards of virtue and honor. The poor friars, not the bishops, saved the Church. The poor scholars and preachers of duty defend the modern community against its own material prosperity. Luxury and learning are ill bed-fellows. Nevertheless, this college owes much of its distinctive character to those who, bringing hither from refined homes good breeding, gentle tastes, and a manly delicacy, add to them openness and activity of mind, intellectual interests, and a sense of public duty. It is as high a privilege for a rich man's son as for a poor man's to resort to these academic halls and so to take his proper place among cultivated and intellectual men. To lose altogether the presence of those who in early life have enjoyed the domestic and social advantages of wealth would be as great a blow to the College as to lose the sons of the poor. The interests of the college and the country are identical in this regard. The country suffers when the rich are ignorant and unrefined. Inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse when divorced from culture.

Harvard College is sometimes reproached with being aristocratic. If by " aristocracy " be meant a stupid and pretentious caste, founded on wealth and birth and an affectation of European manners, no charge could be more preposterous: the College is intensely American in affection and intensely democratic in temper. But there is an aristocracy to which the sons of Harvard have belonged, and let us hope will ever aspire to belong,—the aristocracy which excels in manly sports, carries off the honors and prizes of the learned professions, and bears itself with distinction in all fields of intellectual labor and combat; the aristocracy which in peace stands firmest for the public honor and renown, and in war rides first into the murderous thickets.

The attitude of the University in the prevailing discussions touching the education and fit employments of women demands brief explanation. America is the natural arena for these debates; for here the female sex has a better past and a better present than elsewhere. Americans, as a rule, hate disabilities of all sorts, whether religious, political or social.

Equality between the sexes, without privilege or oppression on either side, is the happy custom of American homes. While this great discussion is going on, it is the duty of the University to maintain a cautious and expectant policy. The Corporation will not receive women as students into the College proper, nor into any school whose discipline requires residence near the school. The difficulties involved in a common residence of hundreds of young men and women of immature character and marriageable age are very grave. The necessary police regulations are exceedingly burdensome.

The Corporation are not influenced to this decision, however, by any crude notions about the innate capacities of women. The world knows next to nothing about the natural mental capacities of the female sex. Only after generations of civil freedom and social equality will it be possible to obtain the data necessary for an adequate discussion of woman's natural tendencies, tastes, and capabilities.

Again, the Corporation do not find it necessary to entertain a confident opinion upon the fitness or unfitness of women for professional pursuits. It is not the business of the University to decide this mooted point. In this country the University does not undertake to protect the community against incompetent lawyers, ministers, or doctors. The community must protect itself by refusing to employ such. Practical, not theoretical, considerations determine the policy of the University. Upon a matter concerning which prejudices are deep, and opinion inflammable, and experience scanty, only one course is prudent or justifiable when such great interests are at stake,—that of cautious and well-considered experiment.

The practical problem is to devise a safe, promising, and instructive experiment. Such an experiment the Corporation have meant to try in opening the newly established University Courses of Instruction to competent women. In these courses the University offers to young women who have been to good schools, as many years as they wish of liberal culture in studies which have no direct professional value, to be sure, but which enrich and enlarge both intellect and character. The University hopes thus to contribute to the intellectual emancipation of women. It hopes to prepare some women better than they would otherwise have been prepared for the profession of teaching, the one learned profession to which women have already acquired a clear title. It hopes that the proffer of this higher instruction will have some reflex influence upon schools for girls,—to discourage superficiality and to promote substantial education.

The governing bodies of the University are the Faculties, the Board of Overseers, and the Corporation. The University as a place of study and instruction is, at any moment, what the Faculties make it. The professors, lecturers, and tutors of the University are the living sources of learning and enthusiasm. They personally represent the possibilities of instruction. They are united in several distinct bodies, the academic and professional Faculties, each of which practically determines its own processes and rules. The discussion of methods of instruction is the principal business of these bodies.

As a fact, progress comes mainly from the Faculties. This has been conspicuously the case with the Academic and Medical Faculties during the last fifteen or twenty years. The undergraduates used to have a notion that the time of the Academic Faculty was mainly devoted to petty discipline. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Academic Faculty is the most active, vigilant, and devoted body connected with the University. It, indeed, is constantly obliged to discuss minute details which might appear trivial to an inexperienced observer.

But in education technical details tell. Whether German be studied by the Juniors once a week as an extra study, or twice a week as an elective, seems, perhaps, an unimportant matter; but, twenty years hence, it makes all the difference between a generation of Alumni who know German and a generation who do not. The Faculty renews its youth, through the frequent appointments of tutors and assistant professors, better and oftener than any other organization within the University.

Two kinds of men make good teachers,—young men, and men who never grow old. The incessant discussions of the Academic Faculty have borne much fruit: witness the transformation of the University since the beginning of President Walker's administration. And it never tires. New men take up the old debates, and one year's progress is not less than another's. The divisions within the Faculty are never between the old and the young officers. There are always old radicals and young conservatives.

The Medical Faculty affords another illustration of the same principle,—that for real university progress we must look principally to the teaching bodies. The Medical School to-day is almost three times as strong as it was fifteen years ago. Its teaching power is greatly increased, and its methods have been much improved. This gain is the work of the Faculty of the School.

If, then, the Faculties be so important, it is a vital question how the quality of these bodies can be maintained and improved. It is very hard to find competent professors for the University. Very few Americans of eminent ability are attracted to this profession. The pay has been too low, and there has been no gradual rise out of drudgery, such as may reasonably be expected in other learned callings. The law of supply and demand, or the commercial principle that the quality as well as the price of goods is best regulated by the natural contest between producers and consumers, never has worked well in the province of high education. And in spite of the high standing of some of its advocates it is well-nigh certain that the so-called law never can work well in such a field.

The reason is that the demand for instructors of the highest class on the part of parents and trustees is an ignorant demand, and the supply of highly educated teachers is so limited that the consumer has not sufficient opportunities of informing himself concerning the real qualities of the article he seeks. Originally a bad judge, he remains a bad judge, because the supply is not sufficiently abundant and various to instruct him. Moreover a need is not necessarily a demand. Everybody knows that the supposed law affords a very imperfect protection against short weight, adulteration, and sham, even in the case of those commodities which are most abundant in the market and most familiar to buyers. The most intelligent community is defenceless enough in buying clothes and groceries. When it comes to hiring learning and inspiration and personal weight, the law of supply and demand breaks down altogether. A university cannot be managed like a railroad or a cotton-mill.

There are, however, two practicable improvements in the position of college professors which will be of very good effect. Their regular stipend must and will be increased, and the repetitions which now harass them must be diminished in number. It is a strong point of the elective system that by reducing the size of classes or divisions and increasing the variety of subjects it makes the professors' labors more agreeable.

Experience teaches that the strongest and most devoted professors will contribute something to the patrimony of knowledge, or if they invent little themselves, they will do something toward defending, interpreting, or diffusing the contributions of others. Nevertheless, the prime business of American professors in this generation must be regular and assiduous class teaching. With the exception of the endowments of the Observatory, the University does not hold a single fund primarily intended to secure to men of learning the leisure and means to prosecute original researches.

The organization and functions of the Board of Overseers deserve the serious attention of all men who are interested in the American method of providing the community with high education through the agency of private corporations. Since 1866 the Overseers have been elected by the Alumni. Five men are chosen each year to serve six years. The body has therefore a large and very intelligent constituency and is rapidly renewed. The ingenious method of nominating to the electors twice as many candidates as there are places to be filled in any year is worthy of careful study as a device of possible application in politics. The real function of the Board of Overseers is to stimulate and watch the President and Fellows. Without the Overseers the President and Fellows would be a board of private trustees, self-perpetuated and self-controlled.

Provided as it is with two governing boards, the University enjoys that principal safeguard of all American governments,—the natural antagonism between two bodies of different constitution, powers, and privileges. While having with the Corporation a common interest of the deepest kind in the welfare of the University and the advancement of learning, the Overseers should always hold toward the Corporation an attitude of suspicious vigilance. They ought always to be pushing and prying. It would be hard to overstate the importance of the public supervision exercised by the Board of Overseers. Experience proves that our main hope for the permanence and ever-widening usefulness of the University must rest upon this double-headed organization.

The English practice of setting up a single body of private trustees to carry on a school or charity according to the personal instructions of some founder or founders has certainly proved a lamentably bad one; and when we count by generations the institutions thus established have proved short-lived. The same causes which have brought about the decline of English endowed schools would threaten the life of this University were it not for the existence of the Board of Overseers. These schools were generally managed by close corporations, self-elected, self-controlled, without motive for activity, and destitute of external stimulus and aid. Such bodies are too irresponsible for human nature. At the time of life at which men generally come to such places of trust, rest is sweet, and the easiest way is apt to seem the best way; and the responsibility of inaction, though really heavier, seems lighter than the responsibility of action.

These corporations were often hampered by founders' wills and statutory provisions which could not be executed and yet stood in the way of organic improvements. There was no systematic provision for thorough inspections and public reports thereupon. We cannot flatter ourselves that under like circumstances we should always be secure against like dangers. Provoked by crying abuses, some of the best friends of education in England have gone the length of maintaining that all these school endowments ought to be destroyed and the future creation of such trusts rendered impossible. French law practically prohibits the creation of such trusts by private persons.

Incident to the Overseers' power of inspecting the University and publicly reporting upon its condition is the important function of suggesting and urging improvements. The inertia of a massive university is formidable. A good past is positively dangerous if it make us content with the present and so unprepared for the future. The present constitution of our Board of Overseers has already stimulated the Alumni of several other New England colleges to demand a similar control over the property-holding Board of Trustees which has heretofore been the single source of all authority.

We come now to the heart of the University,—the Corporation. This board holds the funds, makes appointments, fixes salaries, and has, by right, the initiative in all changes of the organic law of the University. Such an executive board must be small to be efficient. It must always contain men of sound judgment in finance; and literature and the learned professions should be adequately represented in it. The Corporation should also be but slowly renewed; for it is of the utmost consequence to the University that the Government should have a steady aim, and a prevailing spirit which is independent of individuals and transmissible from generation to generation.

And what should this spirit be?

First, it should be a catholic spirit. A university must be indigenous; it must be rich; but, above all, it must be free. The winnowing breeze of freedom must blow through all its chambers. It takes a hurricane to blow wheat away. An atmosphere of intellectual freedom is the native air of literature and science. This University aspires to serve the nation by training men to intellectual honesty and independence of mind. The Corporation demands of all its teachers that they be grave, reverent, and high-minded; but it leaves them, like their pupils, free. A university is built, not by a sect, but by a nation.

Secondly, the actuating spirit of the Corporation must be a spirit of fidelity,—fidelity to the many and various trusts reposed in them by the hundreds of persons who out of their penury or their abundance have given money to the President and Fellows of Harvard College in the beautiful hope of doing some perpetual good upon this earth. The Corporation has constantly done its utmost to make this hope a living fact. One hundred and ninety-nine years ago William Pennoyer gave the rents of certain estates in the county of Norfolk, England, that "two fellows and two scholars for ever should be educated, brought up, and maintained" in this College. The income from this bequest has never failed; and to-day one of the four Pennoyer scholarships is held by a lineal descendant of William Pennoyer's brother Robert. So a lineal descendant of Governor Danforth takes this year the income of the property which Danforth bequeathed to the College in 1699.

The Corporation have been as faithful in the greater things as in the less. They have been greatly blessed in one respect: in the whole life of the Corporation—seven generations of men—nothing has ever been lost by malfeasance of officers or servants. A reputation for scrupulous fidelity to all trusts is the most precious possession of the Corporation. That safe, the College might lose everything else and yet survive: that lost beyond repair, and the days of the College would be numbered. Testators look first to the trustworthiness and permanence of the body which is to dispense their benefactions.

The Corporation thankfully receive all gifts which may advance learning; but they believe that the interests of the University may be most effectually promoted by not restricting too narrowly the use to which a gift may be applied. Whenever the giver desires it, the Corporation will agree to keep any fund separately invested under the name of the giver, and to apply the whole proceeds of such investment to any object the giver may designate. By such special investment, however, the insurance which results from the absorption of a specific gift in the general funds is lost. A fund invested by itself may be impaired or lost by a single error of judgment in investing. The chance of such loss is small in any one generation, but appreciable in centuries. Such general designations as salaries, books, dormitories, public buildings, scholarships (graduate or undergraduate), scientific collections, and expenses of experimental laboratories, are of permanent significance and effect; while experience proves that too specific and minute directions concerning the application of funds must often fail of fulfilment simply in consequence of the changing needs and habits of successive generations.

Again, the Corporation should always be filled with the spirit of enterprise. An institution like this College is getting decrepit when it sits down contentedly on its mortgages. On its invested funds the Corporation should be always seeking how safely to make a quarter of a per cent more. A quarter of one per cent means a new professorship. It should be always pushing after more professorships, better professors, more land and buildings, and better apparatus. It should be eager, sleepless, and untiring, never wasting a moment in counting laurels won, ever prompt to welcome and apply the liberality of the community, and liking no prospect so well as that of difficulties to be overcome and labors to be done in the cause of learning and public virtue.

You recognize, gentlemen, the picture which I have drawn in thus delineating the true spirit of the Corporation of this College. I have described the noble quintessence of the New England character,—that character which has made us a free and enlightened people,—that character which, please God, shall yet do a great work in the world for the lifting up of humanity.

Apart from the responsibility which rests upon the Corporation, its actual labors are far heavier than the community imagines. The business of the University has greatly increased in volume and complexity during the past twenty years, and the drafts made upon the time and thought of every member of the Corporation are heavy indeed. The high honors of the function are in these days most generously earned.

The President of the University is primarily an executive officer; but, being a member of both governing boards and of all the Faculties, he has also the influence in their debates to which his more or less perfect intimacy with the University and greater or less personal weight may happen to entitle him. An administrative officer who undertakes to do everything himself will do but little and that little ill. The President's first duty is that of supervision. He should know what each officer's and servant's work is, and how it is done. But the days are past in which the President could be called on to decide everything from the purchase of a door-mat to the appointment of a professor. The principle of divided and subordinate responsibilities which rules in government bureaus, in manufactories, and all great companies, which makes a modern army a possibility, must be applied in the University.

The President should be able to discern the practical essence of complicated and long-drawn discussions. He must often pick out that promising part of theory which ought to be tested by experiment, and must decide how many of things desirable are also attainable and what one of many projects is ripest for execution. He must watch and look before,—watch, to seize opportunities to get money, to secure eminent teachers and scholars, and to influence public opinion toward the advancement of learning; and look before, to anticipate the due effect on the University of the fluctuations of public opinion on educational problems; of the progress of the institutions which feed the University; of the changing condition of the professions which the University supplies; of the rise of new professions; of the gradual alteration of social and religious habits in the community. The University must accommodate itself promptly to significant changes in the character of the people for whom it exists. The institutions of higher education in any nation are always a faithful mirror in which are sharply reflected the national history and character. In this mobile nation the action and reaction between the University and society at large are more sensitive and rapid than in stiffer communities. The President, therefore, must not need to see a house built before he can comprehend the plan of it. He can profit by a wide intercourse with all sorts of men, and by every real discussion on education, legislation, and sociology.

The most important function of the President is that of advising the Corporation concerning appointments, particularly about appointments of young men who have not had time and opportunity to approve themselves to the public. It is in discharging this duty that the President holds the future of the University in his hands. He cannot do it well unless he have insight, unless he be able to recognize, at times beneath some crusts, the real gentleman and the natural teacher. This is the one oppressive responsibility of the President: all other cares are light beside it. To see every day the evil fruit of a bad appointment must be the cruelest of official torments. Fortunately the good effect of a judicious appointment is also inestimable; and here, as everywhere, good is more penetrating and diffusive than evil.

It is imperative that the statutes which define the President's duties should be recast, and the customs of the College be somewhat modified, in order that lesser duties may not crowd out the greater. But, however important the functions of the President, it must not be forgotten that he is emphatically a constitutional executive. It is his character and his judgment which are of importance, not his opinions. He is he executive officer of deliberative bodies in which decisions are reached after discussion by a majority vote. These decisions bind him. He cannot force his own opinions upon anybody. A university is the last place in the world for a dictator. Learning is always republican. It has idols, but not masters.

What can the community do for the University? It can love, honor, and cherish it. Love it and honor it. The University is upheld by this public affection and respect. In the loyalty of her children she finds strength and courage. The Corporation, the Overseers, and the several Faculties need to feel that the leaders of public opinion, and especially the sons of the College, are at their back, always ready to give them a generous and intelligent support. Therefore we welcome the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, the senators, judges, and other dignitaries of the State, who by their presence at this ancient ceremonial bear witness to the pride which Massachusetts feels in her eldest University. Therefore we rejoice in the presence of this throng of the Alumni, testifying their devotion to the College which, through all changes, is still their home. Cherish it. This University, though rich among American colleges, is very poor in comparison with the great universities of Europe. The wants of the American community have far outgrown the capacity of the University to supply them. We must try to satisfy the cravings of the select few as well as the needs of the average many. We cannot afford to negect the Fine Arts. We need groves and meadows as well as barracks, and soon there will be no chance to get them in this expanding city. But, above all, we need professorships, books, and apparatus, that teaching and scholarship may abound.

And what will the University do for the community? First, it will make a rich return of learning, poetry, and piety. Secondly, it will foster the sense of public duty,—that great virtue which makes republics possible. The founding of Harvard College was an heroic act of public spirit. For more than a century the breath of life was kept in it by the public spirit of the Province and of its private benefactors. In the last fifty years the public spirit of the friends of the College has quadrupled its endowments. And how have the young men nurtured here in successive generations repaid the founders for their pious care? Have they honored freedom and loved their country? For answer we appeal to the records of the national service; to the lists of the senate, the cabinet, and the diplomatic service, and to the rolls of the army and navy.

Honored men, here present, illustrate before the world the public quality of the graduates of this College. Theirs is no mercenary service. Other fields of labor attract them more and would reward them better; but they are filled with the noble ambition to deserve well of the republic. There have been doubts, in times yet recent, whether culture were not selfish; whether men of refined tastes and manners could really love Liberty and be ready to endure hardness for her sake; whether, in short, gentlemen would in this century prove as loyal to noble ideas as in other times they had been to kings. In yonder old playground, fit spot whereon to commemorate the manliness which there was nurtured, shall soon rise a noble monument which for generations will give convincing answer to such shallow doubts; for over its gates will be written, "In memory of the sons of Harvard who died for their country." The future of the University will not be unworthy of its past.

ADDRESS AT NEW ENGLAND BANQUET

DELIVERED DECEMBER 22, 1877, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "HARVARD AND YALE"

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am obliged to my friend Dr. Clarke for the complimentary terms in which he has presented me to you. But I must appeal to your commiseration. Harvard and Yale! Can any undergraduate of either institution, can any recent graduate of either institution, imagine a man responding to that toast?

However, I must make the best of the position, and speak of some points upon which the two institutions are clearly agreed. And here I am reminded of a story of a certain New England farmer, who said that he and 'Squire Jones had more cows between them than all the rest of the village; and his brag being disputed, he said he could prove it, for the 'Squire had forty-five cows and he had one, and the village altogether had not forty-six.

We shall all agree that it is for the best interests of this country that it have sundry universities, of diverse tone, atmosphere, sphere, representing different opinions and different methods of study to some extent, and in different trainings, though with the same end.

Holding this view, I have been somewhat concerned to see of late that the original differences between Harvard and Yale seem to be rapidly disappearing. For example, a good many years ago, Harvard set out on what is called the "elective" system, and now I read in the Yale catalogue a long list of studies called "optional," which strikes me as bearing a strong resemblance to our elective courses.

Again, my friend the Secretary of State has done me the honor of alluding to the reasons which induced his father, I suppose, rather than himself, to send him on that journey which we Harvard men all deplore.

Now, it is unquestioned that about the year 1700 a certain number of Congregationalist clergymen who belonged to the Established Church (for we are too apt to forget that Congregationalism was the "Established Church" of that time, and none other was allowed) thought that Harvard was getting altogether too latitudinarian, and though they were every one of them graduates of Harvard they went off and set up another college in Connecticut, where a stricter doctrine should be taught. Harvard men have rather nursed the hope that this distinction between Harvard and Yale might be permanent.

But I regret to say that I have lately observed many strong indications that it is wholly likely to disappear. For example, to come at once at the foundations, I read in the papers the other day, and I am credibly informed it is true, that the head of Yale College voted to install a minister whose opinions upon the vital, pivotal, fundamental doctrine of eternal damnation are unsound.

Then, again, I look at the annual reports of the Bureau of Education on this department at Washington, and I read there for some years that Harvard College was unsectarian; and I knew that it was right, because I made the return myself.

I read also that Yale College was a Congregationalist College; and I had no doubt that that was right, because I supposed Dr. Porter had made the report. But now we read in that same report that Yale College is unsectarian. That is a great progress. The fact is, both these universities have found out that in a country which has no established church and no dominant sect you cannot build a university on a sect at all—you must build it upon the nation.

But, gentlemen, there are some other points, I think, of national education on which we shall find these two early founded universities to agree. For example, we have lately read in the Message of the Chief Magistrate that a national university would be a good thing. Harvard and Yale are of one mind upon that subject, but they want to have a national university defined.

If it means a university of national resort, we say amen. If it means a university where the youth of this land are taught to love their country and to serve her, we say amen; and we point, both of us, to our past in proof that we are national in that sense.

But if it means that the national university is to be a university administered and managed by the wise Congress of the United States, then we should agree in taking some slight exceptions. We should not question for a moment the capacity of Congress to pick out and appoint the professors of Latin and Greek and the ancient languages, because we find that there is an astonishing number of classical orators in Congress, and there is manifested there a singular acquaintance with the legislation of all the Latin races.

But when it should come to some other humbler professorships we might perhaps entertain a doubt. For example, we have not entire faith in the trust that Congress has in the unchangeableness of the laws of arithmetic.

We might think that their competency to select a professor of history might be doubted. They seem to have an impression that there is such a thing as "American" political economy, which can no more be than "American" chemistry or "American" physics.

Finally, gentlemen, we should a little distrust the selection by Congress of a professor of ethics. Of course, we should feel no doubt in regard to the tenure of office of the professors being entirely suitable, it being the well-known practice of both branches of Congress to select men solely for fitness, without regard to locality, and to keep them in office as long as they are competent and faithful.

But, gentlemen, I think we ought to recur for a moment, perhaps, to the Pilgrim Fathers, and I desire to say that both Harvard and Yale recognize the fact that there are some things before which universities "pale their ineffectual fires."

"Words are but breath;
But where great deeds were done,
A power abides,
Transferred from sire to son."

Now, gentlemen, on that sandy, desolate spot of Plymouth great deeds were done, and we are here to commemorate them. Those were hard times. It was a terrible voyage, and they were hungry and cold and worn out with labor, and they took their guns to the church and the field, and the half of them died in the first winter. They were not prosperous times that we recall with this hour. Let us take some comfort from that in the present circumstances of our beloved country. She is in danger of a terrible disaster, but let us remember that the times which future generations delight to recall are not those of ease and prosperity, but those of adversity bravely borne.

DEPEW

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, an American lawyer and railway president, was born at Peekskill, New York, April 23, 1834. He was educated at Yale College, and after studying law in his native town was admitted to the bar in 1858. He was a member of the State Assembly of New York 1861-62, and secretary of state for New York in the year following, but was defeated for lieutenant-governor on the Liberal Republican ticket in 1872. In 1866 he became attorney for the New York & Harlem Railway, and for the New York Central & Hudson River Railway in 1869. He was second vice-president of the same 1882-85 and president 1885-98. In the last named year he was appointed chairman of the board of directors of the entire Vanderbilt system. He declined an election as United States senator in 1885, but was elected in 1899. He is widely popular as an orator and after-dinner speaker, his speeches being characterized by ease and grace of expression and a ready humor. Some of his more notable speeches are those on the unveiling of the monument to Alexander Hamilton in New York city in 1889; on the life and character of Garfield; on the unveiling of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty in 1886; and at the Washington Centennial in 1889. His orations and addresses are included in "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches" (1890); "Life and Later Speeches" (1894); "Autumnal Speeches in 1898" (1899).

ORATION AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1886

WE dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world.

The spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity.

The marvellous development and progress of this republic is due to the fact that in rigidly adhering to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and non-interference in the politics and policies of other governments we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government.

Our great civil strife, with all its expenditure of blood and treasure, was a terrible sacrifice for freedom. The results are so immeasurably great that by comparison the cost is insignificant. The development of liberty was impossible while she was shackled to the slave. The divine thought which entrusted to the conquered the full measure of home rule, and accorded to them an equal share of imperial power, was the inspiration of God. With sublime trust it left to liberty the elevation of the freedman to political rights and the conversion of the rebel to patriotic citizenship.

The rays from this torch illuminate a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States. Peace and its opportunities for material progress and the expansion of popular liberties send from here a fruitful and noble lesson to all the world. It will teach the people of all countries that in curbing the ambitions and dynastic purposes of princes and privileged classes, and in cultivating the brotherhood of man, lies the true road to their enfranchisement. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each other's stead, are the most tender and touching of human records; they are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age; but nothing human is so beautiful and sublime as two great peoples of alien race and language transmitting down the ages a love begotten in gratitude, and strengthening as they increase in power and assimilate in their institutions and liberties.

The French alliance which enabled us to win our independence is the romance of history. It overcame improbabilities impossible in fiction, and its results surpass the dreams of imagination. The most despotic of kings, surrounded by the most exclusive of feudal aristocracies, sending fleets and armies officered by the scions of the proudest of nobilities to fight for subjects in revolt and the liberties of the common people, is a paradox beyond the power of mere human energy to have wrought or solved.

The march of this mediæval chivalry across our States—respecting persons and property as soldiers never had before; never taking an apple or touching a fence rail without permission and payment; treating the ragged Continentals as if they were knights in armor and of noble ancestry; captivating our grandmothers by their courtesy and our grandfathers by their courage—remains unequaled in the poetry of war.

It is the most magnificent tribute in history to the volcanic force of ideas and the dynamitic power of truth, though the crust of the globe imprison them. In the same ignorance and fearlessness with which a savage plays about a powder magazine with a torch, the Bourbon king and his court, buttressed by the consent of centuries and the unquestioned possession of every power of the State, sought relief from cloying pleasures, and vigor for enervated minds in permitting and encouraging the loftiest genius and the most impassioned eloquence of the time to discuss the rights and liberties of man. With the orator the themes were theories which fired only his imagination, and with a courtier they were pastimes or jests.

Neither speakers nor listeners saw any application of these ennobling sentiments to the common mass and groveling herd, whose industries they squandered in riot and debauch, and whose bodies they hurled against battlement and battery to gratify ambition or caprice. But these revelations illuminated many an ingenious soul among the young aristocracy, and with distorted rays penetrated the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped the people. They bore fruit in the heart and mind of one youth to whom America owes much and France everything—the Marquis de Lafayette.

As the centuries roll by, and in the fulness of time the rays of Liberty's torch are the beacon-lights of the world, the central niches in the earth's Pantheon of Freedom will be filled by the figures of Washington and Lafayette. The story of this young French noble's life is the history of the time which made possible this statue, and his spirit is the very soul of this celebration.

He was the heir of one of the most ancient and noble families of France; he had inherited a fortune which made him one of the richest men in his country; and he had enlarged and strengthened his aristocratic position by marriage, at the early age of sixteen, with a daughter of the ducal house of Noailles. Before him were pleasure and promotion at court, and the most brilliant opportunities in the army, the state, and the diplomatic service.

He was a young officer of nineteen, stationed at Metz, when he met, at the table of his commander, the Duke of Gloucester, the brother of George the Third. The Duke brought news of an insurrection which had broken out in the American colonies, and read, to the amazement of his hearers, the strange dogmas and fantastic theories which these "insurgents," as he called them, had put forth in what they styled their Declaration of Independence.

That document put in practice the theories which Jefferson had studied with the French philosophers. It fired at once the train which they had laid in the mind of this young nobleman of France. Henceforth his life was dedicated to "Liberty Enlightening the World." The American Commissioners at Paris tried to dissuade this volunteer by telling him that their credit was gone, that they could not furnish him transportation, and by handing him the despatches announcing the reverses which had befallen Washington, the retreat of his disheartened and broken army across New Jersey, the almost hopeless condition of their cause. But he replied in these memorable words: "Thus far you have seen my zeal only; now it shall be something more. I will purchase and equip a vessel myself. It is while danger presses that I wish to join your fortunes."

The king prohibits his sailing; he eludes the guards sent for his arrest; his family interpose every obstacle; and only his heroic young wife shares his enthusiasm and seconds his resolution to give his life and fortune to liberty. When on the ocean, battling with the captain, who fears to take him to America, and pursued by British cruisers specially instructed for his capture, he writes to her this loving and pathetic letter:

> "I hope for my sake you will become a good American. This is a sentiment proper for virtuous hearts. Intimately allied to the happiness of the whole human family is that of America, destined to become the respectable and sure asylum of virtue, honesty, toleration, equality, and of tranquil liberty."

Except the "Mayflower," no ship ever sailed across the ocean from the Old World to the New carrying passengers of such moment to the future of mankind.

It is idle now to speculate whether our fathers could have succeeded without the French alliance. The struggle would undoubtedly have been indefinitely prolonged and probably compromised. But the alliance assured our triumph, and Lafayette secured the alliance. The fabled argosies of ancient and the armadas and fleets of modern times were commonplace voyages compared with the mission enshrined in this inspired boy. He stood before the Continental Congress and said: "I wish to serve you as a volunteer and without pay," and at twenty took his place with Gates and Green and Lincoln as a major-general in the Continental army. As a member of Washington's military family, sharing with that incomparable man his board and bed and blanket, Lafayette won his first and greatest distinction in receiving from the American chief a friendship which was closer than that bestowed upon any other of his compatriots, and which ended only in death.

The great commander saw in the reckless daring with which he carried his wound to rally the flying troops at Brandywine, the steady nerve with which he held the column wavering under a faithless general at Monmouth, the wisdom and caution with which he manœuvred inferior forces in the face of the enemy, his willingness to share every privation of the ill-clad and starving soldiery, and to pledge his fortune and credit to relieve their privations, a commander upon whom he could rely, a patriot whom he could trust, a man whom he could love.

The surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga was the first decisive event of the war. It defeated the British plan to divide the country by a chain of forts up the Hudson and conquer it in detail; it inspired hope at home and confidence abroad; it seconded the passionate appeals of Lafayette and the marvellous diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin; it overcame the prudent counsels of Necker, warning the king against this experiment, and won the treaty of alliance between the old monarchy and the young republic.

Lafayette now saw that his mission was in France. He said, "I can help the cause more at home than here," and asked for leave of absence. Congress voted him a sword, and presented it with a resolution of gratitude, and he returned bearing this letter from that convention of patriots to his king:

> "We recommend this young nobleman to your Majesty's notice as one whom we know to be wise in council, gallant in the field, and patient under the hardships of war."

It was a certificate which Marlborough might have coveted and Gustavus might have worn as the proudest of his decorations. But though king and court vied with each other in doing him honor; though he was welcomed as no Frenchman had ever been by triumphal processions in cities and fêtes in villages, by addresses and popular applause, he reckoned them of value only in the power they gave him to procure aid for Liberty's fight in America.

"France is now committed to war," he argued, "and her enemy's weak point for attack is in America Send there your money and men." And he returned with the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of De Grasse.

"It is fortunate," said De Maurepas, the prime minister, "that Lafayette did not want to strip Versailles of its furniture for his dear Americans, for nobody could withstand his ardor."

None too soon did this assistance arrive, for Washington's letter to the American Commissioners in Paris passed it on the way, in which he made this urgent appeal:

"If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and now or never deliverance must come."

General Washington saw in the allied forces now at his disposal that the triumph of independence was assured. The long dark night of doubt and despair was illuminated by the dawn of hope. The material was at hand to carry out the comprehensive plans so long matured, so long deferred, so patiently kept. The majestic dignity which had never bent to adversity, that lofty and awe-inspiring reserve which presented an impenetrable barrier to familiarity, either in council or at the festive board, so dissolved in the welcome of these decisive visitors that the delighted French and the astounded American soldiers saw Washington for the first and only time in his life express his happiness with all the joyous effervescence of hilarious youth.

The flower of the young aristocracy of France, in their brilliant uniforms, and the farmers and frontiersmen of America, in their faded continentals, bound by a common baptism of blood, became brothers in the knighthood of Liberty. With emulous eagerness to be first in at the death, while they shared the glory, they stormed the redoubts at Yorktown and compelled the surrender of Cornwallis and his army. While this practically ended the war, it strengthened the alliance and cemented the friendship between the two great peoples.

The mutual confidence and chivalric courtesy which characterized their relations has no like example in international comity. When an officer from General Carleton, the British commander-in-chief, came to headquarters with an offer of peace and independence if the Americans would renounce the French alliance, Washington refused to receive him; Congress spurned Carleton's secretary bearing a like message; and the States, led by Maryland, denounced all who entertained propositions of peace which were not approved by France, as public enemies. And peace with independence meant prosperity and happiness to a people in the very depths of poverty and despair. France, on the other hand, though sorely pressed for money, said in the romantic spirit which permeated this wonderful union, "Of the twenty-seven millions of livres we have loaned you, we forgive you nine millions as a gift of friendship, and when with years there comes prosperity you can pay the balance without interest."

With the fall of Yorktown Lafayette felt that he could do more for peace and independence in the diplomacy of Europe than in the war in America. His arrival in France shook the Continent. Though one of the most practical and self-poised of men, his romantic career in the New World had captivated courts and peoples. In the formidable league which he had quickly formed with Spain and France, England saw humiliation and defeat, and made a treaty of peace by which she recognized the independence of the Republic of the United States.

In this treaty were laid the deep, broad, and indestructible foundations for the great statue we this day dedicate. It left to the American people the working out of a problem of self-government. Without king to rule, or class to follow, they were to try the experiment of building a nation upon the sovereignty of the individual and the equality of all men before the law. Their only guide, and trust, and hope were God and Liberty. In the fraternal greetings of this hour sixty millions of witnesses bear testimony to their wisdom, and the foremost and freest government in the world is their monument.

The fight for liberty in America was won. Its future here was threatened with but one danger—the slavery of the negro. The soul of Lafayette, purified by battle and suffering, saw the inconsistency and the peril, and he returned to this country to plead with State legislatures and with Congress for the liberation of what he termed "my brethren, the blacks." But now the hundred years' war for liberty in France was to begin.

America was its inspiration, Lafayette its apostle, and the returning French army its emissaries. Beneath the trees by day, and in the halls at night, at Mount Vernon, Lafayette gathered from Washington the gospel of freedom. It was to sustain and guide him in after-years against the temptations of power and the despair of the dungeon. He carried the lessons and the grand example through all the trials and tribulations of his desperate struggle and partial victory for the enfranchisement of his country. From the ship, on departing, he wrote to his great chief, whom he was never to see again, this touching good-by:

> "You are the most beloved of all the friends I ever had or shall have anywhere. I regret that I cannot have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house and welcoming you in a family where your name is adored. Everything that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love can inspire is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which no words can express."

His farewell to Congress was a trumpet-blast which resounded round a world then bound in the chains of despotism and caste. Every government on the Continent was an absolute monarchy, and no language can describe the poverty and wretchedness of the people. Taxes levied without law exhausted their property; they were arrested without warrant and rotted in the Bastile without trial; and they were shot at as game, and tortured without redress, at the caprice or pleasure of their feudal lords. Into court and camp this message came like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Hear his words:

> "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind; and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders."

Well might Louis XVI, more far-sighted than his ministers, exclaim: "After fourteen hundred years of power the old monarchy is doomed."

While the principles of the American Revolution were fermenting in France, Lafayette, the hero and favorite of the hour, was an honored guest at royal tables and royal camps. The proud Spaniard and the Great Frederick of Germany alike welcomed him, and everywhere he announced his faith in government founded on the American idea.

The financial crisis in the affairs of King Louis on the one hand, and the rising tide of popular passion on the other, compelled the summons of the assembly of Notables at Versailles. All the great officers of state, the aristocracy, the titled clergy, the royal princes were there, but no representative of the people. Lafayette spoke for them, and, fearless of the effort of the brother of the king to put him down, he demanded religious toleration, equal taxes, just and equal administration of the laws, and the reduction of royal expenditures to fixed and reasonable limits. This overturned the whole feudal fabric which had been in course of construction for a thousand years. To make effectual and permanent this tremendous stride toward the American experiment, he paralyzed the court and cabinet by the call for a National Assembly of the people.

Through that Assembly he carried a Declaration of Rights founded upon the natural liberties of man—a concession of popular privilege never before secured in the modern history of Europe; and, going as far as he believed the times would admit toward his idea of an American republic, he builded upon the ruins of absolutism a constitutional monarchy.

But French democracy had not been trained and educated in the schools of the Puritan or the Colonist. Ages of tyranny, of suppression, repression, and torture had developed the tiger and dwarfed the man. Democracy had not learned the first rudiments of liberty—self-restraint, and self-government. It beheaded king and queen, it drenched the land with the blood of the noblest and best; in its indiscriminate frenzy and madness it spared neither age nor sex, virtue or merit, and drove its benefactor, because he denounced its excesses and tried to stem them, into exile and the dungeon of Olmütz. Thus ended in the horrors of French revolution Lafayette's first fight for liberty at home.

After five years of untold sufferings, spurning release at the price of his allegiance to monarchy, holding with sublime faith, amid the most disheartening and discouraging surroundings, to the principles of freedom for all, he was released by the sword of Napoleon Bonaparte, to find that the untamed ferocity of the Revolution had been trained to the service of the most brilliant, captivating, and resistless of military despotisms by the mighty genius of the great Dictator. He only was neither dazzled nor dismayed, and when he had rejected every offer of recognition and honor Napoleon said, "Lafayette alone in France holds fast to his original ideas of liberty. Though tranquil now, he will reappear if occasion offers."

Against the First Consulate of Bonaparte he voted, "No, unless with guarantees of freedom." When Europe lay helpless at the feet of the conqueror, and in the frenzy of military glory France neither saw nor felt the chains he was forging upon her, Lafayette from his retirement of Lagrange pleaded with the emperor for republican principles, holding up to him the retributions always meted out to tyrants, and the pure undying fame of the immortal few who patriotically decide when upon them alone rests the awful verdict whether they shall be the enslavers or the saviors of their country.

The sun of Austerlitz set in blood at Waterloo; the swords of the allied kings placed the Bourbon once more on the throne of France. In the popular tempest of July the nation rose against the intolerable tyranny of the king, and, calling upon this unfaltering friend of liberty, said with one voice, "You alone can save France from despotism on the one hand, and the orgies of the Jacobin mob on the other; take absolute power; be marshal, general, dictator, if you will."

But in assuming command of the National Guard the old soldier and patriot answered, amid the hail of shot and shell, "Liberty shall triumph, or we all perish together."

He dethroned and drove out Charles X, and France, contented with any destiny he might accord to her, with unquestioning faith left her future in his hands. He knew that the French people were not yet ready to take and faithfully keep American liberty. He believed that in the school of constitutional government they would rapidly learn, and in the fulness of time adopt, its principles; and he gave them a king who was the popular choice and surrounded him with the restraints of charter and an Assembly of the people. And now this friend of mankind, expressing with his last breath a fervent prayer that his beloved France might speedily enjoy the liberty and equality and the republican institutions of his adored America, entered peacefully into rest. United in a common sorrow and a common sentiment, the people of France and the people of the United States watered his grave with their tears and wafted his soul to God with their gratitude.

To-day, in the gift by the one, and the acceptance by the other, of this colossal statue, the people of the two countries celebrate their unity in republican institutions, in governments founded upon the American idea, and in their devotion to liberty. Together they rejoice that its spirit has penetrated all lands and is the hopeful future of all peoples. American liberty has been for a century a beacon-light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race have demonstrated their power for empire and their ability to govern themselves. The Austrian monarch, who, when a hundred years ago Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmütz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who represented the enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which guarantees liberties, and a Congress which protects and enlarges them.

Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to bear fruit in an open Parliament, a free press, the loss of royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

The sentiment is sublime which moves the people of France and America, the blood of whose fathers, commingling upon the battle-fields of the Revolution, made possible this magnificent march of liberty and their own republics, to commemorate the results of the past and typify the hopes of the future in this noble work of art. The descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, who fought for us in our first struggle, and Laboulaye, Henri Martin, De Lesseps, and other grand and brilliant men, whose eloquent voices and powerful sympathies were with us in our last, conceived the idea, and it has received majestic form and expression through the genius of Bartholdi.

In all ages the achievements of man and his aspirations have been represented in symbols. Races have disappeared and no record remains of their rise or fall, but by their monuments we know their history. The huge monoliths of the Assyrians and the obelisks of the Egyptians tell their stories of forgotten civilizations, but the sole purpose of their erection was to glorify rulers and preserve the boasts of conquerors. They teach sad lessons of the vanity of ambition, the cruelty of arbitrary power, and the miseries of mankind.

The Olympian Jupiter enthroned in the Parthenon expressed in ivory and gold the awful majesty of the Greek idea of the King of the Gods; the bronze statue of Minerva on the Acropolis offered the protection of the patron Goddess of Athens to the mariners who steered their ships by her helmet and spear; and in the Colossus of Rhodes, famed as one of the wonders of the world, the Lord of the Sun welcomed the commerce of the East to the city of his worship. But they were all dwarfs in size and pigmies in spirit beside this mighty structure and its inspiring thought.

Higher than the monument in Trafalgar Square, which commemorates the victories of Nelson on the sea; higher than the Column Vendôme, which perpetuates the triumphs of Napoleon on the land; higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which exhibits the latest and grandest results of science, invention, and industrial progress, this Statue of Liberty rises toward the heavens to illustrate an idea which nerved the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ and armed the Ten Thousand at Marathon; which drove Tarquin from Rome and aimed the arrow of Tell; which charged with Cromwell and his Ironsides and accompanied Sidney to the block; which fired the farmer's gun at Lexington and razed the Bastile in Paris; which inspired the charter in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and the Declaration of Independence from the Continental Congress.

It means that with the abolition of privileges to the few, and the enfranchisement of the individual; the equality of all men before the law, and universal suffrage; the ballot secure from fraud, and the voter from intimidation; the press free, and education furnished by the State for all; liberty of worship, and free speech; the right to rise, and equal opportunity for honor and fortune,—the problems of labor and capital, of social regeneration and moral growth, of property and poverty, will work themselves out under the benign influences of enlightened law-making and law-abiding liberty, without the aid of kings and armies or of anarchists and bombs.

Through the Obelisk, so strangely recalling to us of yesterday the past of twenty centuries, a forgotten monarch says: "I am the great King, the Conqueror, the Chastiser of Nations," and except as a monument of antiquity it conveys no meaning and touches no chord of human sympathy. But for unnumbered centuries to come, as Liberty levels up the people to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affections of mankind. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America.

The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever.

I devoutly believe that from the Unseen and the Unknown two great souls have come to participate in this celebration. The faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people they loved in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they labored and fought and suffered, the spirit voices of Washington and Lafayette join in the glad acclaim of France and the United States to Liberty Enlightening the World.

SPEECH AT THE DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF GENERAL GRANT

DELIVERED AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 27, 1888

I DO not propose, as has been announced, to deliver a formal oration upon General Grant, but, as one of the many gentlemen who are to speak here to-night, to express the judgment of a busy man of affairs upon his character and career. We are not yet far enough from this striking personality to read accurately the verdict of posterity, and we are so near that we still feel the force of the mighty passions in the midst of which he moved and lived.

The hundred years of our national existence are crowded with an unusual number of men eminent in arms and in statesmanship; but of all the illustrious list one only has his birthday a legal holiday—George Washington.

Of the heroes and patriots who filled the niches in our temple of fame for the first century, the birthdays of only two of them are of such significance that they receive wide celebrations—Lincoln and Grant.

When the historian of the future calmly and impartially writes the story of this momentous period, these two names will be inseparably linked together. The President supplemented the General, and the General the President, and without them the great battle of human rights and American unity might have been lost.

Reticent as to his plans, secretive as to his movements, repelling inquiry, and disdaining criticism, General Grant invited the deepest hostility from the country at large. Three years of war, which had carried grief to every household, and in which the failures had been greater than the successes, had made the people dispirited, impatient, and irritable. The conditions were such that the demand for the removal of Grant many times would have been irresistible, and the call for recruits to fill his depleted ranks unanswered, except for the peculiar hold the President had upon the country.

Lincoln was not an accidental or experimental President. As a member of Congress he became familiar with the details of government, and in the debate with Douglas had demonstrated a familiarity with the questions before the people, and a genius for their solution, unequaled among his contemporaries.

No one of the statesmen of the time who might possibly have been President could have held the country up to the high-water mark of the continuous struggle of hope against defeat, of fighting not only against a solid enemy, but an almost equal division in his own camps. His humble origin, his homely ways, his quaint humor, his constant touch and sympathy with the people, inspired the confidence which enabled him to command and wield all the forces of the Republic. He alone could stand between the demand for Grant's removal, the criticism upon his plans, the fierce outcries against his losses, and satisfy the country of the infallibility of his own trust in the ultimate success of the command.

On the other hand, the aspiration of Lincoln for the defeat of the rebellion and the reunion of the States could not have been realized except for Grant. Until he appeared upon the scene the war had been a bloody and magnificent failure. The cumulative and concentrated passions of the Confederacy had fused the whole people into an army of aggression and defence. The North, without passion or vindictiveness, fought with gloved hands, at the expense of thousands of lives and fatal blows to prestige and credit. The lesson was learned that a good brigadier, an able general of division, a successful corps commander, might be paralyzed under the burden of supreme responsibility. Victories were fruitless, defeats disastrous, delays demoralizing, until the spirit of war entered the camp in the person of Ulysses S. Grant. Without sentiment or passion, he believed that every reverse could be retrieved and victory should be followed with the annihilation of the enemy's forces. "My terms are unconditional surrender; I move immediately upon your works," was the legend of Donelson which proclaimed the new method of warfare. He hurled his legions against the ramparts of Vicksburg, sacrificing thousands of lives which might have been saved by delay, but saved the loss of tens of thousands by malarial fever and camp diseases, and possibly at the expense of defeat. He believed that the river of blood shed to-day, and followed by immediate results, was infinitely more merciful to friend and foe than the slower disasters of war which make the hecatombs of the dead.

From the surrender of Vicksburg rose the sun of national unity to ascend to the zenith at Appomattox, and never to set. Where all others had failed in the capture of Richmond, he succeeded by processes which aroused the protest and horror of the country and the criticism of posterity—but it triumphed. For thirty nights in succession he gave to the battle-torn and decimated army the famous order, "By the left flank, forward": and for thirty days hurled them upon the ever-succeeding breastworks and ramparts of the enemy. But it was with the same inexorable and indomitable idea that, with practically inexhaustible resources behind him, the rebellion could be hammered to death.

As Grant fought without vindictiveness or feeling of revenge, in the supreme moment of victory the soldier disappeared and the patriot and statesman took his place. He knew that the exultation of the hour would turn to ashes in the future unless the surrendered rebel soldier became a loyal citizen. He knew that the Republic could not hold vassal provinces by the power of the bayonet and live. He returned arms, gave food, transportation, horses, stock, and said, "Cultivate your farms and patriotism." And they did. Whatever others may have done, the Confederate soldier has never violated the letter or the spirit of that parole.

All other conquerors have felt that the triumphal entry into the enemy's capital should be the crowning event of the war. The Army of the Potomac had been seeking to capture Richmond for four years, and when the hour arrived for the victorious procession Grant halted it, that no memory of humiliation should stand in the way of the rebel capital becoming once more the capital of a loyal State.

The curse of power is flattery; the almost inevitable concomitant of greatness, jealousy; and yet no man ever lived who so rejoiced in the triumph of others as General Grant.

This imperturbable man hailed the victories of his generals with wild delight. Sheridan, riding down the Valley, reversing the tide of battle, falling with resistless blows upon the enemy until they surrendered, drew from his admiring commander the exulting remark to the country: "Behold one of the greatest generals of this or any other age." His companion and steadfast friend through all his campaigns, the only man who rivaled him in genius and the affections of his countrymen, the most accomplished soldier and superb tactician, who broke the source of supply and struck the deadliest blow in the march from Atlanta to the sea, received at every step of his career the most generous recognition of his services and abilities. He knew and was glad that the march of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, which had been the inspiration of armies for over two thousand years, would be replaced, for the next two thousand, by the resistless tramp of Sherman and his army.

Grant was always famous among his soldiers for the rare quality of courage in the presence of danger. But the country is indebted to him for a higher faculty, which met and averted a peril of the gravest character.

One of the most extraordinary and singular men who ever filled a great place was Andrew Johnson. He was a human paradox of conflicting qualities, great and small, generous and mean, bigoted and broad, patriotic and partisan. He loved his country with a passionate devotion, but would have destroyed it to rebuild it upon his own model. Born a "poor white," hating with the intensity of wounded pride the better and dominant class, in a delirium of revenge and vindictiveness he shouted, "Treason is odious and must be punished," and by drumhead court-martial or summary process at law would have executed every one of the Confederate generals and left behind a vendetta to disturb the peace of uncounted generations.

Between their execution and this madman appears the calm and conquering force of General Grant, with the declaration: "My parole is the honor of the nation." When, swinging to the other extreme, and in the exercise of doubtful power, the President would have reversed the results of the war by reorganizing a government upon the lines which he thought best, he was again met by this same determined purpose, exclaiming: "My bayonets will again be the salvation of the nation."

General Grant will live in history as the greatest soldier of his time, but it will never be claimed for him that he was the best of Presidents. No man, however remarkable his endowments, could fill that position with supreme ability unless trained and educated for the task. He said to a well-known publicist in the last days of his second term: "You have criticised severely my administration in your newspaper; in some cases you were right, in others wrong. I ask this of you, in fairness and justice, that in summing up the results of my presidency you will only say that General Grant, having had no preparation for civil office, performed its duties conscientiously and according to the best of his ability."

The times of Reconstruction presented problems which required the highest qualities of statesmanship and business. In the unfamiliarity with the business of a great commercial nation General Grant did not, however, differ much from most of the men who have been successful or defeated candidates for the presidency of the United States. It is a notable fact that though we are the only purely industrial nation in the world, we have never selected our rulers from among the great business men of the country. And the conditions and prejudices of success present insuperable obstacles to such a choice.

Yet Grant's administration will live in history for two acts of supreme importance. When the delirium of fiat money would have involved the nation in bankruptcy, his great name and fame alone served to win the victory for honest money and to save the credit and prosperity of the Republic. He, the first soldier of his time, gave the seal of his great authority to the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

The quality of his greatness was never so conspicuous as in the election of General Garfield. He carried with him around the world the power and majesty of the American nation—he had been the companion of kings and counsellor of cabinets. His triumphal march had belted the globe, and through the Golden Gate of the Pacific he entered once more his own land, expecting to receive the nomination of his party for a third term for the presidency. In the disappointment of defeat and the passions it involved, the election of the nominee of that Convention depended entirely upon him. Had he remained in his tent, Garfield would never have been President of the United States; but, gathering all the chieftains, and commanding them, when they would sulk or retire, to accompany him to the front, his appearance in the canvass won the victory.

He was at West Point only to be a poor scholar and to graduate with little promise and less expectancy from his instructors. In the barter and trade of his Western home he was invariably cheated. As a subaltern officer in the Mexican War, which he detested, he simply did his duty and made no impress upon his companions or superiors. As a wood-seller he was beaten by all the wood-choppers of Missouri. As a merchant he could not compete with his rivals. As a clerk he was a listless dreamer, and yet the moment supreme command devolved upon him the dross disappeared, dullness and indifference gave way to a clarified intellect which grasped the situation with the power of inspiration. The larger the field, the greater the peril, the more mighty the results dependent upon the issue, the more superbly he rose to all the requirements of the emergency. From serene heights unclouded by passion, jealousy, or fear, he surveyed the whole boundless field of operations, and with unerring skill forced each part to work in harmony with the general plan. The only commander who never lost a battle, his victories were not luck, but came from genius and pluck.

Cæsar surpassed him because he was both a great soldier and a great statesman; but he was immeasurably inferior to Grant because his ambition was superior to his patriotism. Frederick the Great and Napoleon I revelled in war for its triumphs and its glory, but General Grant, reviewing that most superb of armies beside the Emperor and Von Moltke and Bismarck, electrified the military nations of Europe by proclaiming his utter detestation of war. The motto which appeared in the sky at the consummation of his victories, and was as distinct as the Cross of Constantine, was, "Let us have peace." Under its inspiration he returned to Lee his sword. He stood between the Confederate leaders and the passions of the hour, and with his last breath repeated it as a solemn injunction and legacy to his countrymen. As his spirit hovers over us to-night, let the sentiment be the active principle of our faith. He meant that political divisions of our country, inevitable and necessary for its freedom and prosperity, should not be upon sectional lines. A Solid North has been broken. The Solid South must disappear. On these broad lines, supplemented from time to time with the immediate questions of the hour, partisanship is always within patriotic limits, and the successful party is the best judgment of the people.

We leave this hall to carry into the Presidential canvass our best efforts for the success of the principles in which we severally believe, the parties which we severally love, and the candidates we honor; but let us labor to bring about such conditions all over this country that we may fight our political battles under the common banner of patriotism and peace.

ORATION ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON[1]

DELIVERED ON THE SITE OF FEDERAL HALL, NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1889

WE celebrate to-day the Centenary of our Nationality. One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The powers of government were assumed by the people of the Republic, and they became the sole source of authority. The solemn ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President, marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions.

The occasion was not an accident, but a result. It was the culmination of the working out by mighty forces, through many centuries, of the problem of self-government. It was not the triumph of a system, the application of a theory, or the reduction to practice of the abstractions of philosophy. The time, the country, the heredity and environment of the people, the folly of its enemies, and the noble courage of its friends, gave to liberty, after ages of defeat, of trial, of experiment, of partial success and substantial gains, this immortal victory. Henceforth it had a refuge and recruiting station. The oppressed found free homes in this favored land, and invisible armies marched from it by mail and telegraph, by speech and song, by precept and example, to regenerate the world.

Puritans in New England, Dutchmen in New York, Catholics in Maryland, Huguenots in South Carolina, had felt the fires of persecution and were wedded to religious liberty. They had been purified in the furnace, and in high debate and on bloody battle-fields had learnd to sacrifice all material interests and to peril their lives for human rights. The principles of constitutional government had been impressed upon them by hundreds of years of struggle, and for each principle they could point to the grave of an ancestor whose death attested the ferocity of the fight and the value of the concession wrung from arbitrary power.

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[1] Used by permission of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

They knew the limitations of authority; they could pledge their lives and fortunes to resist encroachments upon their rights; but it required the lesson of Indian massacres, the invasion of the armies of France from Canada, the tyranny of the British Crown, the seven years' war of the Revolution, and the five years of chaos of the Confederation, to evolve the idea upon which rest the power and permanency of the Republic, that liberty and union are one and inseparable.

The traditions and experience of the colonists had made them alert to discover and quick to resist any peril to their liberties. Above all things they feared and distrusted power. The town meeting and the colonial legislature gave them confidence in themselves and courage to check the royal governors. Their interests, hopes, and affections were in their several commonwealths, and each blow by the British ministry at their freedom, each attack upon their rights as Englishmen, weakened their love for the motherland and intensified their hostility to the Crown. But the same causes which broke down their allegiance to the central government increased their confidence in their respective colonies, and their faith in liberty was largely dependent upon the maintenance of the sovereignty of their several States.

The farmer's shot at Lexington echoed round the world;

the spirit which it awakened from its slumbers could do and dare and die; but it had not yet discovered the secret of the permanence and progress of free institutions. Patrick Henry thundered in the Virginia convention; James Otis spoke with trumpet tongue and fervid eloquence for united action in Massachusetts; Hamilton, Jay, and Clinton pledged New York to respond with men and money for the common cause; but their vision saw only a league of independent colonies. The veil was not yet drawn from before the vista of population and power, of empire and liberty, which would open with National Union.

The Continental Congress partially grasped, but completely expressed, the central idea of the American republic. More fully than any other that ever assembled did it represent the victories won from arbitrary power for human rights. In the New World it was the conservator of liberties secured through centuries of struggle in the Old. Among the delegates were the descendants of the men who had stood in the brilliant array upon the field of Runnymede, which wrested from King John Magna Charta, that great charter of liberty to which Hallam, in the nineteenth century, bears witness "that all which has been since obtained is little more than a confirmation or commentary."

There were the grandchildren of the statesmen who had summoned Charles before Parliament and compelled his assent to the Petition of Rights which transferred power from the Crown to the Commons, and gave representative government to the English-speaking race.

And there were those who had sprung from the iron soldiers who had fought and charged with Cromwell at Naseby and Dunbar and Marston Moor. Among its members were Huguenots, whose fathers had followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre, and in an age of bigotry, intolerance, and the deification of absolutism had secured the great edict of religious liberty from French despotism, and who had become a people without a country rather than surrender their convictions and forswear their consciences.

In this Congress were those whose ancestors were the countrymen of William of Orange, the Beggars of the Sea, who had survived the cruelties of Alva and broken the yoke of proud Philip of Spain, and who had two centuries before made a declaration of independence and formed a federal union which were models of freedom and strength.

These men were not revolutionists, they were the heirs and the guardians of the priceless treasures of mankind. The British king and his ministers were the revolutionists. They were reactionaries, seeking arbitrarily to turn back the hands upon the dial of time. A year of doubt and debate, the baptism of blood upon the battle-fields, where soldiers from every colony fought under a common standard and consolidated the Continental army, gradually lifted the soul and understanding of this immortal Congress to the sublime declaration:

> "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

To this Declaration John Hancock, proscribed and threatened with death, affixed a signature which has stood for a century like the pointers to the North Star in the firmament of freedom, and Charles Carroll, taunted that, among many

Carrolls, he, the richest man in America, might escape, added description and identification with "of Carrollton."

Benjamin Harrison, a delegate from Virginia, the ancestor of the distinguished statesman and soldier who to-day so worthily fills the chair of Washington, voiced the unalterable determination and defiance of the Congress. He seized John Hancock, upon whose head a price was set, in his arms, and, placing him in the Presidential chair, said: "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making our President a Massachusetts man whom she has excluded from pardon by public proclamation"; and when they were signing the Declaration, and the slender Elbridge Gerry uttered the grim pleasantry, "We must hang together, or surely we will hang separately," the portly Harrison responded with the more daring humor, "It will be all over with me in a moment; but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone." Thus flashed athwart the great Charter, which was to be for its signers a death-warrant or a diploma of immortality, as with firm hand, high purpose, and undaunted resolution, they subscribed their names, this mockery of fear and the penalties of treason.

The grand central idea of the Declaration of Independence was the sovereignty of the People. It relied for original power, not upon States or colonies, or their citizens as such, but recognized as the authority for nationality the revolutionary rights of the people of the United States.

It stated with marvellous clearness the encroachments upon liberties which threatened their suppression and justified revolt, but it was inspired by the very genius of freedom and the prophetic possibilities of united commonwealths covering the continent in one harmonious republic when it made the people of the thirteen colonies all Americans, and devolved upon them to administer by themselves and for themselves the prerogatives and powers wrested from Crown and Parliament.

It condensed Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, the great body of English liberties embodied in the common law and accumulated in the decisions of the courts, the statutes of the realm, and an undisputed though unwritten Constitution; but this original principle and dynamic force of the people's power sprang from these old seeds planted in the virgin soil of the New World.

More clearly than any statesman of the period did Thomas Jefferson grasp and divine the possibilities of popular government. He caught and crystallized the spirit of free institutions. His philosophical mind was singularly free from the power of precedents or the chains of prejudice. He had an unquestioning and abiding faith in the people, which was accepted by but few of his compatriots. Upon his famous axiom, of the equality of all men before the law, he constructed his system. It was the trip-hammer essential for the emergency to break the links binding the colonies to imperial authority and to pulverize the privileges of caste. It inspired him to write the Declaration of Independence and persuaded him to doubt the wisdom of the powers concentrated in the Constitution.

In his passionate love of liberty he became intensely jealous of authority. He destroyed the substance of royal prerogative, but never emerged from its shadow. He would have the States as the guardians of popular rights and the barriers against centralization, and he saw in the growing power of the nation ever-increasing encroachments upon the rights of the people. For the success of the pure democracy which must precede presidents and cabinets and congresses it was perhaps providential that its apostle never believed a great people could grant and still retain, could give and at will reclaim, could delegate and yet firmly hold, the authority which ultimately created the power of their Republic and enlarged the scope of their own liberty.

Where this master-mind halted, all stood still. The necessity for a permanent union was apparent; but each State must have hold upon the bowstring which encircled its throat. It was admitted that union gave the machinery required to successfully fight the common enemy; but yet there was fear that it might become a Frankenstein and destroy its creators.

Thus patriotism and fear, difficulties of communication between distant communities, and the intense growth of provincial pride and interests, led this Congress to frame the Articles of Confederation, happily termed the League of Friendship. The result was not a government, but a ghost. By this scheme the American people were ignored and the Declaration of Independence reversed. The States, by their legislatures, elected delegates to Congress, and the delegate represented the sovereignty of his commonwealth.

All the States had an equal voice without regard to their size or population. It required the vote of nine States to pass any bill, and five could block the wheels of government. Congress had none of the powers essential to sovereignty. It could neither levy taxes nor impose duties nor collect excise. For the support of the army and navy, for the purposes of war, for the preservation of its own functions, it could only call upon the States, but it possessed no power to enforce its demands. It had no president or executive authority, no supreme court with general jurisdiction and no national power. Each of the thirteen States had seaports and levied discriminating duties against the others, and could also tax and thus prohibit interstate commerce across its territory. Had the Confederation been a Union instead of a League, it could have raised and equipped three times the number of men contributed by reluctant States and conquered independence without foreign assistance. This paralyzed government—without strength, because it could not enforce its decrees; without credit, because it could pledge nothing for the payment of its debts; without respect, because without inherent authority—would, by its feeble life and early death, have added another to the historic tragedies which have in many lands marked the suppression of freedom, had it not been saved by the intelligent, inherited, and invincible understanding of liberty by the people, and the genius and patriotism of their leaders.

But while the perils of war had given temporary strength to the Confederation, peace developed its fatal weakness. It derived no authority from the people and could not appeal to them. Anarchy threatened its existence at home, and contempt met its representatives abroad.

"Can you fulfil or enforce the obligations of the treaty on your part if we sign one with you?" was the sneer of the courts of the Old World to our ambassadors. Some States gave a half-hearted support to its demands; others defied them. The loss of public credit was speedily followed by universal bankruptcy. The wildest phantasies assumed the force of serious measures for the relief of the general distress. States passed exclusive and hostile laws against each other, and riot and disorder threatened the disintegration of society.

"Our stock is stolen, our houses are plundered, our farms are raided," cried a delegate in the Massachusetts convention; "despotism is better than anarchy!"

To raise $4,000,000 a year was beyond the resources of the government, and $300,000 was the limit of the loan it could secure from the money-lenders of Europe. Even Washington exclaimed in despair: "I see one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army gradually branching into thirteen; which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, are considering themselves as depending on their respective States." And later, when independence had been won, the impotency of the government wrung from him the exclamation: "After gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Great Britain, we may fall a prey to our own folly and disputes."

But even through this Cimmerian darkness shot a flame which illumined the coming century and kept bright the beacon-fires of liberty. The architects of constitutional freedom formed their institutions with wisdom which forecasted the future. They may not have understood at first the whole truth; but for that which they knew they had the martyrs' spirit and the crusaders' enthusiasm.

Though the Confederation was a government of checks without balances, and of purpose without power, the statesmen who guided it demonstrated often the resistless force of great souls animated by the purest patriotism, and, united in judgment and effort to promote the common good, by lofty appeals and high reasoning, to elevate the masses above local greed and apparent self-interest to their own broad plane.

The most significant triumph of these moral and intellectual forces was that which secured the assent of the States to the limitation of their boundaries, to the grant of the wilderness beyond them to the general government, and to the insertion in the ordinance erecting the Northwest Territory of the immortal proviso prohibiting "slavery or involuntary servitude" within all that broad domain. The States carved out of this splendid concession were not sovereignties which had successfully rebelled, but they were the children of the Union, born of the covenant and thrilled with its life and liberty. They became the bulwarks of nationality and the buttresses of freedom. Their preponderating strength first checked and then broke the slave power; their fervid loyalty halted and held at bay the spirit of State rights and secession for generations; and when the crisis came it was with their overwhelming assistance that the nation killed and buried its enemy.

The corner-stone of the edifice whose centenary we are celebrating was the Ordinance of 1787. It was constructed by the feeblest of congresses, but few enactments of ancient or modern times have had more far-reaching and beneficent influence. It is one of the sublimest paradoxes of history that this weak confederation of States should have welded the chain against which, after seventy-four years of fretful efforts for release, its own spirit frantically dashed and died.

The government of the republic by a Congress of States, a diplomatic convention of the ambassadors of petty commonwealths, after seven years' trial, was falling asunder. Threatened with civil war among its members, insurrection and lawlessness rife within the States, foreign commerce ruined and internal trade paralyzed, its currency worthless, its merchants bankrupt, its farms mortgaged, its markets closed, its labor unemployed, it was like a helpless wreck upon the ocean, tossed about by the tides and ready to be engulfed in the storm.

Washington gave the warning and called for action. It was a voice accustomed to command, but not entreat. The veterans of the war and the statesmen of the Revolution stepped to the front. The patriotism which had been misled, but had never faltered, rose above the interests of the States and the jealousies of jarring confederates to find the basis for union.

"It is clear to me as A B C," said Washington, "that an extension of federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe. Without them we shall soon be everything which is the direct reverse. I predict the worst consequences from a half-starved, limping government, always moving upon crutches and tottering at every step."

The response of the country was the Convention of 1787, at Philadelphia. The Declaration of Independence was but the vestibule of the temple which this illustrious assembly erected. With no successful precedents to guide, it auspiciously worked out the problem of constitutional government and of imperial power and home rule supplementing each other in promoting the grandeur of the nation and preserving the liberty of the individual.

The deliberations of great councils have vitally affected, at different periods, the history of the world and the fate of empires; but this Congress builded, upon popular sovereignty, institutions broad enough to embrace the continent and elastic enough to fit all conditions of race and traditions. The experience of a hundred years has demonstrated for us the perfection of the work for defense against foreign foes, for self-preservation against domestic insurrection, for limitless expansion in population and material development, and for steady growth in intellectual freedom and force Its continuing influence upon the welfare and destiny of the human race can only be measured by the capacity of man to cultivate and enjoy the boundless opportunities of liberty and law. The eloquent characterization of Mr. Gladstone condenses its merits: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The statesmen who composed this great senate were equal to their trust. Their conclusions were the result of calm debate and wise concession Their character and abilities were so pure and great as to command the confidence of the country for the reversal of the policy of the independence of the State of the power of the general government, which had hitherto been the invariable practice and almost universal opinion, and for the adoption of the idea of the nation and its supremacy.

Towering in majesty and influence above them all stood Washington, their President. Beside him was the venerable Franklin, who, though eighty-one years of age, brought to the deliberations of the Convention the unimpaired vigor and resources of the wisest brain, the most hopeful philosophy, and the largest experience of the times.

Oliver Ellsworth, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, and the profoundest jurist in the country; Robert Morris, the wonderful financier of the Revolution, and Gouverneur Morris, the most versatile genius of his period; Roger Sherman, one of the most eminent of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and John Rutledge, Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, Edmund Randolph, and the Pinckneys, were leaders of unequalled patriotism, courage, ability, and learning; while Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, as original thinkers and constructive statesmen, rank among the immortal few whose opinions have for ages guided ministers of state and determined the destinies of nations.

This great Convention keenly felt, and with devout and serene intelligence met, its tremendous responsibilities. It had the moral support of the few whose aspirations for liberty had been inspired or renewed by the triumph of the American Revolution and the active hostility of every government in the world.

There were no examples to follow, and the experience of its members led part of them to lean toward absolute centralization as the only refuge from the anarchy of the Confederation, while the rest clung to the sovereignty of the States for fear that the concentration of power would end in the absorption of liberty. The large States did not want to surrender the advantage of their position, and the smaller States saw the danger to their existence.

The Leagues of the Greek cities had ended in loss of freedom, tyranny, conquest, and destruction. Roman conquest and assimilation had strewn the shores of time with the wrecks of empires, and plunged civilization into the perils and horrors of the Dark Ages. The government of Cromwell was the isolated power of the mightiest man of his age, without popular authority to fill his place or the hereditary principle to protect his successor.

The past furnished no light for our state-builders; the present was full of doubt and despair. The future, the experiment of self-government, the perpetuity and development of freedom, almost the destiny of mankind, was in their hands.

At this crisis the courage and confidence needed to originate a system weakened. The temporizing spirit of compromise seized the Convention, with the alluring proposition of not proceeding faster than the people could be educated to follow. The cry, "Let us not waste our labor upon conclusions which will not be adopted, but amend and adjourn," was assuming startling unanimity. But the supreme force and majestic sense of Washington brought the assemblage to the lofty plane of its duty and opportunity. He said:

> "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God."

"I am the State," said Louis XIV; but his line ended in the grave of absolutism. "Forty centuries look down upon you," was Napoleon's address to his army in the shadow of the Pyramids; but his soldiers saw the dream of Eastern empire vanish in blood. Statesmen and parliamentary leaders have sunk into oblivion, or led their party to defeat, by surrendering their convictions to the passing passions of the hour; but Washington, in this immortal speech, struck the keynote of representative obligation and propounded the fundamental principle of the purity and perpetuity of constitutional government.

Freed from the limitations of its environment and the question of the adoption of its work, the Convention erected its government upon the eternal foundations of the power of the people.

It dismissed the delusive theory of a compact between independent States, and derived national power from the people of the United States. It broke up the machinery of the Confederation and put in practical operation the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence. From chaos came order, from insecurity came safety, from disintegration and civil war came law and liberty, with the principle proclaimed in the preamble of the great charter:

> "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States."

With a wisdom inspired of God, to work out upon this continent the liberty of man, they solved the problem of the ages by blending, and yet preserving local self-government with national authority, and the rights of the States with the majesty and power of the Republic. The government of the States, under the Articles of the Confederation, became bankrupt because it could not raise $4,000,000; the government of the Union, under the Constitution of the United States, raised $6,000,000,000, its credit growing firmer as its power and resources were demonstrated. The Congress of the Confederation fled from a regiment which it could not pay; the Congress of the Union reviewed the comrades of a million of its victorious soldiers, saluting, as they marched, the flag of the nation whose supremacy they had sustained. The promises of the Confederacy were the scoff of its States; the pledge of the Republic was the honor of its people.

The Constitution, which was to be strengthened by the strain of a century, to be a mighty conqueror, without a subject province, to triumphantly survive the greatest of civil wars without the confiscation of an estate or the execution of a political offender, to create and grant home rule and State sovereignty to twenty-nine additional Commonwealths and yet enlarge its scope and broaden its power, and to make the name of an American citizen a title of honor throughout the world, came complete from the great Convention to the people for adoption.

As Hancock rose from his seat in the old Congress, eleven years before, to sign the Declaration of Independence, Franklin saw emblazoned on the back of the President's chair the sun partly above the horizon, but it seemed setting in a blood-red sky. During the seven years of the Confederation he had gathered no hope from the glittering emblem, but now, as with clear vision he beheld fixed upon eternal foundations the enduring structure of constitutional liberty, pointing to the sign he forgot his eighty-two years, and, with the enthusiasm of youth, electrified the Convention with the declaration: "Now I know that it is the rising sun."

The pride of the States and the ambition of their leaders, sectional jealousies and the overwhelming distrust of centralized power, were all arrayed against the adoption of the Constitution. North Carolina and Rhode Island refused to join the Union until long after Washington's inauguration. For months New York was debatable ground. Her territory, extending from the sea to the lakes, make her the keystone of the arch. Had Arnold's treason in the Revolution not been foiled by the capture of André, England would have held New York and subjugated the colonies; and in this crisis, unless New York assented, a hostile and powerful Commonwealth dividing the States made the Union impossible.

Success was due to confidence in Washington and the genius of Alexander Hamilton. Jefferson was the inspiration of Independence, but Hamilton was the incarnation of the Constitution. In no age or country has there appeared a more precocious or amazing intelligence than Hamilton's. At seventeen he annihilated the president of his college, upon the question of rights of the colonies, in a series of anonymous articles which were credited to the ablest men in the country; at forty-seven, when he died, his briefs had become the law of the land, and his fiscal system was, and after a hundred years remains, the rule and policy of our government. He gave life to the corpse of national credit, and the strength for self-preservation and aggressive power to the Federal Union. Both as an expounder of the principles and an administrator of the affairs of the government he stands supreme and unrivaled in American history.

His eloquence was so magnetic, his language so clear, and his reasoning so irresistible, that he swayed with equal ease popular assemblies, grave senates, and learned judges. He captured the people of the whole country for the Constitution by his papers in "The Federalist," and conquered the hostile majority in the New York Convention by the splendor of his oratory.

But the multitudes whom no argument could convince, who saw in the executive power and centralized force of the Constitution, under another name, the dreaded usurpation of king and minstry, were satisfied only with the assurance, "Washington will be President." "Good," cried John Lamb, the able leader of the Sons of Liberty, as he dropped his opposition; "for to no other mortal would I trust authority so enormous." "Washington will be President," was the battle-cry of the Constitution. It quieted alarm and gave confidence to the timid and courage to the weak.

The country responded with enthusiastic unanimity, but the Chief with the greatest reluctance. In the supreme moment of victory, when the world expected him to follow the precedents of the past and perpetuate the power a grateful country would willingly have left in his hands, he had resigned and retired to Mount Vernon to enjoy in private station his well-earned rest. The Convention created by his exertions to prevent, as he said, "the decline of our federal dignity into insignificant and wretched fragments of empire," had called him to preside over its deliberations. Its work made possible the realization of his hope that "we might survive as an independent republic," and again he sought the seclusion of his home. But after the triumph of war and the formation of the Constitution came the third and final crisis; the initial movements of government which were to teach the infant state the steadier steps of empire.

He alone could stay assault and inspire confidence while the great and complicated machinery of organized government was put in order and set in motion. Doubt existed nowhere except in his modest and unambitious heart.

"My movements to the chair of government," he said, "will be accompanied with feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm."

His whole life had been spent in repeated sacrifices for his country's welfare, and he did not hesitate now, though there is an undertone of inexpressible sadness in this entry in his diary on the night of his departure:

> "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

No conqueror was ever accorded such a triumph, no ruler ever received such a welcome. In this memorable march of six days to the Capitol it was the pride of States to accompany him with the masses of their people to their borders, that the citizens of the next Commonwealth might escort him through its territory. It was the glory of cities to receive him with every civic honor at their gates, and entertain him as the savior of their liberties. He rode under triumphant arches from which children lowered laurel wreaths upon his brow. The roadways were strewn with flowers, and as they were crushed beneath his horse's hoofs, their sweet incense wafted to Heaven the ever-ascending prayers of his loving countrymen for his life and safety. The swelling anthem of gratitude and reverence greeted and followed him along the country-side and through the crowded streets:

"Long live George Washington! Long live the Father of his People!"

His entry into New York was worthy the city and State. He was met by the chief officers of the retiring government of the country, by the governor of the Commonwealth, and the whole population. This superb harbor was alive with fleets and flags; and the ships of other nations, with salutes from their guns and the cheers of their crews, added to the joyous acclaim.

But as the captains who had asked the privilege, bending proudly to their oars, rowed the President's barge swiftly through these inspiring scenes, Washington's mind and heart were full of reminiscence and foreboding.

He had visited New York thirty-three years before, also in the month of April, in the full perfection of his early manhood, fresh from Braddock's bloody field, and wearing the only laurels of the battle, bearing the prophetic blessing of the venerable President Davies, of Princeton College, as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to the country."

It was a fair daughter of our State whose smiles allured him here, and whose coy confession that her heart was another's recorded his only failure and saddened his departure.

Twenty years passed, and he stood before the New York Congress on this very spot, the unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the Continental army, urging the people to more vigorous measures, and made painfully aware of the increased desperation of the struggle, from the aid to be given to the enemy by domestic sympathizers, when he knew that the same local military company which escorted him was to perform the like service for the British Governor Tryon on his landing on the morrow. Returning for the defence of the city the next summer, he executed the retreat from Long Island, which secured from Frederick the Great the opinion that a great commander had appeared, and at Harlem Heights he won the first American victory of the Revolution, which gave that confidence to our raw recruits against the famous veterans of Europe which carried our army triumphantly through the war.

Six years more of untold sufferings, of freezing and starving camps, of marches over the snow by barefooted soldiers to heroic attack and splendid victory, of despair with an unpaid army, and of hope from the generous assistance of France, and peace had come and Independence triumphed. As the last soldier of the invading enemy embarks, Washington at the head of the patriot host enters the city, receives the welcome and gratitude of its people, and in the tavern which faces us across the way, in silence more eloquent than speech, and with tears which choked the words, he bids farewell forever to his companions in arms.

Such were the crowding memories of the past suggested to Washington in 1789 by his approach to New York. But the future had none of the splendor of precedent and brilliance of promise which have since attended the inauguration of our Presidents. An untried scheme, adopted mainly because its administration was to be confided to him, was to be put in practice. He knew that he was to be met at every step of constitutional progress by factions temporarily hushed into unanimity by the terrific force of the tidal wave which was bearing him to the President's seat, but fiercely hostile upon questions affecting every power of nationality and the existence of the federal government.

Washington was never dramatic, but on great occasions he not only rose to the full ideal of the event, he became himeslf the event. One hundred years ago to-day the procession of foreign ambassadors, of statesmen and generals, of civic societies and military companies, which escorted him, marched from Franklin Square to Pearl Street, through Pearl to Broad to this spot; but the people saw only Washington. As he stood upon the steps of the old Government Building here, the thought must have occurred to him that it was a cradle of liberty, and as such giving a bright omen for the future.

In these halls, in 1735, in the trial of John Zenger, had been established, for the first time in its history, the liberty of the press. Here the New York Assembly, in 1764, made the protest against the Stamp Act and proposed the General Conference which was the beginning of the united colonial action. In this old State House, in 1765, the Stamp Act Congress—the first and the father of American congresses—assembled and presented to the English government that vigorous protest which caused the repeal of the act and checked the first step toward the usurpation which lost the American colonies to the British empire. Within these walls the Congress of the Confederation had commissioned its ambassadors abroad, and in ineffectual efforts at government had created the necessity for the concentration of federal authority, now to be consummated.

The first Congress of the United States, gathered in this ancient temple of liberty, greeted Washington and accompanied him to the balcony. The famous men visible about him were Chancellor Livingston, Vice-President John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Governor Clinton, Roger Sherman, Richard Henry Lee, General Knox, and Baron Steuben. But we believe that among the invisible host above him at this supreme moment of the culmination in permanent triumph of the thousands of years of struggle for self-government, were the spirits of soldiers of the Revolution who had died that their countrymen might enjoy this blessed day, and with them were the barons of Runnymede, and William the Silent, and Sidney, and Russell, and Cromwell, and Hampden, and the heroes and martyrs of liberty of every race and age.

As he came forward, the multitude in the streets, in the windows, and on the roofs sent up such a rapturous shout that Washington sat down overcome with emotion. As he slowly rose, and his tall and majestic form again appeared, the people, deeply affected, in awed silence viewed the scene. The Chancellor solemnly read to him the oath of office, and Washington, repeating, said: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Then he reverently bent low and kissed the Bible, uttering with profound emotion, "So help me, God." The Chancellor waived his robes and shouted:

"It is done. Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

"Long live George Washington, our first President!" was the answering cheer of the people, and from the belfries rang the bells, and from forts and ships thundered the cannon, echoing and repeating the cry with responding acclaim all over the land: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The simple and imposing ceremony over, the inaugural read, the blessing of God prayerfully petitioned in old St. Paul's, the festivities passed: and Washington stood alone. No one else could take the helm of State, and enthusiast and doubter alike trusted only him. The teachings and habits of the past had educated the people to faith in the independence of their States; and for the supreme authority of the new government there stood, against the precedent of a century and the passions of the hour, little besides the arguments of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay in "The Federalist," and the judgment of Washington.

With the first attempt to exercise national power began the duel to the death between State Sovereignty, claiming the right to nullify federal laws or secede from the Union, and the power of the Republic to command the resources of the country, to enforce its authority, and protect its life.

It was the beginning of the sixty years' war for the Constitution and the nation. It seared consciences, degraded politics, destroyed parties, ruined statesmen, and retarded the advance and development of the country; it sacrificed hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and squandered thousands of millions of money; it desolated the fairest portion of the land and carried mourning into every home North and South; but it ended at Appomattox in the absolute triumph of the Republic.

Posterity owes to Washington's administration the policy and measures, the force and direction, which made possible this glorious result. In giving the organization of the Department of State and Foreign Relations to Jefferson, the Treasury to Hamilton, and the Supreme Court to Jay, he selected for his Cabinet and called to his assistance the ablest and most eminent men of his time. Hamilton's marvellous versatility and genius designed the armory and the weapons for the promotion of national power and greatness, but Washington's steady support carried them through.

Parties crystallized, and party passions were intense, debates were intemperate, and the Union openly threatened and secretly plotted against, as the firm pressure of this mighty personality funded the debt and established credit; assumed the State debts incurred in the War of the Revolution, and superseded the local by the national obligation; imposed duties upon imports and excise upon spirits, and created revenue and resources; organized a national banking system for public needs and private business; and called out an army to put down by force of arms resistance to the federal laws imposing unpopular taxes.

Upon the plan marked out by the Constitution this great architect, with unfailing faith and unfaltering courage, builded the Republic. He gave to the government the principles of action and sources of power which carried it successfully through the wars with Great Britain in 1812 and Mexico in 1848, which enabled Jackson to defeat Nullification, and recruited and equipped millions of men for Lincoln, and justified and sustained his proclamation of Emancipation.

The French Revolution was the bloody reality of France and the nightmare of the civilized world. The tyranny of centuries culminated in frightful reprisals and reckless revenges. As parties rose to power and passed to the guillotine, the frenzy of the revolt against all authority reached every country and captured the imaginations and enthusiasm of millions in every land, who believed they saw that the madness of anarchy, the overturning of all institutions, the confiscation and distribution of property, would end in a millennium for the masses and the universal brotherhood of man.

Enthusiasm for France, our late ally, and the terrible commercial and industrial distress occasioned by the failure of the government under the Articles of Confederation, aroused an almost unanimous cry for the young Republic, not yet sure of its existence, to plunge into the vortex. The ablest and purest statesmen of the time bent to the storm, but Washington was unmoved. He stood like the rock-ribbed coast of a continent between the surging billows of fanaticism and the child of his love. Order is Heaven's first law, and the mind of Washington was order. The Revolution defied God and derided the law. Washington devoutly reverenced the Deity and believed liberty impossible without law. He spoke to the sober judgment of the nation and made clear the danger. He saved the infant government from ruin, and expelled the French minister who had appealed from him to the people. The whole land, seeing safety only in his continuance in office, joined Jefferson in urging him to accept a second term. "North and South," pleaded the Secretary, "will hang together while they have you to hang to."

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams, Madison, and Jay, each represented some of the elements which formed the Union: Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned; but he with unerring judgment was always the leader of the people. Milton said of Cromwell that "war made him great, peace greater."

The superiority of Washington's character and genius was more conspicuous in the formation of our government and in putting it on indestructible foundations than in leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country. "The Union in any event," is the central thought of his Farewell Address; and all the years of his grand life were devoted to its formation and preservation.

He fought as a youth with Braddock and in the capture of Fort Du Quesne for the protection of the whole country. As commander-in-chief of the Continental army, his commission was from the Congress of the United Colonies. He inspired the movement for the Republic, was the President and dominant spirit of the Convention which framed its Constitution, and its President for eight years, and guided its course until satisfied that, moving safely along the broad highway of time, it would be surely ascending toward the first place among the nations of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free.

Do his countrymen exaggerate his virtues? Listen to Guizot, the historian of civilization:

> "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country which he conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by re-establishing their sway."

Hear Lord Erskine, the most famous of English advocates:

"You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence."

Remember the tribute of Charles James Fox, the greatest parliamentary orator who ever swayed the British House of Commons:

"Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance."

Contemplate the character of Lord Brougham, pre-eminent for two generations in every department of human activity and thought, and then impress upon the memories of your children his deliberate judgment:

"Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Chatham, who, with Clive, conquered an empire in the East, died broken-hearted at the loss of the empire in the West by follies which even his power and eloquence could not prevent. Pitt saw the vast creations of his diplomacy shattered at Austerlitz, and fell murmuring: "My country! how I leave my country!"

Napoleon caused a noble tribute to Washington to be read at the head of his armies; but, unable to rise to Washington's greatness, witnessed the vast structure erected by conquest and cemented by blood, to minister to his own ambition and pride, crumble into fragments, and an exile and a prisoner he breathed his last, babbling of battle-fields and carnage.

Washington, with his finger upon his pulse, felt the presence of death, and, calmly reviewing the past and forecasting the future, answered to the summons of the grim messenger, "It is well;" and as his mighty soul ascended to God the land was deluged with tears and the world united in his eulogy. Blot out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations, and preserve the name of Washington, and still the century would be renowned.

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of constitutional government. There are no clouds overhead, and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future.

The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from 4,000,000 to 65,000,000. Its center, moving westward five hundred miles since 1789, is eloquent with the founding of cities and the birth of States. New settlements, clearing the forests and subduing the prairies, and adding four millions to the few thousands of farms which were the support of Washington's Republic, create one of the great granaries of the world and open exhaustless reservoirs of national wealth.

The infant industries which the first act of our administration sought to encourage now give remunerative employment to more people than inhabited the republic at the beginning of Washington's Presidency. The grand total of their annual output of $7,000,000,000 in value places the United States first among the manufacturing countries of the earth.

One half of all the railroads and one quarter of all the telegraph lines of the world within our borders testify to the volume, variety, and value of an internal commerce which makes these States, if need be, independent and self-supporting. These hundred years of development under favoring political conditions have brought the sum of our national wealth to a figure which is past the results of a thousand years for the motherland, herself otherwise the richest of modern empires.

During this generation a civil war of unequalled magnitude caused the expenditure and loss of $8,000,000,000, and killed six hundred thousand and permanently disabled over a million young men; and yet the impetuous progress of the North and the marvellous industrial development of the new and free South have obliterated the evidences of destruction and made the war a memory, and have stimulated production until our annual surplus nearly equals that of England, France, and Germany combined.

The teeming millions of Asia till the patient soil and work the shuttle and loom as their fathers have done for ages; modern Europe has felt the influence and received the benefit of the incalculable multiplication of force by inventive genius since the Napoleonic wars; and yet, only two hundred and sixty-nine years after the little band of Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, our people, numbering less than one fifteenth of the inhabitants of the globe, do one third of its mining, one fourth of its manufacturing, one fifth of its agriculture, and own one sixth of its wealth.

This realism of material prosperity, surpassing the wildest creation of the romancers who have astonished and delighted mankind, would be full of danger for the present and menace for the future if the virtue, intelligence, and independence of the people were not equal to the wise regulation of its uses and the stern prevention of its abuses.

But following the growth and power of the great factors, whose aggregation of capital made possible the tremendous pace of the settlement of our national domain, the building of our great cities and the opening of the lines of communication which have unified our country and created our resources, have come national and State legislation and supervision.

Twenty millions—a vast majority of our people of intelligent age—acknowledging the authority of their several churches, twelve millions of children in the common schools, three hundred and forty-five universities and colleges for the higher education of men and two hundred for women, four hundred and fifty institutions of learning for science, law, medicine, and theology, are the despair of the scoffer and the demagogue, and the firm support of civilization and liberty.

Steam and electricity have not only changed the commerce, they have also revolutionized the governments of the world. They have given to the press its powers and brought all races and nationalities into touch and sympathy. They have tested and are trying the strength of all systems to stand the strain and conform to the conditions which follow the germinating influences of American democracy.

At the time of the inauguration of Washington seven royal families ruled as many kingdoms in Italy, but six of them have seen their thrones overturned and their countries disappear from the map of Europe. Most of the kings, princes, dukes, and margraves of Germany, who reigned despotically and sold their soldiers for foreign service, have passed into history, and their heirs have neither prerogatives nor domain.

Spain has gone through many violent changes, and the permanency of her present government seems to depend upon the feeble life of an infant prince.

France, our ancient friend, with repeated and bloody revolutions, has tried the government of Bourbon and Convention, of Directory and Consulate, of Empire and Citizen King, of Hereditary Sovereign and Republic, of Empire, and again Republic.

The Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern, after convulsions which have rocked the foundations of their thrones, have been compelled to concede constitutions for their people and to divide with them the arbitrary power wielded so autocratically and brilliantly by Maria Theresa and Frederick the Great.

The royal will of George III could crowd the American colonies into rebellion, and wage war upon them until they were lost to his kingdom; but the authority of the Crown has devolved upon ministers who hold office subject to the approval of the representatives of the people, and the equal powers of the House of Lords have become vested in the Commons, leaving to the Peers only the shadow of their ancient privileges. But to-day the American people, after all the dazzling developments of the century, are still happily living under the government of Washington. The constitution during all that period has been amended only upon the lines laid down in the original instrument and in conformity with the recorded opinions of the Fathers.

The first great addition was the incorporation of a Bill of Rights, and the last the embedding into the constitution of the immortal principle of the Declaration of Independence—of the equality of all men before the law. No crisis has been too perilous for its powers, no evolution too rapid for its adaptation, and no expansion beyond its easy grasp and administration. It has assimilated diverse nationalities with warring traditions, customs, conditions, and languages, imbued them with its spirit, and won their passionate loyalty and love.

The flower of the youth of the nations of continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries and drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle array along the frontiers, and a kaiser's whim or a minister's mistake may precipitate the most destructive war of modern times.

Both monarchical and republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of democratic aspiration and socialistic revolt are rapidly increasing and threaten peace and security. We turn from these gathering storms to the British Isles and find their people in the throes of a political crisis involving the form and substance of their government, and their statesmen far from confident that the enfranchised and unprepared masses will wisely use their power.

But for us no army exhausts our resources or consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people.

The questions which affect the powers of government and the expansion or limitation of the authority of the federal constitution are so completely settled and so unanimously approved that our political divisions produce only the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty. Our institutions furnish the full equipment of shield and spear for the battles of freedom; and absolute protection against every danger which threatens the welfare of the people will always be found in the intelligence which appreciates their value, and the courage and morality with which their powers are exercised.

The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and liberty.

With their inspiring past and splendid present, the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years marvellously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution, and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

LUBBOCK

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, first Baron Avebury a distinguished English scientist and member of Parliament, the son of Sir John William Lubbock, was born in London, April 30, 1834, and was educated at Eton. He became a banker in London and introduced several important reforms in the banking system and in 1865 succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father. In the same year he published "Prehistoric Times as Illustrated by Ancient Remains," which was translated into many languages, and in 1870 issued "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man,"—two works which placed him among the foremost ethnologists of his time. He sat in Parliament as member for Maidstone, 1870-80, and afterward for many years represented London University in the House of Commons. From 1886 he was a Liberal Unionist in politics. He appeared before the House frequently on questions of finance and education and procured the passage of the Bank Holiday Act. He was chairman of Royal Commissions on the Advancement of Science, on Public Schools, on International Coinage, on Education, and other important committees. In 1881 he was elected President of the British Association, and he has served as president of many other learned and scientific societies, both British and foreign. From 1872-80 he was Vice-Chancellor of London University and President of the London University Extension Society. For twenty-five years he was Secretary of the London Bankers; he has been President of the London Institute of Bankers, President of the London Chamber of Commerce (1888-93) and Vice-President of the London County Council. Besides holding all these positions of trust he has been an indefatigable student of nature and a prolific and successful author. More than 250,000 copies of the two parts of "The Pleasures of Life" (1887) have been sold. He was President of the Entomological and Ethnological Societies and a member also of many other learned associations. His works not already named include "The Origin and Metamorphosis of Insects" (1874); "British Wild Flowers in Their Relation to Insects" (1875); "Scientific Lectures" (1879); "Addresses, Political and Educational" (1879); "Fifty Years of Science" (1882); "Ants, Bees, and Wasps" (1882); chapters in "Popular Natural History" (1883); "Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves" (1886); "Senses and Instincts of Animals" (1888); "The Beauties of Nature" (1893); "The Use of Life" (1894); "The Scenery of Switzerland" (1896); "Buds and Stipules" (1899).

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE HARRIS INSTITUTE, PRESTON

"If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy."—Epictetus.

LIFE is a great gift, and as we reach years of discretion we most of us naturally ask ourselves what should be the main object of our existence. Even those who do not accept "the greatest good of the greatest number" as an absolute rule will yet admit that we should all endeavor to contribute as far as we may to the happiness of others.

There are many, however, who seem to doubt whether it is right that we should try to be happy ourselves. Our own happiness ought not, of course, to be our main object, nor indeed will it ever be secured if selfishly sought. We may have many pleasures in life, but must not let them have rule over us, or they will soon hand us over to sorrow; and "into what dangerous and miserable servitude doth he fall who suffereth pleasures and sorrows (two unfaithful and cruel commanders) to possess him successively?"[1]

I cannot, however, but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.

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[1] Seneca.

There is, no doubt, some selfish satisfaction in yielding to melancholy and fancying that we are victims of fate; in brooding over grievances, especially if more or less imaginary. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy: and in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.

Sorrow and joy, indeed, are strangely interwoven. Too often—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."[1]

As a nation we are prone to melancholy. It has been said of our countrymen that they take even their pleasures sadly. But this, if it be true at all, will, I hope, prove a transitory characteristic. "Merry England" was the old saying; let us hope it may become true again. We must look to the East for real melancholy. What can be sadder than the lines with which Omar Khayyam opens his quatrains:[2]

"We sojourn here for one short day or two,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe;
And then, leaving life's problems all unsolved
And harassed by regrets, we have to go;"

or the Devas' song to Prince Siddârtha, in Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful version:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life—
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

If, indeed, this be true, if mortal life be so sad and full of suffering, no wonder that Nirvâna—the cessation of sorrow—should be welcomed even at the sacrifice of consciousness.

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[1] Shelley.

[2] I quote from Whinfield's translation.

But ought we not to place before ourselves a very different ideal—a healthier, manlier, and nobler hope?

Life is not to live merely, but to live well. There are some "who live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws on a river: they do not go; they are carried,"[1]—but, as Homer makes Ulysses say, "How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rest unburnished; not to shine in use—as though to breathe were life!"

Goethe tells us that at thirty he resolved "to work out life no longer by halves, but in all its beauty and totality."

"Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen
Resolut zu leben."

Life indeed must be measured by thought and action, not by time. It certainly may be, and ought to be, bright, interesting, and happy; for, according to the Italian proverb, "if all cannot live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun."

If we do our best; if we do not magnify trifling troubles; if we look resolutely, I do not say at the bright side of things, but at things as they really are; if we avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which surround us; we cannot but feel that life is indeed a glorious inheritance.

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty Love! Man is one world and hath
Another to attend him."[2]

Few of us, however, realize the wonderful privilege of living or the blessings we inherit; the glories and beauties of the Universe, which is our own if we choose to have it so; the extent to which we can make ourselves what we wish to be; or the power we possess of securing peace, of triumphing over pain and sorrow.

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[1] Seneca. [2] Herbert.

Dante pointed to the neglect of opportunities as a serious fault:

"Man can do violence
To himself and his own blessings, and for this
He, in the second round, must aye deplore,
With unavailing penitence, his crime.
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
And sorrows then when he should dwell in joy."

Ruskin has expressed this with special allusion to the marvellous beauty of this glorious world, too often taken as a matter of course, and remembered, if at all, almost without gratitude. "Holy men," he complains, "in the recommending of the love of God to us, refer but seldom to those things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown; though they insist much on his giving of bread, and raiment, and health (which he gives to all inferior creatures): they require us not to thank him for that glory of his works which he has permitted us alone to perceive: they tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not, like Isaac, into the fields at even: they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight:" and yet, as he justly says elsewhere, "each of us, as we travel the way of life, has the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing; or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation,—into a crying out of her stones and a shaking of her dust against us."

Must we not all admit, with Sir Henry Taylor, that "the retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities?" "Whoever enjoys not life," says Sir T. Browne, "I count him but an apparition, though he wears about him the visible affections of flesh."

St. Bernard, indeed, goes so far as to maintain that "nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

Some heathen moralists also have taught very much the same lesson. "The gods," says Marcus Aurelius, "have put all the means in man's power to enable him not to fall into real evils. Now that which does not make a man worse, how can it make his life worse?"

Epictetus takes the same line: "If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault; for God has made all men to be happy." "I am," he elsewhere says, "always content with that which happens; for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose." And again: "Seek not that things should happen as you wish; but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life. . . . If you wish for anything which belongs to another, you lose that which is your own."

Few, however, if any, can, I think, go as far as St. Bernard. We cannot but suffer from pain, sickness, and anxiety; from the loss, the unkindness, the faults, even the coldness of those we love. How many a day has been damped and darkened by an angry word!

Hegel is said to have calmly finished his *Phaenomenologie des Geistes* at Jena, on the 14th of October, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him.

Matthew Arnold has suggested that we might take a lesson from the heavenly bodies.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

It is true that—

"A man is his own star;
Our acts our angels are
For good or ill,"

and that "rather than follow a multitude to do evil" one should "stand like Pompey's Pillar, conspicuous by one's self, and single in integrity."[1] But to many this isolation would be itself most painful, for the heart is "no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them."[2]

If we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their happiness and lose far more than we gain. If we avoid sympathy and wrap ourselves round in a cold chain armor of selfishness, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life. To render ourselves insensible to pain we must forfeit also the possibility of happiness.

Moreover, much of what we call evil is really good in disguise, and we should not "quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them."[1]

Pleasure and pain are, as Plutarch says, the nails which fasten body and soul together. Pain is a signal of danger, a very necessity of existence. But for it, but for the warnings which our feelings give us, the very blessings by which we are surrounded would soon and inevitably prove fatal.

Many of those who have not studied the question are under the impression that the more deeply-seated portions of the body must be most sensitive. The very reverse is the case.

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[1] Sir T. Browne. [2] Bacon.

The skin is a continuous and ever-watchful sentinel, always on guard to give us notice of any approaching danger; while the flesh and inner organs, where pain would be without purpose, are, so long as they are in health, comparatively without sensation.

"We talk," says Helps, "of the origin of evil; . . . but what is evil? We mostly speak of sufferings and trials as good, perhaps, in their result; but we hardly admit that they may be good in themselves. Yet they are knowledge—how else to be acquired, unless by making men as gods, enabling them to understand without experience. All that men go through may be absolutely the best for them—no such thing as evil, at least in our customary meaning of the word."

Indeed, "the vale best discovereth the hill,"[1] and "pour sentir les grands biens il faut qu'il connoise les petits maux."[2]

But even if we do not seem to get all that we should wish, many will feel, as in Leigh Hunt's beautiful translation of Filicaja's sonnet, that—

> "So Providence for us, high, infinite,
>   Makes our necessities its watchful task,
> Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
>   And e'en if it denies what seems our right,
>   Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
>   Or seems but to deny, and in denying grants."

Those, on the other hand, who do not accept the idea of continual interferences will rejoice in the belief that on the whole the laws of the universe work out for the general happiness.

And if it does come—

> "Grief should be
> Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
> Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free:
> Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
> Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."[3]

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[1] Bacon.

[2] "To realize our great blessings we must be acquainted with the petty trials of life."—Rousseau.

[3] Aubrey de Vere.

If, however, we cannot hope that life will be all happiness, we may at least secure a heavy balance on the right side; and even events which look like misfortune, if boldly faced, may often be turned to good.

Oftentimes, says Seneca, "calamity turns to our advantage, and great ruins make way for greater glories." Helmholtz dates his start in science to an attack of illness. This led to his acquisition of a microscope, which he was enabled to purchase owing to his having spent his autumn vacation of 1841 in the hospital, prostrated by typhoid fever; being a pupil, he was nursed without expense, and on his recovery he found himself in possession of the savings of his small resources.

"Savonarola," says Castelar, "would, under different circumstances, undoubtedly have been a good husband, a tender father; a man unknown to history, utterly powerless to print upon the sands of time and upon the human soul the deep trace which he has left; but misfortune came to visit him, to crush his heart, and to impart that marked melancholy which characterizes a soul in grief; and the grief that circled his brows with a crown of thorns was also that which wreathed them with the splendor of immortality. His hopes were centred in the woman he loved, his life was set upon the possession of her, and when her family finally rejected him, partly on account of his profession, and partly on account of his person, he believed that it was death that had come upon him when in truth it was immortality."

It is, however, impossible to deny the existence of evil, and the reason for it has long exercised the human intellect. The savage solves it by the supposition of evil spirits. The Greeks attributed the misfortunes of men in great measure to the antipathies and jealousies of gods and goddesses.

Others have imagined two divine principles, opposite and antagonistic—the one friendly, the other hostile, to men.

Freedom of action, however, seems to involve the existence of evil. If any power of selection be left us, much must depend on the choice we make. In the very nature of things two and two cannot make five. Epictetus imagines Jupiter addressing Man as follows: "If it had been possible to make your body and your property free from liability to injury, I would have done so. As this could not be, I have given you a small portion of myself."

This divine gift it is for us to use wisely. It is, in fact, our most valuable treasure. "The soul is a much better thing than all the others which you possess. Can you then show me in what way you have taken care of it? For it is not likely that you, who are so wise a man, inconsiderately and carelessly allow the most valuable thing that you possess to be neglected and to perish."[1]

Moreover, even if evil cannot be altogether avoided, it is no doubt true that not only whether the life we lead be good and useful, or evil and useless, but also whether it be happy or unhappy, is very much in our own power and depends greatly on ourselves. "Time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow, but reason the wise,"[1] and no one was ever yet made utterly miserable excepting by himself. We are, if not the masters, at any rate almost the creators of ourselves.

With most of us it is not so much great sorrows, disease, or death, but rather the little "daily dyings" which cloud over the sunshine of life. Many of our troubles are insignificant in themselves and might easily be avoided!

How happy home might generally be made but for foolish quarrels, or misunderstandings, as they are well named! It is our own fault if we are querulous or ill-humored; nor need we, though this is less easy, allow ourselves to be made unhappy by the querulousness or ill-humors of others.

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[1] Epictetus.

Much of what we suffer we have brought on ourselves, if not by actual fault, at least by ignorance or thoughtlessness. Too often we think only of the happiness of the moment, and sacrifice that of the life. Troubles comparatively seldom come to us; it is we who go to them. Many of us fritter our life away. La Bruyère says that "most men spend much of their lives in making the rest miserable;" or, as Goethe puts it:

"Careworn man has, in all ages,
Sown vanity to reap despair."

Not only do we suffer much in the anticipation of evil, as "Noah lived many years under the affliction of a flood, and Jerusalem was taken unto Jeremy before it was besieged," but we often distress ourselves greatly in the apprehension of misfortunes which after all never happen at all. We should do our best and wait calmly the result. We often hear of people breaking down from overwork, but in nine cases out of ten they are really suffering from worry or anxiety.

"Nos maux moraux," says Rousseau, "sont tous dans l'opinion, hors un seul, qui est le crime; et celui-la dépend de nous: nos maux physiques nous détruisent, ou se détruisent. Le temps, ou la mort, sont nos remèdes."[1]

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven."[2]

This, however, applies to the grown up. With children, of course, it is different. It is customary, but I think it is a mistake, to speak of happy childhood. Children are often over-anxious and acutely sensitive. Man ought to be man and master of his fate; but children are at the mercy of those around them. Mr. Rarey, the great horse-tamer, has told us that he has known an angry word raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. Think, then, how it must affect a child!

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[1] "Our moral ills are all imaginary except one—crime; and that depends upon ourselves. Our physical ills either destroy us or are self-destructive Time or death are our remedies."

[2] Shakespeare.

It is small blame to the young if they are over-anxious; but it is a danger to be striven against. "The terrors of the storm are chiefly felt in the parlor or the cabin."[1]

To save ourselves from imaginary, or at any rate problematical, evils, we often incur real suffering. "The man," said Epicurus, "who is not content with little is content with nothing." How often do we "labor for that which satisfieth not." More than we use is more than we need, and only a burden to the bearer.[2] We most of us give ourselves an immense amount of useless trouble; encumber ourselves, as it were, on the journey of life with a dead weight of unnecessary baggage; and as "a man maketh his train longer, he makes his wings shorter."[3] In that delightful fairy tale, "Through the Looking-Glass," the White Knight is described as having loaded himself, on starting for a journey, with a variety of odds and ends, including a mousetrap, lest he should be troubled by mice at night, and a beehive in case he came across a swarm of bees.

Hearne, in his "Journey to the Mouth of the Coppermine River," tells us that a few days after starting on his expedition he met a party of Indians who annexed a great deal of his property, and all Hearne says is, "The weight of our baggage being so much lightened, our next day's journey was much pleasanter." I ought, however, to add that the Indians broke up the philosophical instruments, which, no doubt, were rather an encumbrance.

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[1] Emerson. [2] Seneca. [3] Bacon.

When troubles do come, Marcus Aurelius wisely tells us to "remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle, that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune."

Our own anger indeed does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry; and we suffer much more from the anger and vexation which we allow acts to rouse in us than we do from the acts themselves at which we are angry and vexed. How much most people, for instance, allow themselves to be distracted and disturbed by quarrels and family disputes. Yet in nine cases out of ten one ought not to suffer from being found fault with. If the condemnation is just, it should be welcome as a warning; if it is undeserved, why should we allow it to distress us?

Moreover, if misfortunes happen, we do but make them worse by grieving over them.

"I must die," again says Epictetus. "But must I then die sorrowing? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile. Can I be prevented from going with cheerfulness and contentment? But I will put you in prison. Man, what are you saying? You may put my body in prison, but my mind not even Zeus himself can overpower."

If, indeed, we cannot be happy, the fault is generally in ourselves. Socrates lived under the Thirty Tyrants. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe him!

"How is it possible," he says, "that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, squalid, without a slave, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily? See, God has sent you a man to show you that it is possible.

Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave; I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, no children, no prætorium, but only the earth and heavens and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? Am I not free? When did any of you see me failing in the object of my desire? or ever falling into that which I would avoid? Did I ever blame God or man? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? And how do I meet with those whom you are afraid of and admire? Do not I treat them like slaves? Who, when he sees me, does not think that he sees his king and master?"

Think how much we have to be thankful for. Few of us appreciate the number of our everyday blessings; we look on them as trifles, and yet "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," as Michael Angelo said. We forget them because they are always with us; and yet for each of us, as Mr. Pater well observes, "these simple gifts, and others equally trivial, bread and wine, fruit and milk, might regain that poetic and, as it were, moral significance which surely belongs to all the means of our daily life could we but break through the veil of our familiarity with things by no means vulgar in themselves."

"Let not," says Isaak Walton, "the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise him because they be common; let us not forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains; and this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily."

Contentment, we have been told by Epicurus, consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. In this fortunate country, however, we may have many wants, and yet, if they are only reasonable, we may gratify them all.

Nature indeed provides without stint the main requisites of human happiness. “To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray,”—these, says Ruskin, “are the things that make men happy.”

“I have fallen into the hands of thieves,” says Jeremy Taylor; “what then? They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit and a good conscience. . . . And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns.”

“When a man has such things to think on, and sees the sun, the moon, and stars, and enjoys earth and sea, he is not solitary or even helpless.”[1]

“Paradise indeed might,” as Luther said, “apply to the whole world.” What more is there we could ask for ourselves? “Every sort of beauty,” says Mr. Greg,[2] “has been lavished on our allotted home; beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy every taste; forms the noblest and the loveliest, colors the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odors the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring: the sunny glories of the day; the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primeval forest, and the boundless ocean; ‘silent pinnacles of aged snow’ in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets; the sublimity of storms; everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence; we can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour; and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all. The provision made for our sensuous enjoyment is in overflowing abundance; so is that for the other elements of our complex nature. Who that has revelled in the opening ecstacies of a young imagination, or the rich marvels of the world of thought, does not confess that the intelligence has been dowered at least with as profuse a beneficence as the senses? Who that has truly tasted and fathomed human love in its dawning and crowning joys has not thanked God for a felicity which indeed 'passeth understanding?' If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom he loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here."

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[1] Epictetus.

The Enigmas of Life.”

LECTURE—THE CHOICE OF BOOKS[1]

"All round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and Seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late." —Proctor.

AND yet too often they wait in vain. One reason for this is, I think, that people are overwhelmed by the crowd of books offered to them.

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that—

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."[2]

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[1] Delivered at the London Working Men's College in 1887.

[2] Byron.

Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure,—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark which Lord Beaconsfield made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

There are, indeed, books and books; and there are books which, as Lamb said, are not books at all. It is wonderful how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember, years ago, consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This, indeed, applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and in the second have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed that he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own ignorance.

"If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books."

It is one thing to own a library; it is quite another to use it wisely. I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books, we know, are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few.

And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects their choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.[1]

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and I have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is over-bold, and I must beg for indulgence, while hoping for criticism; indeed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

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[1] Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte, "Catechism of Positive Philosophy;" Pycroft, "Course of English Reading;" Baldwin, "The Book Lover;" Perkins, "The Best Reading;" and by Mr. Ireland, "Books for General Readers."

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favorites.

In any such selection much weight should, I think, be attached to the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and a "survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants. As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read."

Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions or charmed the leisure hours of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are well worth reading on that very account, even if to us they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that, to many, such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand first in the list, is a conclusive case.

At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus and the "Meditations" of

Marcus Aurelius, certainly two of the noblest books in the whole of literature; and which, moreover, have both been admirably translated. The "Analects" of Confucius will, I believe, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The "Koran," like the "Analects" of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed they are perhaps all the more curious from the contrast they afford to those of the Apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the "Library of the Fathers," and which, as he observes, has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that St. Augustine "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith." But then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography, compared theology to a Gothic cathedral, "Elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité."[1]

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Pensées," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and last, not least, Keble's beautiful "Christian Year."

Aristotle and Plato stand at the head of another class. The "Politics" of Aristotle, and Plato's "Dialogues," if not the whole, at any rate the "Phædo," the "Apology," and the "Republic," will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether the latter repays the minute and laborious study often devoted to it.

Aristotle being the father if not the creator of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been in many cases superseded by others carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand,—I say so with all respect,—seems to me in some cases to play on words: his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble, but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the "Dialogues" of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration. Of the "Apology" and the "Phædo" especially it would be impossible to speak too gratefully.

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[1] "It has the same grandeur, the same vast spaces, and the same lack of solidity."

I would also mention Demosthenes's "De Corona," which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's Lives, Horace, and at least the "De Officiis," "De Amicitia," and "De Senectute" of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read Homer or Virgil after leaving school.

The "Nibelungenlied," our great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians I include Æschylus, if not all his works, at any rate "Prometheus," perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the "Trilogy" (Mr. Symonds, in his "Greek Poets," speaks of the "unrivalled majesty" of the "Agamemnon," and Mark Pattison considered it "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"), or, as Sir M. E. Grant

Duff recommends, the "Persæ;" Sophocles ("Œdipus Tyrannus"), Euripides ("Medea"), and Aristophanes ("The Knights" and "Clouds"); unfortunately, as Schlegel says, probably even the greatest scholar does not understand half his jokes; and I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the "Maha Bharata" and "Ramayana" (too long probably to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the first two volumes of his "History of India"); the "Shahnameh," the work of the great Persian poet Firdusi; Kalidasa's "Sakuntala," and the "Sheking," the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law; and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than a historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the "Anabasis"), Thucydides, and Tacitus ("Germania"); and of modern historians, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" ("the splendid bridge from the Old World to the New"), Hume's "History of England," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Grote's "History of Greece," and Green's "Short History of the English People."

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's "Novum Organum," Mill's "Logic," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" in political economy, which some of our rulers do not now sufficiently value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist's Journal," though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less-known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," "Comus," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Byron, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Bacon, Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson, Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles's "Self-Help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Autobiography."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes's "Discours sur la Methode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number of one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English: and will suggest Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), George Eliot ("Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss"), Kingsley ("Westward Ho!"), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to be allowed, as a special favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home-hours after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us!

LIST OF 100 BOOKS

Works by Living Authors are omitted

The Bible.
The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.
Epictetus.
Aristotle's Ethics.
Analects of Confucius.
St. Hilaire's "Le Bouddha et sa religion."
Wake's Apostolic Fathers.
Thos. à Kempis's Imitation of Christ.
Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey).
The Koran (portions).
Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.
Pascal's Pensées.
Butler's Analogy of Religion.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Keble's Christian Year.

Plato's Dialogues; at any rate, the Apology, Crito, and Phædo.
Xenophon's Memorabilia.
Aristotle's Politics.
Demosthenes's De Coronâ.
Cicero's De Officiis, De Amicitiâ, and De Senectute.
Plutarch's Lives.
Berkeley's Human Knowledge.
Descartes's Discours sur la Méthode.
Locke's On the Conduct of the Understanding.

Homer.
Hesiod.
Virgil.
Maha Bharata.
Ramayana.
Epitomized in Talboys Wheeler's History of India, vols. i and ii.
The Shahnameh.
The Nibelungenlied.
Malory's Morte d'Arthur.

LIST OF 100 BOOKS.—(*Continued.*)

The Sheking.
Kalidasa's Sakuntala or the Lost Ring.
Æschylus's Prometheus.
Triology of Orestes.
Sophocles's Œdipus.
Euripides's Medea.
Aristophanes's The Knights and Clouds.
Horace.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (perhaps in Morris's edition; or, if expurgated, in C. Clarke's, or Mrs. Haweis's).
Shakespeare.
Milton's Paradise Lost, Lycidas, Comus, and the shorter poems.
Dante's Divina Commedia.
Spenser's Fairie Queen.
Dryden's Poems.
Scott's Poems.
Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection).
Pope's Essay on Criticism.
Essay on Man.
Rape of the Lock.
Burns.
Byron's Childe Harold.
Gray.
Tennyson.

Herodotus.
Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia.
Thucydides.
Tacitus's Germania.
Livy.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall.
Hume's History of England.
Grote's History of Greece.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Green's Short History of England.
Lewes's History of Philosophy.

Arabian Nights.
Swift's Gulliver's Travels.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Cervantes's Don Quixote.
Boswell's Life of Johnson.
Molière.
Schiller's William Tell.
Sheridan's The Critic, School for Scandal, and The Rivals.
Carlyle's Past and Present.

Bacon's Novum Organum.
Smith's Wealth of Nations (part of).
Mill's Political Economy.
Cook's Voyages.
Humboldt's Travels.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Naturalist's Voyage.
Mill's Logic.

Bacon's Essays.
Montaigne's Essays.
Hume's Essays.
Macaulay's Essays.
Addison's Essays.
Emerson's Essays.
Burke's Select Works.
Smiles's Self-Help.

Voltaire's Zadig and Micromegas.
Goethe's Faust, and Autobiography.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
Pendennis.
Dickens's Pickwick.
Dickens's David Copperfield.
Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii.
George Eliot's Adam Bede.
Kingsley's Westward Ho!
Scott's Novels.

THE BLESSING OF FRIENDS

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LONDON WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE

> "They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful."—Cicero.

MOST of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing more conclusive than to compare them to friends.

All men, said Socrates, have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friend than all these put together. And again, men know "the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice, moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

It is no doubt true, as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes that "unthinking heads who have not learned to be alone are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves."

Still I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that "men descend to meet." In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, "Almost all people descend to meet." Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. "All association," he adds, "must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other."

What a sad thought! Is it really so? Need it be so? And if it were, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

It has been said that it is wise always to treat a friend remembering that he may become an enemy, and an enemy remembering that he may become a friend; and whatever may be thought of the first part of the adage there is certainly much wisdom in the latter. Many people seem to take more pains and more pleasure in making enemies than in making friends. Plutarch, indeed, quotes with approbation the advice of Pythagoras "not to shake hands with too many," but as long as friends are well chosen it is true rather that—

> "He who has a thousand friends
> Has never a one to spare,
> And he who has one enemy
> Will meet him everywhere,"—

—and unfortunately, while there are few great friends there is no little enemy.

I guard myself, however, by saying again "as long as they are well chosen." One is thrown in life with a great many people who, though not actively bad, though they may not wilfully lead us astray, yet take no pains with themselves, neglect their own minds, and direct the conversation to petty puerilities or mere gossip; who do not seem to realize that conversation may by a little effort be made instructive and delightful without being in any way pedantic, or, on the other hand, may be allowed to drift into a mere morass of muddy thought and weedy words.

There are few from whom we may not learn something, if only they will trouble themselves to tell us. Nay, even if they teach us nothing, they may help us by the stimulus of intelligent questions or the warmth of sympathy. But if they do neither, then indeed their companionship, if companionship it can be called, is mere waste of time, and of such we may well say, "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Much, certainly, of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up.

Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, "the idols and images of friendship."

To be friendly with every one is another matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever really loved any one will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
 Has oftener left me mourning."

I cannot, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "But we may go farther, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts;" it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests:" in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. . . . But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this last assertion I cannot altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! and many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up—"Sir, we had a good talk."

Epictetus gives excellent advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them," but when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul.

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and think is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four. And when you have made a friend, keep him. "Hast thou a friend," says an Eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads." The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

Still less does friendship confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the Mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

> "But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent then are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour

of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."[1]

Death, indeed, cannot sever friendship. "Friends," says Cicero, "though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation?

"To me, indeed, Scipio still lives and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

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[1] Ruskin.

SPURGEON

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, a famous English preacher, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, England, June 19, 1834, the son of an Independent minister. After receiving a limited education at a school in Colchester and an agricultural college at Maidstone, he became usher in a school at Newmarket in 1849. The next year he united with a Baptist congregation, and at sixteen preached his first sermon in a cottage near Cambridge. He met with almost instant success and in 1852 was chosen pastor of a Baptist congregation at Waterbeach. In 1854 he was called to the pastorate of a Baptist society in New Park Street, Southwark, London, and within a very few months the chapel, which had been nearly empty, proved far too small to accommodate the throngs who flocked to hear him. During its enlargement Spurgeon preached in Exeter Hall, having now become, at twenty-two, the most popular preacher of his day. In 1861 the Metropolitan Tabernacle in Newington Causeway, a building seating six thousand persons, was erected for the use of his congregation, and of this Spurgeon continued pastor until his death at Mentone, France, January 31, 1892. In 1864 he engaged in a controversy with the Evangelical party in the Established Church on the subject of baptismal regeneration, three hundred thousand copies of his sermon on this occasion being circulated. In this matter he appears to have measurably irritated the Low Churchmen while sustaining, to some extent, the High Church position on that doctrine. A strong Calvinist, Spurgeon was not wholly in sympathy with many of his own denomination, and in 1887 withdrew from the Baptist Union. In his earlier career his preaching was more or less sensational in character and aimed at oratorical effect, but as years elapsed his eccentricities and mannerisms were modified without the loss of any of his original earnestness. His natural gifts for public oratory were great, and he possessed a clear and sympathetic voice. In the latest years of his ministry the value of his work came to be generally recognized, and a cordial feeling sprang up between him and a number of prominent Anglican churchmen. Spurgeon wielded no small share of political influence, and his custom of alluding from the pulpit to the leading events of the day made him a power to be considered. His fierce attack upon Gladstone's Home Rule policy in 1886 was, for instance, a damaging blow to the Liberal party. After 1855 his sermons were issued weekly, their circulation being enormous, and some of his volumes of discourses were translated into the principal European languages. The more important of his many published books include " The Saint and His Saviour " (1857); " Morning by Morning " (1866); " Commentary on the Psalms " (1865-70); " John Ploughman's Talks " (1869); " Readings for the Closet " (1869); " The Treasury of David " (1870-85); " Lectures to My Students " (1875-77); " John Ploughman's Pictures " (1880); " My Sermon Notes " (1884-87); " Storm Signals " (1885); " All of a Grace " (1886); " According to Promise " (1887); " The Messiah " (1898); "Autobiography " (1898-99). See Lives by Stevenson (1887); Pike (1892); Ellis (1892).

CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. viii, 9.

THE Apostle, in this chapter, was endeavoring to stir up the Corinthians to liberality. He desired them to contribute something for those who were the poor of the flock, that he might be able to minister to their necessities. He tells them that the churches of Macedonia, though very much poorer than the church at Corinth, had done even beyond their means for the relief of the Lord's family, and he exhorts the Corinthians to do the same. But, suddenly recollecting that examples taken from inferiors seldom have a powerful effect, he lays aside his argument drawn from the church of Macedonia, and he holds before them a reason for liberality which the hardest heart can scarcely resist, if once that reason be applied by the Spirit.

"My brethren," said he, "there is One above, by whom you hope you have been saved; one whom you call Master and Lord: now, if you will but imitate him, you cannot be ungenerous or illiberal. For, my brethren, I tell you a thing which is an old thing with you and an undisputed truth—'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.' Let this constrain you to benevolence." O Christian, whenever thou art inclined to an avaricious withholding from the church of God, think of thy Saviour giving up all that he had to serve thee; and canst thou then, when thou beholdest self-denial so noble,

—canst thou then be selfish, and regard thyself, when the claims of the poor of the flock are pressed upon thee? Remember Jesus; think thou seest him look thee in the face and say to thee, "I gave myself for thee, and dost thou withhold thyself from me? For if thou dost so, thou knowest not my love in all its heights and depths and lengths and breadths."

And now, dear friends, the argument of the Apostle shall be our subject to-day. It divides itself in an extremely simple manner. We have first, the pristine condition of our Saviour—"He was rich." We have next, his condescension —"He became poor." And then we have the effect and result of his poverty—"That we might be made rich." We shall then close by giving you a doctrine, a question, and an exhortation. May God bless all these and help us to tell them aright.

First, then, our text tells us that Jesus Christ was rich. Think not that our Saviour began to live when he was born of the Virgin Mary; imagine not that he dates his existence from the manger at Bethlehem; remember he is the Eternal, he is before all things, and by him all things consist. There was never a time in which there was not God. And just so there was never a period in which there was not Christ Jesus our Lord. He is self-existent, hath no beginning of days, neither end of years; he is the immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour. Now, in the past eternity which had elapsed before his mission to this world, we are told that Jesus Christ was rich; and to those of us who believe his glories and trust in his divinity it is not hard to see how he was so. Jesus was rich in possessions. Lift up thine eye, believer, and for a moment review the riches of my Lord Jesus before he condescended to become poor for thee. Behold him sitting upon his throne and declaring his own all-sufficiency. "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the cattle on a thousand hills are mine. Mine are the hidden treasures of gold; mine are the pearls that the diver cannot reach; mine every precious thing that earth hath seen."

The Lord Jesus might have said, "I can stretch my sceptre from the east even to the west, and all is mine; the whole of this world, and yon worlds that glitter in far-off space, all are mine. The illimitable expanse of unmeasured space, filled as it is with worlds that I have made, all this is mine. Fly upward, and thou canst not reach the summit of the hill of my dominions; dive downward, and thou canst not enter into the innermost depths of my sway. From the highest throne in glory to the lowest pit of hell, all, all is mine, without exception. I can put the broad arrow of my kingdom upon everything that I have made."

But he had besides that which makes men richer still. We have heard of kings in olden times who were fabulously rich, and when their riches were summed up we read in the old romances, "And this man was possessed of the philosopher's stone, whereby he turned all things into gold." Surely all the treasures that he had before were as nothing compared with this precious stone that brought up the rear. Now, whatever might be the wealth of Christ in things created, he had the power of creation, and therein lay his boundless wealth. If he had pleased he could have spoken worlds into existence; he had but to lift his finger, and a new universe as boundless as the present would have leaped into existence. At the will of his mind millions of angels would have stood before him, legions of bright spirits would have flashed into being. He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast. He who said, "Light be," and light was, had power to say to all things, “ Be,” and they should be. Herein, then, lay his riches; this creating power was one of the brightest jewels of his crown.

We call men rich, too, who have honor, and though men have never so much wealth, yet if they be in disgrace and shame they must not reckon themselves among the rich. But our Lord Jesus had honor, honor such as none but a divine being could receive. When he sat upon his throne, before he relinquished the glorious mantle of his sovereignty to become a man, all earth was filled with his glory. He could look both beneath and all around him, and the inscription, “ Glory be unto God,” was written over all space; day and night the smoking incense of praise ascended before him from golden vials held by spirits who bowed in reverence; the harps of myriads of cherubim and seraphim continually thrilled with his praise, and the voices of all those mighty hosts were ever eloquent in adoration.

It may be that on set days the princes from the far-off realms, the kings, the mighty ones of his boundless realms, came to the court of Christ and brought each his annual revenue. Oh, who can tell but that in the vast eternity, at certain grand eras, the great bell was rung, and all the mighty hosts that were created gathered together in solemn review before his throne? Who can tell the high holiday that was kept in the court of heaven when these bright spirits bowed before his throne in joy and gladness, and, all united, raised their voices in shouts and hallelujahs such as mortal ear hath never heard?

Oh, can ye tell the depths of the rivers of praise that flowed hard by the city of God? Can ye imagine to yourselves the sweetness of that harmony that perpetually poured into the ear of Jesus, Messias, King, Eternal, equal with God his

Father? No; at the thought of the glory of his kingdom, and the riches and majesty of his power, our souls are spent within us, our words fail, we cannot utter the tithe of his glories.

Nor was he poor in any other sense. He that hath wealth on earth, and honor too, is poor if he hath not love. I would rather be the pauper, dependent upon charity, and have love, than I would be the prince, despised and hated, whose death is looked for as a boon. Without love man is poor—give him all the diamonds, and pearls, and gold that mortal hath conceived.

But Jesus was not poor in love. When he came to earth, he did not come to get our love because his soul was solitary. Oh no, his Father had a full delight in him from all eternity. The heart of Jehovah, the first person of the Sacred Trinity, was divinely, immutably linked to him; he was beloved of the Father and of the Holy Spirit; the three persons took a sacred complacency and delight in each other. And besides that, how was he loved by those bright spirits who had not fallen! I cannot tell what countless orders and creatures there are created who still stand fast in obedience to God. It is not possible for us to know whether there are, or not, as many races of created beings as we know there are created men on earth.

We cannot tell but that in the boundless regions of space there are worlds inhabited by beings infinitely superior to us; but certain it is, there were the holy angels, and they loved our Saviour; they stood day and night with wings outstretched, waiting for his commands, hearkening to the voice of his word; and when he bade them fly there was love in their countenance and joy in their hearts.

They loved to serve him, and it is not all fiction that when there was war in heaven, and when God cast out the devil and his legions, then the elect angels showed their love to him, being valiant in fight and strong in power. He wanted not our love to make him happy, he was rich enough in love without us.

Now, though a spirit from the upper world should come to tell you of the riches of Jesus he could not do it. Gabriel, in thy flights thou hast mounted higher than my imagination dares to follow thee, but thou hast never gained the summit of the throne of God.

> "Dark with insufferable light thy skirts appear."

Jesus, who is he that could look upon the brow of thy Majesty, who is he that could comprehend the strength of the arm of thy might? Thou art God, thou art infinite, and we poor finite things are lost in thee. The insect of an hour cannot comprehend thyself. We bow before thee, we adore thee; thou art God over all, blessed forever. But as for the comprehension of thy boundless riches, as for being able to tell thy treasures or to reckon up thy wealth, that were impossible. All we know is that the wealth of God, that the treasures of the infinite, that the riches of eternity, were all thine own: thou wast rich beyond all thought.

The Lord Jesus Christ, then, was rich. We all believe that, though none of us can truly speak it forth. Oh, how surprised angels were when they were first informed that Jesus Christ, the Prince of Light and Majesty, intended to shroud himself in clay and become a babe, and live and die! We know not how it was first mentioned to the angels, but when the rumor first began to get afloat among the sacred hosts you may imagine what strange wonderment there was.

What! was it true that he whose crown was all bedight with stars would lay that crown aside? What! was it certain that he about whose shoulders was cast the purple of the universe would become a man dressed in a peasant's garment? Could it be true that he who was everlasting and immortal would one day be nailed to a cross? Oh, how their wonderment increased! They desired to look into it. And when he descended from on high they followed him; for Jesus was "seen of angels," and seen in a special sense, for they looked upon him in rapturous amazement, wondering what it all could mean. "He for our sakes became poor." Do you see him as on that day of heaven's eclipse he did ungird his majesty? Oh, can ye conceive the yet increasing wonder of the heavenly hosts when the deed was actually done, when they saw the tiara taken off, when they saw him unbind his girdle of stars and cast away his sandals of gold? Can ye conceive it when he said to them, "I do not disdain the womb of the virgin; I am going down to earth to become a man?"

Can ye picture them as they declared they would follow him! Yes, they followed him as near as the world would permit them. And when they came to earth they began to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." Nor would they go away till they had made the shepherds wonder, and till heaven had hung out new stars in honor of the new-born King.

And now wonder, ye angels, the Infinite has become an infant; he, upon whose shoulders the universe doth hang, hangs at his mother's breast; he who created all things and bears up the pillars of creation hath now become so weak that he must be carried by a woman! And oh, wonder, ye that knew him in his riches, while ye admire his poverty!

Where sleeps the new-born King? Had he the best room in Cæsar's palace? hath a cradle of gold been prepared for him, and pillows of down on which to rest his head? No, where the ox fed, in the dilapidated stable, in the manger, there the Saviour lies, swathed in the swaddling-bands of the children of poverty! Nor there doth he rest long; on a sudden his mother must carry him to Egypt; he goeth there and becometh a stranger in a strange land. When he comes back, see him that made the worlds handle the hammer and the nails, assisting his father in the trade of a carpenter!

Mark him who has put the stars on high and made them glisten in the night; mark him without one star of glory upon his brow—a simple child, as other children. Yet leave for a while the scenes of his childhood and his earlier life; see him when he becomes a man, and now ye may say, indeed, that for our sakes he did become poor.

Never was there a poorer man than Christ; he was the prince of poverty. He was the reverse of Crœsus—he might be on the top of the hill of riches, Christ stood in the lowest vale of poverty. Look at his dress, it is woven from the top throughout, the garment of the poor! As for his food, he oftentimes did hunger and always was dependent upon the charity of others for the relief of his wants! He who scattered the harvest o'er the broad acres of the world had not sometimes wherewithal to stay the pangs of hunger! He who digged the springs of the ocean sat upon a well and said to a Samaritan woman, "Give me to drink!"

He rode in no chariot, he walked his weary way, footsore, o'er the flints of Galilee! He had not where to lay his head. He looked upon the fox as it hurried to its burrow, and the fowl as it went to its resting-place, and he said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but I, the Son of man, have not where to lay my head."

He who had once been waited on by angels becomes the servant of servants, takes a towel, girds himself, and washes his disciples' feet! He who was once honored with the hallelujahs of ages is now spit upon and despised! He who was loved by his Father and had abundance of the wealth of affection could say, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me."

Oh, for words to picture the humiliation of Christ! What leagues of distance between him that sat upon the throne and him that died upon the cross! Oh, who can tell the mighty chasm between yon heights of glory and the cross of deepest woe! Trace him, Christian, he has left thee his manger to show thee how God came down to man. He hath bequeathed thee his cross, to show thee how man can ascend to God. Follow him, follow him, all his journey through; begin with him in the wilderness of temptation, see him fasting there, and hungering with the wild beasts around him; trace him along his weary way, as the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. He is the byword of the drunkard, he is the song of the scorner, and he is hooted at by the malicious; see him as they point their finger at him and call him "drunken man and wine-bibber!"

Follow him along his *via dolorosa* until at last you meet him among the olives of Gethsemane; see him sweating great drops of blood! Follow him to the pavement of Gabbatha; see him pouring out rivers of gore beneath the cruel whips of Roman soldiers! With weeping eye follow him to the cross of Calvary, see him nailed there! Mark his poverty, so poor that they have stripped him naked from head to foot and exposed him to the face of the sun! So poor that when he asked them for water they gave him vinegar to drink! So poor that his unpillowed head is girt with thorns in death!

Oh, Son of man, I know not which to admire most, thy height of glory or thy depths of misery! Oh, Man, slain for us, shall we not exalt thee? God over all, blessed forever, shall we not give thee the loudest song? "He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor."

If I had a tale to tell you this day, of some king, who, out of love to some fair maiden, left his kingdom and became a peasant like herself, ye would stand and wonder and would listen to the charming tale; but when I tell of God concealing his dignity to become our Saviour, our hearts are scarcely touched. Ah, my friends, we know the tale so well, we have heard it so often; and, alas, some of us tell it so badly that we cannot expect that you would be as interested in it as the subject doth demand.

But surely, as it is said of some great works of architecture, that though they be seen every morning there is always something fresh to wonder at; so we may say of Christ, that though we saw him every day we should always see fresh reason to love and wonder and adore. "He was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

I have thought that there is one peculiarity about the poverty of Christ that ought not to be forgotten by us. Those who were nursed upon the lap of want feel less the woes of their condition. But I have met with others whose poverty I could pity. They were once rich; their very dress, which now hangs about them in tatters, tells you that they once stood foremost in the ranks of life. You meet them among the poorest of the poor; you pity them more than those who have been born and bred to poverty, because they have known something better. Among all those who are poor I have always found the greatest amount of suffering in those who had seen better days.

I can remember, even now, the look of some who have said to me when they have received assistance—and I have given it as delicately as I could, lest it should look like charity—"Ah, sir, I have known better days." And the tear stood in the eye, and the heart was smitten at bitter recollections. The least slight to such a person, or even too unmasked a kindness, becomes like a knife cutting the heart. "I have known better days" sounds like a knell over their joys. And verily our Lord Jesus might have said in all his sorrows, "I have known better days than these."

Methinks, when he was tempted of the devil in the wilderness, it must have been hard in him to have restrained himself from dashing the devil into pieces. If I had been the Son of God, methinks, feeling as I do now, if that devil had tempted me, I should have dashed him into the nethermost hell in the twinkling of an eye! And then conceive the patience our Lord must have had, standing on the pinnacle of the temple, when the devil said, "Fall down and worship me." He would not touch him, the vile deceiver, but let him do what he pleased. Oh! what might of misery and love there must have been in the Saviour's heart when he was spit upon by the men he had created; when the eyes he himself had filled with vision looked on him with scorn, and when the tongues to which he himself had given utterance hissed and blasphemed him!

Oh, my friends, if the Saviour had felt as we do, and I doubt not he did feel in some measure as we do—only by great patience he curbed himself—methinks he might have swept them all away; and, as they said, he might have come down from the cross and delivered himself and destroyed them utterly. It was mighty patience that could bear to tread this world beneath his feet and not to crush it when it so ill-treated its Redeemer. You marvel at the patience which restrained him; you marvel also at the poverty he must have felt, the poverty of spirit, when they rebuked him and he reviled them not again; when they scoffed him, and yet he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had seen brighter days; that made his misery more bitter and his poverty more poor.

Well, now we come to the third point—why did the Saviour come to die and be poor? Hear this, ye sons of Adam—the Scripture says, "For your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." For your sakes. Now, when I address you as a great congregation you will not feel the beauty of this expression, "For your sake." Husband and wife, walking in the fear of God, let me take you by the hand and look you in the face, let me repeat those words, "for your sakes he became poor." Young man, let a brother of thine own age look on thee and repeat these words, "Though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor." Gray-headed believer, let me look on you and say the same, "For your sake he became poor." Brethren, take the word home, and see if it does not melt you—"Though he was rich, yet for my sake he became poor."

Beg for the influences of the Spirit upon that truth, and it will make your heart devout and your spirit loving—"I the chief of sinners am, yet for my sake he died." Come, let me hear you speak; let us bring the sinner here and let him soliloquize—"I cursed him, I blasphemed, and yet for my sake he was made poor; I scoffed at his ministers, I broke his Sabbath, yet for my sake was he made poor. What! Jesus, couldst thou die for one who was not worth thy having? Couldst thou shed thy blood for one who would have shed thy blood if it had been in his power?

What! couldst thou die for one so worthless, so vile?" "Yes, yes," says Jesus, "I shed that blood for thee."

Now let the saint speak: "I," he may say, "have professed to love him, but how cold my love, how little have I served him! How far have I lived from him; I have not had sweet communion with him as I ought to have had. When have I been spending and spent in his service? And yet, my Lord, thou dost say, 'for thy sake I was made poor.'" "Yes," saith Jesus, "see me in my miseries; see me in my agonies; see me in my death—all these I suffered for thy sake." Wilt thou not love him who loved thee to this great excess and became poor for thy sake?

That, however, is not the point to which we wish to bring you just now; the point is this, the reason why Christ died was "that we through his poverty might be rich." He became poor from his riches, that our poverty might become rich out of his poverty. Brethren, we have now a joyful theme before us—those who are partakers of the Saviour's blood are rich. All those for whom the Saviour died, having believed in his name and given themselves to him, are this day rich And yet I have some of you here who cannot call a foot of land your own. You have nothing to call your own to-day, you know not how you will be supported through another week; you are poor, and yet if you be a child of God I do know that Christ's end is answered in you; you are rich. No, I did not mock you when I said you were rich: I did not taunt you—you are. You are really rich; you are rich in possessions; you have in your possession now things more costly than gems, more valuable than gold and silver.

"Silver and gold have I none," thou mayest say; but if thou canst say afterward, "Christ is all," thou hast outspoken all that the man can say who had piles of gold and silver.

"But," thou sayest, "I have nothing."

Man, thou hast all things. Knowest thou not what Paul said? He declares that "things present and things to come, and this world, and life and death, all are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The great machinery of providence has no wheel which does not revolve for you. The great economy of grace with all its fulness is yours. Remember that adoption, justification, sanctification, are all yours. Thou hast everything that heart can wish in spiritual things; and thou hast everything that is necessary for this life; for you know who hath said, "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

You are rich; rich with true riches, and not with the riches of a dream. There are times when men by night do scrape gold and silver together, like shells upon the seashore; but when they wake in the morning they find themselves penniless. But yours are everlasting treasures; yours are solid riches. When the sun of eternity shall have melted the rich man's gold away, yours shall endure. A rich man has a cistern full of riches, but a poor saint has got a fountain of mercy, and he is the richest who has a fountain.

Now, if my neighbor be a rich man, he may have as much wealth as ever he pleases, it is only a cisternful, it will soon be exhausted; but a Christian has a fountain that ever flows, and let him draw, draw on forever, the fountain will still keep on flowing. However large may be the stagnant pool, if it be stagnant, it is but of little worth; but the flowing stream, though it seem to be but small, needs but time, and it will have produced an immense volume of precious water.

Thou art never to have a great pool of riches, they are always to keep on flowing to thee; "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." As old William Huntingdon says, "The Christian has a hand-basket portion. Many a man, when his daughter marries, does not give her much, but he says to her, 'I shall send you a sack of flour one day, and so-and-so the next day, and now and then a sum of gold; and as long as I live I will always send you something.' Says he, 'She will get a great deal more than her sister, who has had a thousand pounds down.' That is how my God deals with me; he gives to the rich man all at once, but to me day by day."

Ah, Egypt, thou wert rich when thy granaries were full, but those granaries might be emptied; Israel was far richer when they could not see their granaries, but only saw the manna drop from heaven day by day. Now, Christian, that is thy portion—the portion of the fountain always flowing, and not of the cisternful, and soon to be emptied.

But remember, O saint, that thy wealth does not all lie in thy possession just now; remember thou art rich in promises. Let a man be never so poor as to the metal that he hath, let him have in his possession promissory notes from rich and true men, and he says, "I have no gold in my purse, but here is a note for such-and-such a sum—I know the signature—I can trust the firm—I am rich, though I have no metal in hand."

And so the Christian can say, "If I have no riches in possession, I have the promise of them; my God hath said, 'No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly,'—that is a promise that makes me rich. He has told me, 'My bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure.' I cannot doubt his signature, I know his word to be authentic; and as for his faithfulness I would not so dishonor him as to think he would break his promise. No, the promise is as good as the thing itself. If it be God's promise it is just as sure that I shall have it as if I had it."

But then the Christian is very rich in reversion. When a certain old man dies that I know of, I believe that I shall be so immensely rich that I shall dwell in a place that is paved with gold, the walls of which are builded with precious stones. But, my friends, you have all got an old man to die, and when he is dead, if you are followers of Jesus, you will come in for your inheritance. You know who that old man is, he is very often spoken of in Scripture; may the old man in you die daily, and may the new man be strengthened in you.

When that old man of corruption, your old nature, shall totter into its grave, then you will come in for your property. Christians are like heirs, they have not much in their minority, and they are minors now; but when they came of age they shall have the whole of their estate. If I meet a minor he says, " That is my property."

" You cannot sell it, sir; you cannot lay hold of it."

" No," says he, " I know I cannot; but it is mine when I am one-and-twenty, I shall then have complete control; but at the same time it is as really mine now as it ever will be. I have a legal right to it, and though my guardians take care of it for me it is mine, not theirs."

And now, Christian, in heaven there is a crown of gold which is thine to-day; it will be no more thine when thou hast it on thy head than it is now.

I remember to have heard it reported that I once spoke in metaphor, and bade Christians look at all the crowns hanging in rows in heaven—very likely I did say it—but if not, I will say it now. Up, Christian, see the crowns all ready, and mark thine own; stand thou and wonder at it;

see with what pearls it is bedight, and how heavy it is with gold! And that is for thy head, thy poor aching head; thy poor tortured brain shall yet have that crown for its arraying!

And see that garment, it is stiff with gems, and white like snow; and that is for thee! When thy week-day garment shall be done with, this shall be the raiment of thy everlasting Sabbath. When thou hast worn out this poor body there remaineth for thee "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Up to the summit, Christian, and survey thine inheritance; and when thou hast surveyed it all, when thou hast seen thy present possessions, thy promised possessions, thine entailed possessions, then remember that all these were bought by the poverty of thy Saviour! Look thou upon all thou hast and say, "Christ bought them for me." Look thou on every promise and see the bloodstains on it; yea, look too, on the harps and crowns of heaven and read the bloody purchase! Remember, thou couldst never have been anything but a damned sinner unless Christ had bought thee! Remember, if he had remained in heaven thou wouldst forever have remained in hell; unless he had shrouded and eclipsed his own honor thou wouldst never have had a ray of light to shine upon thee.

Therefore bless his dear name, extol him, trace every stream to the fountain; and bless him who is the source and the fountain of everything thou hast. Brethren, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

I have not done, I have three things now to say, and I shall say them as briefly as possible.

The first is a doctrine; the doctrine is this: If Christ in his poverty made us rich, what will he do now that he is glorified? If the Man of Sorrows saved my soul, will the man now exalted suffer it to perish? If the dying Saviour availed for our salvation, should not the living, interceding Saviour, abundantly secure it?

"He lived, he lives and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
What shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall sink us in despair?"

If, when the nail was in thine hand, O Jesus, thou didst rout all hell, canst thou be defeated now that thou hast grasped the sceptre? If, when the thorn-crown was put about thy brow, thou didst prostrate the dragon, canst thou be overcome and conquered now that the acclamations of angels are ascending to thee?

No, my brethren, we can trust the glorified Jesus; we can repose ourselves on his bosom; if he was so strong in poverty, what must he be in riches?

The next thing was a question, that question was a simple one. My hearer, hast thou been made rich by Christ's poverty? Thou sayst, "I am good enough without Christ; I want no Saviour."

Ah, thou art like her of old who said, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, whereas, saith the Lord, 'Thou art naked, and poor, and miserable.'" O ye that live by good works and think that ye shall go to heaven because you are as good as others, all the merits you can ever earn yourselves are good for nothing. All that human nature ever made turns to a blot and a curse. If those are your riches, you are no saints. But you can say this morning, my hearers, "I am by nature without anything, and God has by the power of his Spirit taught me my nothingness."

My brother, my sister, hast thou taken Christ to be thine all in all? Canst thou say this day, with an unfaltering tongue, "My Lord, my God, I have nothing; but thou art my all?" Come, I beseech thee, do not shirk the question. Thou art careless, heedless; answer it, then, in the negative. But when thou hast answered it, I beseech thee, beware of what thou hast said. Thou art sinful, thou feelest it. Come, I beseech thee, and lay hold on Jesus.

Remember, Christ came to make those rich that have nothing of their own. My Saviour is a physician; if you can heal yourself he will have nothing to do with you. Remember, my Saviour came to clothe the naked. He will clothe you if you have not a rag of your own; but unless you let him do it from head to foot he will have nothing to do with you. Christ says he will never have a partner; he will do all or none. Come, then, hast thou given up all to Christ? Hast thou no reliance and trust save in the cross of Jesus? Then thou hast answered the question well. Be happy, be joyous; if death should surprise thee the next hour, thou art secure. Go on thy way and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

And now I close with the third thing, which was an exhortation. Sinner, dost thou this morning feel thy poverty? Then look to Christ's poverty. O ye that are to-day troubled on account of sin—and there are many such here—God has not let you alone; he has been plowing your heart with the sharp plowshare of conviction; you are this day saying, "What must I do to be saved?" You would give all you have to have an interest in Jesus Christ. Your soul is this day sore broken and tormented. O sinner, if thou wouldst find salvation thou must find it in the veins of Jesus.

Now, wipe that tear from thine eye a moment, and look here. Dost thou see him high, where the cross rears its terrible tree? There he is. Dost see him? Mark his head. See the thorn-crown, and the beaded drops still standing on his temples. Mark his eyes; they are just closing in death. Canst see the lines of agony, so desperate in woe? Dost see his hands? See the streamlets of blood flowing down them.

Hark, he is about to speak. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Didst hear that, sinner? Pause a moment longer, take another survey of his person; how emaciated his body and how sick his spirit! Look at him. But hark, he is about to speak again—"It is finished."

What means he by that? He means that he has finished thy salvation. Look thou to him and find salvation there. Remember, to be saved, all that God wants of a penitent is to look to Jesus. My life for this—if you will risk your all on Christ you shall be saved. I will be Christ's bondsman to-day, to be bound forever if he break his promise. He has said, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." It is not your hands that will save you; it must be your eyes. Look from those works whereby you hope to be saved. No longer strive to weave a garment that will not hide your sin, throw away that shuttle; it is only filled with cobwebs. What garment can you weave with that? Look thou to him and thou art saved. Never sinner looked and was lost. Dost mark that eye there? One glance will save thee, one glance will set thee free. Dost thou say, "I am a guilty sinner?" Thy guilt is the reason why I bid thee look. Dost thou say, "I cannot look?" Oh, may God help thee to look now.

Remember, Christ will not reject thee; thou mayest reject him. Remember now, there is the cup of mercy put to thy lip by the hand of Jesus. I know, if thou feelest thy need, Satan may tempt thee not to drink, but he will not prevail;

thou wilt put thy lip feebly and faintly, perhaps, to it. But oh, do but sip it; and the first draught shall give thee bliss; and the deeper thou shalt drink the more heaven shalt thou know.

Sinner, believe on Jesus Christ; hear the whole gospel preached to thee. It is written in God's Word, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Hear me translate it—He that believeth and is immersed shall be saved. Believe thou, trust thyself on the Saviour, make a profession of thy faith in baptism, and then thou mayest rejoice in Jesus, that he hath saved thee. But remember not to make a profession till thou hast believed: remember, baptism is nothing until thou hast faith. Remember, it is a farce and a falsehood until thou hast first believed; and afterward it is nothing but the profession of thy faith.

Oh, believe that; cast thyself upon Christ, and thou art saved forever! The Lord add his blessing, for the Saviour's sake. Amen.

BLAIR

HENRY WILLIAM BLAIR, an American politician, was born at Compton, New Hampshire, December 6, 1854, and received his education at the village school and the neighboring Plymouth Academy. At seventeen he began to teach, and in 1859 was admitted to the bar, becoming prosecuting attorney of Grafton County in his native State in 1860. He entered the army the next year, but resigned in 1863, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, on account of severe wounds received in the service. In 1866 he was elected to the lower house of the State legislature, and to the State senate in the two years immediately following. He was a representative from New Hampshire in Congress 1875-79, sat in the United States Senate 1879-91, and served another term in the House of Representatives 1893-95. In 1891 he was appointed to the Chinese mission, but the Chinese government declined to receive him on account of strongly anti-Chinese language used by him in several of his public addresses. He was the originator of the Blair Common School Bill, which was three times passed by the Senate, but each time defeated in the House. He was likewise the author of the bills establishing the United States Labor Department, of educational and temperance constitutional amendments, and of the Sunday Rest Bill. He has published "The Temperance Movement; or, the Conflict of Man with Alcohol" (1888).

ON FREE SCHOOLS

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JULY 29, 1876

I AM one of those who have no faith, no hope in the future of this country only so long and so far as the people are both intelligent and upright; nor is it possible to preserve the honesty and simple virtues of republicanism without the means of early mental discipline are provided for all; and if necessary their use must be made compulsory by the successive generations during the tender and impressible years of childhood and youth. Honesty and sincerity are consistent with the most dangerous prejudices and the most cruel and nefarious purposes in public and private life.

No man is fit to be a sovereign—as sovereigns we all are in theory—unless he has the power to think continuously and to reason consecutively, and is able to acquire and has acquired the common knowledge which surrounds him pertaining to economic and political affairs. If his powers are disciplined and he knows the facts, he will reason from correct premises, and his moral sense or conscience will obey the dictates of reason. And thus a sound morality must and will exist as the offspring and inseparable consequences and companion of intelligence and disciplined mental powers.

This is primary truth so universally conceded that I shall be accused of wasting time in its statement. Yet I believe that wise statesmanship often recurs to general principles, and that there is no better reading for a legislator, and for the people themselves, who are the primary lawgivers of the land, than the eloquent and elevated sentiments of the fathers as they are embodied in the grand though simple bills of rights and earlier constitutions and declarations which have come down to us from the resplendent luminaries who live eternal in the horizon of our history.

Our system of government is based upon the necessary position that knowledge is power. Government itself is only another name for power; it is the supreme power in the State. That power which controls nations must be either brute power or intelligent power. We are compelled to choose between these forms, or rather principles of control. We have learned, through the sad records of six thousand years of almost universal tyranny and misery, that no free government is long perpetuated unless its force is distributed among all individuals, or unless their essential rights are preserved and protected in constitutions or customs which constitute iron restrictions upon the encroachments of the executive power of the State.

We have learned that the tyranny of a mob or of an ignorant multitude is far worse than all the possible excesses of a single despot. We are thus driven to the absolute necessity of making the controlling element of our government universal intelligence and morality which results from it, or of ultimately yielding up our system of universal suffrage—that is, the distribution of sovereignty to all—and the adoption of the despotic theory of government. I do not mean that there is not more or less of freedom and security to the rights of men in forms of government where the ballot is either unknown or is rarely exercised by the people.

Aribtrary power is oftentimes partially dethroned and placed in subjection to some great, broad limitation, in accordance with which alone will the people consent that the reigning power exist at all. Such was the grand achievement which wrenched the great charter from the unwilling hands of King John at Runnymede, and other similar victories of popular over regal authority which are embodied and are perpetually active in the constitution of England and other limited monarchies of the world. But what I mean is this, that our system, being based upon the universal distribution of the sovereignty among all the individual men of the nation, and that power, once distributed, necessarily remaining so until revolution collects it again and vests sovereignty in an aristocracy or in a single despot, each man must be qualified by disciplined reason, virtue, and knowledge for the correct exercise of the power which is vested in him, or he is unfit to possess it; and it must logically follow either that he and such as he must surrender it, or that by the gradual spread of ignorance and incompetency to govern, universal sovereignty will surrender to the control of the few who do possess that knowledge, which, directed for selfish and despotic ends, enables them to triumph and riot in the enslavement and miseries of mankind.

Sir, the one first indispensable thing is the power to think, and whatever people has that power, and most of it, will be most free. Virtue results from it, because virtue is the child of conscience, and a safe conscience must be instructed by intelligence. The common school, then, is the basis of freedom, and the system is an absolute condition precedent to the spread and perpetuity of republican institutions throughout the country and the world. Ignorance is slavery. No matter what are the existing forms of a government, ignorance will reduce them to the one form of despotism as surely as gravity will bring the stone to the earth and keep it there. Knowledge is liberty, and, no matter what the forms of government, knowledge generally diffused will carry liberty, life, and power to all men, and establish universal freedom so long, and only so long, as the people are universally made capable of its exercise by universal intelligence.

It is a fundamental error to think that freedom is simply the exercise of one's rights. Freedom is the power to exercise them. Freedom is sovereignty. It is not mere happiness; it is the power to command the conditions of happiness. The veriest tyrant might permit his slaves to possess more of the actual material comforts and fruitions of life than could be commanded by the free spirit of an unconquerable people; but it is only a universally intelligent people who can know its rights, and, knowing, dare to maintain them. . . .

The essence of the institution of slavery was ignorance; therefore laws were enacted and enforced and customs established, in conformity with the spirit of the institution.

The education of the black, even when a freedman, was prohibited by law and the infliction of severe pains and sometimes of even savage cruelties. Religious assemblies could be held only under the surveillance of the whites. The great mass of the whites not belonging to the landed aristocracy were coupled with the slaves and were merely a substratum or lower order, almost like the helots of Sparta, upon which the dignity, fortune, and supremacy of the ruling class were supported and perpetuated. Political power was wholly in the hands of three hundred thousand men who owned and controlled the soil and the labor of the South, and from their own ranks, or by the designation of their class, all the incumbents, emoluments, and positions of power were selected and filled. Speech and the press were dumb unless subservient. The confidential intercourse of the mails of the general government was violated under the forms of legal usurpation.

Religion came to the rescue and proved the divinity of the accursed institution; and thus all the elements of aristocratic tyranny, even to chains upon the soul, were combined to preserve and intensify that ignorance without which the fabric of their oppressed power would have fallen in a day. The common school would have peaceably destroyed the institution of slavery in five years at any time since its introduction upon our soil. These false ideas were universally taught, and this policy cherished and enforced, for two generations. There could be but one result. The mental and moral constitution of both races and all conditions was deeply affected. The lower orders felt and believed in their inferiority, while the dominant class, in all sincerity, assumed superiority as an axiom and its exercise as an inalienable right. Conscientiously believing in their divine right to control, as they did control with despotic sway, the whole structure and all the interests of society, how could these kings become suddenly converted into lambs of republicanism by the harsh agency of war? Their mental and moral constitution could not be thus suddenly and violently reconstructed.

The spirit might be overwhelmed, but no Anglo-Saxon having inherited and tasted the delights of dominion could ever truthfully claim that force had converted him into a genuine republican. It is idle to expect that the old instinct for power can be instantly suppressed by the voluntary effort of the men who were first the slaveholding oligarchy, then the fighting confederacy, and now are the body and brains and leadership of the Democratic party.

The faintest degree of political philosophy will convince any man that this must be true. It is no disparagement, but rather is it honorable to the stamina of our Southern brethren that this is so. No men ever fight with such desperation and resource for the preservation and, when lost, for the recovery, of power as an aristocracy. I think that is a lesson of history. It cannot be, then, in the nature of things, that the leopard has changed his spots any more than the Ethiopian his skin, in consequence of the war.

The school question in the South is comparatively the only question involved in this presidential election. It leaps over all the interests of this generation and grasps the fate of millions yet to be.

There has been no crisis like this in our political affairs since Gettysburg. Never since then has there been a season of more doubt and danger of the loss of the control of the country by the Republican party. Not because the party is corrupt or weak or has failed in its mission; but because of the grinding burdens of the rebellion and the incessant hostility of the Democratic party, both North and South, to peaceable acquiescence in the logical results of the war, and the incessant reiteration of false and defamatory charges of personal and official corruption everywhere, and especially against upright and patriotic representative men of the Republican party, which Republicans have failed properly to resent, forgetting that in defending the men who are assailed only because they represent our cause we defend the cause itself, together with all the bickerings, jealousies, and unpatriotic rivalries which to some extent have necessarily arisen during sixteen years of tremendous power and responsibility, with some actual malfeasance among the trusted officials of the country, although there never has been so little official corruption and dishonor, or so much of strict integrity and high purpose in the administration of any other government, or of this government, as since the Republican party has controlled it.

These, with other causes, have conspired to create among the people a feeling of unrest and disquiet which may obscure the startling consequences involved. A pestiferous demagoguery, a false pretence to personal and political virtue and capacity, and deafening shouts for "Peace, peace!" at the South, when there is no peace but in the grave; for Tammany and reform, for Hendricks and hard money, for Tilden, resumption, and repeal, ring throughout the country and split the ears of the people. Thus it is hoped to divert public attention from the nature of this contest and to wheedle the American people out of the only guarantee of its liberties—the common school.

This is not the purpose of the mass of the Democratic party either North or South; for at the South with increasing intelligence there will develop a great white Republican party from that splendid yeomanry which furnished the blood, as the slave power did the policy and disciplined intellect of the war. These people, now so ignorant of their interests and of their rights, will, if once the common school breaks through the obstacles which supervene between them, become the stanchest friends of both the schools and of the great Northern Republican party which they now so ignorantly defame, being exceeding mad against us and verily believing that they are doing God service; and in these men is the hope of the South. . . .

I live in a smiling valley among my hardy constituents—God bless them—where the barren rocks of New England rise high into the free air of heaven, and the dews are kissed from her highest summits by the earliest light which breaks on America from the morning sun. Here generation after generation our people have fought the climate for seven months, and a despotic sterility of soil during the remainder of the year. Here, too, they have grown vigorous, intelligent, virtuous, and free.

New Hampshire is, by the census, the best educated State in this Union, and I have the honor, though most unworthily, to represent the most intelligent constituency, as a whole, on the face of the globe. She sent into action two thirds of the troops who fought and won the battle of Bunker Hill. With the co-operation of the brave Green Mountaineers her Stark gave to the country the victory of Bennington. She gave you the greatest orator of time, and a monument to Washington eternal as the universe or his illustrious fame. She buried her scanty resources and her dearest sons in the golgothas of the late war as no other northern State has done. She will not see the last of her debt incurred in its prosecution paid until our grandchildren sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Her rural population is disappearing. The harvest of the war and constant drain of her hardiest sons to the illimitable West has left the summer rose to bloom in beauty and desolation by thousands of forsaken mountain homes where once clustered the tenderest affections of earth.

And tears will sometimes come in the eyes of the Granite State as she looks forth from her sterility and desolation upon the vast plains and valleys of fertility and of boundless resources which lie stretched from ocean to ocean, and from the snows of Canada almost to the tropic regions of the globe, and reflects upon the blood she has shed and the treasure she has poured out and the pledge of her industry for a century, that she has signed, sealed, and delivered, and will pay to the last dollar, and yet beholds the blindness that would render the last state of the Union worse than the first.

It will never be. The country will not lose the fruits of the war. This election, which involves them all, can never be the means of restoring obsolete ideas and the enslaving policies of the past.

But I feel no hope until the South learns that she must ally herself with the strength and not with the weakness of the North.

Some time we shall understand each other, but not yet. The Republican party must again rescue the country by main strength against the combined South, yoked with the corrupt and subservient Democracy of the North. If we fail, God help America!

POTTER

HENRY CODMAN POTTER, an American bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Schenectady, New York, May 25, 1835. He received his early education at the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, was graduated at the Theological Seminary of Virginia in 1857, and was made deacon the same year. On October 15, 1858, he was ordained to the ministry, and was successively rector of Christ Church, Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, St. John's, Troy, New York, and assistant pastor at Trinity Church, Boston. In May, 1868, he became rector of Grace Church, New York, where he remained until he was made assistant bishop to his uncle, Bishop Horatio Potter, of New York, in 1883. He was consecrated to this office, October 20, in the presence of forty-three bishops and three hundred members of the clergy. The aged bishop's failing health brought the whole charge and responsibility of the diocese upon his assistant, who, at Bishop Horatio Potter's death, January 2, 1887, was made his successor. Dr. Potter was secretary of the House of Bishops from 1866 to 1883, and for many years was a manager of the Board of Missions. In 1863 he was chosen president of Kenyon College, Ohio, and in 1875 was elected bishop of Iowa, but both of these offices he declined. He received from Union College the degrees of A.M. in 1863, D.D. in 1865, and LL.D. in 1877, and from Trinity College the degree of D.D. in 1884. Bishop Potter was always an eloquent speaker, and has published various works of importance. Among them are "Sisterhoods and Deaconesses at Home and Abroad" (1872); "The Gates of the East" (1876); "Sermons of the City" (1877); "Waymarks" (1887); and "The Scholar of the State" (1897).

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE ON PHILLIPS BROOKS

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John vi, 63.

THE discourse from which I take these words finds both its occasion and its key in the miracle which preceded it. In a day when some people are fond of saying that the most powerful motives that attract people to the religion of Christ are what Bishop Butler called "secondary motives," it is interesting to note that of some, at any rate, this has been true from the beginning. Christ takes the five loaves and two fishes, blesses them, divides them, and distributes them; and lo, the hunger of a mighty throng is satisfied. His boundless compassion finds no limit to its expression, and the twelve baskets full of fragments tell of resources which no emergency could exhaust.

There must, indeed, have been some in that vast concourse who understood what the wonder meant. There must have been some aching hearts, as well as hungry mouths, that pierced through the shell of the sign to the innermost meaning of that for which it stood. But there were others, it would seem, who did not. There were others to whom, then as now, another's affluence of gifts was only one more reason for demands, and they the lowest, that could know no limit. These people were there, over against Jesus then, as there are people now who stand over any gifted nature just to reveal how sensuous are their hungers and how much they must have to satisfy them.

And so it is that Jesus follows the miracle with the sermon. It is, in one aspect of it, a counterpart of all his preaching. A large proportion of those to whom he spoke could see in his mighty works only their coarser side and be moved by his miracle of enlargement only to ask that it may be wrought again and again to satisfy a bodily hunger. And so he sets to work to lift it all,—the miracle, the bread with which he wrought it, the hunger which it satisfied—up into that higher realm where, bathed in the light of heaven, it shone a revelation of the aim of God to meet and feed the hungers of the soul.

This is the thought that echoes and re-echoes, like some great refrain, from first to last through all that he says: "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life." "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." And then, as if he would bring out into clearer relief the great thought that he is seeking to communicate, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth in me shall never thirst." "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him."

One can readily enough understand the enormous shock of language such as this to a sensuous and sense-loving people. To say, indeed, that it had no meaning to them, would be as wide of the mark as to say that it had no other meaning than that which they put upon it. But it is, plainly, to show that other, inner meaning, which from the beginning to the end of the discourse they seem so incapable of discerning, that the whole discussion gathers itself up and opens itself out in the words with which I began: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

How the thunders of old disputes, like the rumbling of heavy artillery through distant and long-deserted valleys, come with these words, echoing down to us from all the past! It is a reflection of equal solemnity and sadness that no ordinarily well-instructed Christian disciple can hear the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel read as one of the Church's Lessons without having called up before his mind's eye one of the bitterest and most vehement controversies which for a thousand years has rent the Church of God.

On the one side stand the mystics, and on the other the literalists; and behind them both is that divinely-instituted

Sacrament which, as in turn the one or the other has contended, is here, or is not here, referred to. Happy are we if we have come to learn that here, as so often in the realm of theological controversy, both are right and both are wrong.

For on the one hand it is impossible to deal candidly with these words of Christ's and not discern that they are words of general rather than of specific import; that they were spoken to state a truth rather than to foreshadow a rite. On the other hand it is no less impossible to read them and not perceive that there is in them a distinct if not specific foreshadowing of that holy ordinance which we know as the Eucharistic Feast. It is indeed incredible that "just a year before the Eucharist was instituted the Founder of this, the most distinctive element of Christian worship, had no thought of it in his mind. Surely, for long beforehand, that institution was in his thoughts; and, if so, the coincidences are too exact to be fortuitous."[1] This is the other aspect of the discourse.

But, as the great Bishop Durham has said, "the discourse cannot refer primarily to the Holy Communion, nor, again, can it be simply prophetic of that Sacrament. The teaching has a full and consistent meaning in connection with the actual circumstances, and it treats essentially of spiritual realities with which no external act, as such, can be [co-] extensive."

Calm words and wise, which touch unerringly the core and substance of the whole matter and bring us face to face with that larger truth which most of all concerns us who are here to-day.

For, first of all, it belongs to you and me to remember why we are here and in what supreme relation. This is a Council of the Church; and, whatever conception some of us may have of that word in other and wider aspects of its meaning, there can be no question of its meaning here. The Church, with us and for the present occasion, at any rate, is this Church whose sons we are, whose Orders we bear, in whose Convention we sit, whose Bishop we mourn, and whose Bishop you are soon to elect.

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[1] Plummer, St. John's Gospel, p. 146.

In other words, that is an organized, visible, tangible, audible body, situate here in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of which now at any rate I am talking, and with which you are to be concerned. It is an institution having an earthly as well as a heavenly pedigree and history, and having earthly as well as heavenly means to employ and tasks to perform.

There can be, there ought to be, no indefiniteness, no uncertainty about this. Whatever of such indefiniteness there may have been in the life and work of the Church in other days, we have all, or almost all of us, come to the conclusion that the time for it is ended now. If the Church is to do her work in the world she must have an organized life, and a duly commissioned ministry, and duly administered sacraments, and a vast variety of means and agencies, instruments and mechanisms, with which to accomplish that work. And when we come to Convention we must talk about these things, and add up long rows of figures, and take account of the lists of priests and deacons, and the rest, and make mention of vestries, and guilds, and parish houses, and sisterhoods, and all the various arms and tools with which the Church is fighting the battle of the Lord.

Yes, we must; and he who despises these things, or the least of them, is just as foolish and unreasonable as he who despises his eye or his hand when either are set over against that motive-power of eye or hand which we call an idea. One often hears, when ecclesiastical bodies such as this have adjourned, a wail of dissatisfaction that so much time and thought should have been expended in things that were, after all, only matters of secondary importance; and the fine scorn for such things which is at such times expressed is often itself as excessive and as disproportionate to greater and graver things as that of which it speaks.

But, having said this, is it not my plain duty to tell you, brethren of the diocese of Massachusetts, that he who stops over-long in the mere mechanism of religion is verily missing that for which religion stands? Here, indeed, it must be owned is, if not our greatest danger, one of the greatest. All life is full of that strange want of intellectual and moral perspective which fails to see how secondary, after all, are means to ends; and how he only has truly apprehended the office of religion who has learned, when undertaking in any wise to present it or represent it, to hold fast to that which is the one central thought and fact of all: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

And this brings me—in how real and vivid a way I am sure you must feel as keenly as I—face to face with him of whom I am set to speak to-day. In one aspect of it my task—from which at the first view any one might well shrink—is made comparatively easy by words which have been spoken already.

Never before in the history, not only of our own communion, but of any or all communions, has the departure of a religious teacher been more widely noted and deplored than in the case of him of whom this Commonwealth and this diocese have been bereaved. Never before, surely, in the case of any man whom we can recall, has the sense of loss and bereavement been more distinctly a personal one,—extending to multitudes in two hemispheres who did not know him, who had never seen or heard him, and yet to whom he had revealed himself in such real and helpful ways.

It has followed, inevitably, from this, that that strong tide of profound feeling has found expression in many and most unusual forms, and it will be among the most interesting tasks of the future biographer of the late Bishop of Massachusetts to take note of these various memorials and to trace in them the secret of his unique power and influence.

But just because they have, so many of them, in such remarkable variety and from sources so diverse, been written or spoken, and no less because a Memoir of Phillips Brooks is already undertaken by hands pre-eminently designated for that purpose, I may wisely here confine myself to another and very different task. I shall not attempt, therefore, even the merest outline of a biographical review. I shall not undertake to analyze, nor, save incidentally, even to refer to, the influences and inheritances that wrought in the mind and upon the life of your late friend and teacher. I shall still less attempt to discover the open secret of his rare and unique charm and attractiveness as a man; and I shall least of all endeavor to forecast the place which history will give to him among the leaders and builders of our age. Brief as was his ministry in his higher office, and to our view all too soon ended, I shall be content to speak of him as a bishop,—of his divine right, as I profoundly believe, to a place in the Episcopate, and of the pre-eminent value of his distinctive and incomparable witness to the highest aim and purpose of that office.

And first of all let me say a word in regard to the way in which he came to it. When chosen to the Episcopate of this diocese, your late bishop had already at least once, as we all know, declined that office. It was well known to those who knew him best that, as he had viewed it for a large part of his ministry, it was a work for which he had no especial sympathy either as to its tasks, or, as he had understood them, its opportunities.

But the time undoubtedly came when, as to this, he modified his earlier opinions; and the time came too, as I am most glad to think, when he was led to feel that if he were called to such an office he might find in it an opportunity for widening his own sympathies and for estimating more justly those with whom previously he had believed himself to have little in common.

It was the inevitable condition of his strong and deep convictions that he should not always or easily understand or make due allowance for men of different opinions. It was —God and you will bear me witness that this is true!—one of the noblest characteristics of his fifteen months' episcopate that, as a bishop, men's rightful liberty of opinion found in him not only a large and generous tolerance, but a most beautiful and gracious acceptance. He seized, instantly and easily, that which will be forever the highest conception of the episcopate in its relations whether to the clergy or the laity, its paternal and fraternal character; and his "sweet reasonableness," both as a father and as a brother, shone through all that he was and did.

For one I greatly love to remember this,—that when the time came that he himself, with the simple naturalness which marked all that he did, was brought to reconsider his earlier attitude toward the episcopal office, and to express with characteristic candor his readiness to take up its work if he should be chosen to it, he turned to his new, and to him most strange task with a supreme desire to do it in a loving and wholehearted way, and to make it helpful to every man, woman, and child with whom he came in contact. What could have been more like him than that, in that last address which he delivered to the choir-boys at Newton, he should have said to them, "When you meet me let me know that you know me." Another might easily have been misunderstood in asking those whom he might by chance encounter to salute him; but he knew, and the boys knew, what he had in mind,—how he and they were all striving to serve one Master, and how each—he most surely as much as they—was to gain strength and cheer from mutual recognition in the spirit of a common brotherhood.

And thus it was always; and this it was that allied itself so naturally to that which was his never-ceasing endeavor—to lift all men everywhere to that which was, with him, the highest conception of his office, whether as a preacher or as a bishop,—the conception of God as a Father, and of the brotherhood of all men as mutually related in him.

In an address which he delivered during the last General Convention in Baltimore to the students of Johns Hopkins University, he spoke substantially these words:

> "In trying to win a man to a better life, show him not the evil but the nobleness of his nature. Lead him to enthusiastic contemplations of humanity in its perfection, and when he asks, Why, if this is so, do not I have this life?—then project on the background of his enthusiasm his own life; say to him, 'Because you are a liar, because you blind your soul with licentiousness, shame is born,—but not a shame of despair. It is soon changed to joy. Christianity becomes an opportunity, a high privilege, the means of attaining to the most exalted ideal—and the only means.'
>
> "Herein must lie all real power; herein lay Christ's power, that he appreciated the beauty and richness of humanity, that it is very near the Infinite, very near to God. These two

facts—we are the children of God, and God is our Father—make us look very differently at ourselves, very differently at our neighbors, very differently at God. We should be surprised, not at our good deeds, but at our bad ones. We should expect good as more likely to occur than evil; we should believe that our best moments are our truest. I was once talking with an acquaintance about whose religious position I knew nothing, and he expressed a very hopeful opinion in regard to a matter about which I was myself very doubtful.

"'Why,' I said to him, 'You are an optimist.'

"'Of course I am an optimist,' he replied, 'because I am a Christian.'

"I felt that as a reproof. The Christian must be an optimist."

Men and brethren, I set these words over against those of his Master with which I began, and the two in essence are one. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." There is a life nobler and diviner than any that we have dreamed of. To the poorest and meanest of us, as to the best and most richly-dowered, it is alike open. To turn toward it, to reach up after it, to believe in its ever-recurring nearness, and to glorify God in attaining to it, this is the calling of a human soul.

Now then, what, I ask you, is all the rest of religion worth in comparison with this?—not what is it worth in itself, but what is its place relatively to this? This, I maintain, is the supreme question for the Episcopate, as it ought to be the supreme question with the Ministry of any and every order. And therefore it is, I affirm, that, in bringing into the episcopate with such unique vividness and power this conception of his office, your bishop rendered to his order and to the Church of God everywhere a service so transcendent. A most gifted and sympathetic observer of our departed brother's character and influence has said of him, contrasting him with the power of institutions, "His life will always suggest the importance of the influence of the individual man as compared with institutional Christianity."

In one sense, undoubtedly, this is true; but I should prefer to say that his life-work will always show the large and helpful influence of a great soul upon institutional Christianity. It is a superficial and unphilosophical temperament that disparages institutions; for institutions are only another name for that organized force and life by which God rules the world. But it is undoubtedly and profoundly true that you no sooner have an institution, whether in society, in politics, or in religion, than you are threatened with the danger that the institution may first exaggerate itself and then harden and stiffen into a machine; and that in the realm of religion, pre-eminently, those whose office it should be to quicken and infuse it with new life should themselves come at last to "worship the net and the drag." And just here you find in the history of religion in all ages the place of the prophet and the seer. He is to pierce through the fabric of the visible structure to that soul of things for which it stands. When, in Isaiah, the Holy Ghost commands the prophet, "Lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!" it is not alone, you see, his voice that he is to lift up. No, no! It is the vision of the unseen and divine. "Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

Over and over again that voice breaks in upon the slumbrous torpor of Israel and smites the dead souls of priests and people alike. Now it is a Balaam, now it is an Elijah, a David, an Isaiah, a John the Baptist, a Paul the Apostle, a Peter the Hermit, a Savonarola, a Huss, a Whitefield, a Wesley, a Frederick Maurice, a Frederick Robertson, a John

Keble (with his clear spiritual insight, and his fine spiritual sensibility), a Phillips Brooks.

Do not mistake me. I do not say that there were not many others. But these names are typical, and that for which they stand cannot easily be mistaken. I affirm without qualification that, in that gift of vision and of exaltation for which they stand, they stand for the highest and the best,—that one thing for which the Church of God most of all stands, and of which so long as it is the Church Militant it will most of all stand in need: to know that the end of all its mechanisms and ministries is to impart life, and that nothing which obscures or loses sight of the eternal source of life can regenerate or quicken;—to teach men to cry out, with St. Augustine, "*Fecisti nos ad te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te:* Thou hast made us for thyself, O Lord, and our heart is unquiet until it rests in thee,"—this, however any one may be tempted to fence and juggle with the fact, is the truth on which all the rest depends.

Unfortunately it is a truth which there is much in the tasks and engagements of the Episcopate to obscure. A bishop is pre-eminently, at any rate in the popular conception of him, an administrator; and howsoever wide of the mark this popular conception may be from the essential idea of the office, it must be owned that there is much in a bishop's work in our day to limit his activities, and therefore his influence, within such a sphere.

To recognize his prophetic office as giving expression to that mission of the Holy Ghost of which he is pre-eminently the representative, to illustrate it upon a wider instead of a narrower field, to recognize and seize the greater opportunities for its exercise, to be indeed "a leader and commander" to the people, not by means of the petty mechanisms of officialism, but by the strong, strenuous, and unwearied proclamation of the truth; under all conditions to make the occasion somehow a stepping-stone to that mount of vision from which men may see God and righteousness and become sensible of the nearness of both to themselves,—this, I think you will agree with me, is no unworthy use of the loftiest calling and the loftiest gifts.

And such a use was his. A bishop-elect, walking with him one day in the country, was speaking, with not unnatural shrinking and hesitancy, of the new work toward which he was soon to turn his face, and said among other things, "I have a great dread, in the Episcopate, of perfunctoriness. In the administration, especially, of Confirmation, it seems almost impossible, in connection with its constant repetition, to avoid it."

He was silent a moment, and then said, "I do not think that it need be so. The office indeed is the same. But every class is different; and then—think what it is to them! It seems to me that that thought can never cease to move one."

What a clear insight the answer gave to his own ministry. One turns back to his first sermon,—that evening when, with his fellow-student in Virginia, he walked across the fields to the log-cabin where, not yet in Holy Orders, he preached it, and where afterward he ministered with such swiftly increasing power to a handful of negro servants. "It was an utter failure," he said afterward. Yes, perhaps; but all through the failure he struggled to give expression to that of which his soul was full; and I do not doubt that even then they who heard him somehow understood him.

We pass from those first words to the last,—those of which I spoke a moment ago,—the address to the choir-boys at Newton,—was there ever such an address to choir-boys before? He knew little or nothing about the science of music, and with characteristic candor he at once said so. But he passed quickly from the music to those incomparable words of which the music was the mere vehicle and vesture. He bade the lads to whom he spoke think of those who, long ago and all the ages down, had sung that matchless Psalter,—of the boys and men of other times, and what it had meant to them. And then, as he looked into their fresh young faces and saw the long vista of life stretching out before them, he bade them think of that larger and fuller meaning which was to come into those Psalms of David, when he,—was there some prophetic sense of how soon with him the end would be?—when he and such as he had passed away,—what new doors were to open, what deeper meanings were to be discerned, what nobler opportunities were to dawn, as the years hastened swiftly on toward their august and glorious consummation! How it all lifts us up as we read it, and how like it was to that " one sermon " which he forever preached!

And in saying so I do not forget what that was which some men said was missing in it. His, they tell us who hold some dry and formalized statement of the truth so close to the eye that it obscures all larger vision of it,—his, they tell us, was an " invertebrate theology." Of what he was and spoke, such a criticism is as if one said of the wind, that divinely-appointed symbol of the Holy Ghost, " it has no spine or ribs."

A spine and ribs are very necessary things; but we bury them as so much chalk and lime when once the breath has gone out of them! In the beginning we read "And the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

And all along since then there have been messengers of

God into whom the same divine breath has been, as it were, without measure breathed, and who have been the quickeners and inspirers of their fellows. Nothing less than this can explain that wholly exceptional and yet consistent influence which he whom we mourn gave forth. It was not confined or limited by merely personal or physical conditions, but breathed with equal and quickening power through all that he taught and wrote. There were multitudes who never saw or heard him, but by whom nevertheless he was as intimately known and understood as if he had been their daily companion.

Never was there an instance which more truly fulfilled the saying, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." They reached down to the inmost need of empty and aching hearts and answered it. They spoke to that in the most sin-stained and wayward soul which is, after all, the image of the invisible God,—spoke to it, touched it, constrained it. "What has this fine-bred Boston scholar," plain men asked, when we bade him come to us and preach in our Trinity—"what has such an one to say to the business men of Wall Street?" But when he came, straightway every man found out that he had indeed something to say to him,—a word of power, a word of hope, a word of enduring joy and strength!

A kindred thinker of large vision and rare insight, New England born and nurtured like himself,[1] speaking of him not long after his death, said:

> "There are three forms pertaining to the Christian truths: they are true as facts, they are true as doctrines intellectually apprehended, they are true as spiritual experiences to be realized. Bishop Brooks struck directly for the last. In the

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[1] The Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D.

spirit he found the truth; and only as he could get it into a spiritual form did he conceive it to have power.

"It was because he assumed the facts as true in the main, refusing to insist on petty accuracy, and passed by doctrinal forms concerning which there might be great divergence of opinion, and carried his thought on into the world of spirit, that he won so great a hearing and such conviction of belief. For it is the spirit that gives common standing-ground; it says substantially the same thing in all men. Speak as a spirit to the spiritual nature of men, and they will respond, because in the spirit they draw near to their common source and to the world to which all belong.

"It was because he dealt with this common factor of the human and the divine nature that he was so positive and practical. In the spirit it is all yea and amen; there is no negative; in the New Jerusalem there is no night. We can describe this feature of his ministry by words from one of his own sermons: 'It has always been through men of belief, not unbelief, that power from God has poured into man. It is not the discriminating critic, but he whose beating, throbbing life offers itself a channel for the divine force,—he is the man through whom the world grows rich, and whom it remembers with perpetual thanksgiving.'"

And shall not you who are here to-day thank God that such a man was, though for so brief a space, your bishop? Some there were, you remember, who thought that those greater spiritual gifts of his would unfit him for the business of practical affairs. "A bishop's daily round," they said, "his endless correspondence, his hurried journeyings, his weight of anxious cares, the misadventures of other men, ever returning to plague him,—how can he bring himself to stoop and deal with these?"

But as in so much else that was transcendent in him, how little here, too, his critics understood him! No more pathetic proof of this has come to light than in that testimony of one among you who, as his private secretary, stood in closest and most intimate relations to him. What a story that is which he has given to us of a great soul — faithful always in the greatest? Yes, but no less faithful in the least. There seems a strange, almost grotesque impossibility in the thought that such an one should ever have come to be regarded as "a stickler for the canons."

But we look a little deeper than the surface, and all that is incongruous straightway disappears. His was the realm of a Divine Order,—his was the office of his Lord's servant. God had called him. He had put him where he was. He had set his Church to be his witness in the world, and in it, all his children, the greatest with the least, to walk in ways of reverent appointment. Those ways might irk and cramp him sometimes. They did: he might speak of them with sharp impatience and seeming disesteem sometimes. He did that too, now and then,—for he was human like the rest of us! But mark you this, my brothers, for, in an age which, under one figment or another, whether of more ancient or more modern license, is an age of much self-will,—we shall do well to remember it,—his was a life of orderly and consistent obedience to rule. He kept to the Church's plain and stately ways: kept to them and prized them too.

But all the while he held his soul wide open to the vision of his Lord! Up out of a routine that seemed to others that did not know or could not understand him, and who vouchsafed to him much condescending compassion for a bondage which he never felt, and of which in vain they strove to persuade him to complain,—up out of the narrower round in which so faithfully he walked, from time to time he climbed, and came back bathed in a heavenly light, with lips aglow with heavenly fire. The Spirit had spoken to him, and so he spoke to us. "The flesh profiteth nothing: it is the Spirit that quickeneth. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

And so we thank God, my brothers, not alone for his message, but that it was given to him to speak it as a bishop in the Church of God. We thank God that in a generation that so greatly needs to cry, as our "Te Deum" teaches us, "Govern us and lift us up!" he was given to the Church not alone to rule but to uplift.

What bishop is there who may not wisely seek to be like him by drawing forever on those fires of the Holy Ghost that set his lips aflame? Nay, what soul among us all is there that may not wisely seek to ascend up into that upper realm in which he walked, and by whose mighty airs his soul was filled? Unto the almighty and ever-living God we yield most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all his saints who have been the chosen vessels of his grace and the lights of the world in their several generations; but here and to-day especially for his servant, Phillips Brooks, sometime of this Commonwealth and this diocese, true prophet, true priest, true bishop, to the glory of God the Father.

ADAMS

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., a distinguished lawyer and man of letters, was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, May 27, 1835. His ancestry was illustrious. He was the son of Charles Francis Adams, the minister to England under President Lincoln, the grandson of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, and the great-grandson of John Adams, the second Chief Executive. After passing through the preparatory courses he entered Harvard College and graduated in 1856. Upon leaving college he studied law and was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts in 1857. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, and at its close had attained the rank of brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Upon his discharge from the army Mr. Adams resumed the practice of his profession in Boston. He made a specialty of railroad law and won the highest distinction in that line. In 1868 he was a railroad commissioner of Massachusetts, and in 1884 was elected president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a position he resigned in 1890. In 1883 Mr. Adams delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, his subject being, "The Study of Greek as a College Fetich." It attracted wide attention, the speaker contending that the knowledge of Greek should not be a requirement for admission to Harvard. As a result of the agitation which the oration aroused, Greek was made optional at Harvard two years later. Mr. Adams would probably have been nominated for governor of Massachusetts in 1883, but he refused to be a candidate. He was at one time urged by a portion of the press for the office of United States senator in opposition to Senator Hoar. Mr. Adams was an overseer of Harvard and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and of a number of other organizations, educational, social, and historical. He took deep interest in everything pertaining to education and literature.

A COLLEGE FETICH[1]

PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN SANDERS' THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 28, 1883

I AM here to-day for a purpose. After no little hesitation I accepted the invitation to address your Society, simply because I had something which I much wanted to say; and this seemed to me the best possible place, and this the most appropriate occasion, for saying it. My message, if such I may venture to call it, is in no wise sensational. On the contrary, it partakes, I fear, rather of the commonplace. Such being the case, I shall give it the most direct utterance of which I am capable.

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[1] Used by permission of Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

It is twenty-seven years since the class of which I was a member was graduated from this college. To-day I have come back here to take, for the first time, an active part of any prominence in the exercises of its Commencement week. I have come back, as what we are pleased to term an educated man, to speak to educated men; a literary man, as literary men go, I have undertaken to address a literary society; a man who has, in any event, led an active, changeable, bustling life, I am to say what I have to say to men not all of whom have led similar lives.

It is easy to imagine one who had contended in the classic games returning, after they were over, to the gymnasium in which he had been trained. It would not greatly matter whether he had acquitted himself well or ill in the arena,—whether he had come back crowned with victory or broken by defeat: in the full light of his experience of the struggle he would be disposed to look over the old paraphernalia and recall the familiar exercises, passing judgment upon them. Tested by hard, actual results, was the theory of his training correct; were the appliances of the gymnasium good; did what he got there contribute to his victory, or had it led to his defeat? Taken altogether, was he strengthened or had he been emasculated by his gymnasium course? The college was our gymnasium. It is now the gymnasium of our children. Thirty years after graduation a man has either won or lost the game. Winner or loser, looking back through the medium of that thirty years of hard experience, how do we see the college now?

It would be strange, indeed, if from this point of view we regarded it, its theories and its methods, with either unmixed approval or unmixed condemnation. I cannot deny that the Cambridge of the sixth decennium of the century, as Thackeray would have phrased it, was in many respects a pleasant place. There were good things about it. By the student who understood himself and knew what he wanted much might here be learned; while for most of us the requirements were not excessive. We of the average majority did not understand ourselves or know what we wanted: the average man of the majority rarely does. And so far as the college course, instead of being a time of preparation for the hard work of life, was a pleasant sort of vacation rather, before that work began. We so regarded it. I should be very sorry not to have enjoyed that vacation.

I am glad that I came here, and glad that I took my degree. But as a training-place for youth to enable them to engage to advantage in the struggle of life, to fit them to hold their own in it and to carry off the prizes, I must in all honesty say that, looking back through the years and recalling the requirements and methods of the ancient institution, I am unable to speak of it with all the respect I could wish. Such training as I got, useful for the struggle, I got after instead of before graduation, and it came hard; while I never have been able—and now, no matter how long I may live, I never shall be able—to overcome some great disadvantages which the superstitions and wrong theories and worse practices of my Alma Mater inflicted upon me.

And not on me alone. The same may be said of my contemporaries, as I have observed them in success and failure. What was true in this respect of the college of thirty years ago is, I apprehend, at least partially true of the college of to-day; and it is true not only of Cambridge, but of other colleges, and of them quite as much as of Cambridge. They fail properly to fit their graduates for the work they have to do in the life that awaits them.

This is harsh language to apply to one's nursing mother, and it calls for an explanation. That explanation I shall now try to give. I have said that the college of thirty years ago did not fit its graduates for the work they had to do in the actual life which awaited them.

Let us consider for a moment what that life has been, and then we will pass to the preparation we received for it. When the men of my time graduated, Franklin Pierce was President, the war in the Crimea was just over, and three years were yet to pass before Solferino would be fought. No united Germany and no united Italy existed. The railroad and the telegraph were in their infancy; neither nitroglycerine nor the telephone had been discovered.

The years since then have been fairly crammed with events. A new world has come into existence, and a world wholly unlike that of our fathers,—unlike it in peace and unlike it in war. It is a world of great intellectual quickening, which has extended until it now touches a vastly larger number of men, in many more countries, than it ever touched before. Not only have the nations been rudely shaken up, but they have been drawn together. Interdependent thought has been carried on, interacting agencies have been at work in widely separated countries and different tongues. The solidarity of the peoples has been developed. Old professions have lost their prominence; new professions have arisen. Science has extended its domains and superseded authority with bewildering rapidity. The artificial barriers—national, political, social, economical, religious, intellectual—have given way in every direction, and the civilized races of the world are becoming one people, even if a discordant and quarrelsome people. We all of us live more in the present and less in the past than we did thirty years ago,—much less in the past and much more in the present than those who preceded us did fifty years ago.

The world as it is may be a very bad and a very vulgar world,—insincere, democratic, disrespectful, dangerous, and altogether hopeless. I do not think it is; but with that thesis I have, here and now, nothing to do. However bad and hopeless, it is nevertheless the world in which our lot was cast and in which we have had to live,—a bustling, active, nervous world, and one very hard to keep up with. This much all will admit; while I think I may further add that its most marked characteristic has been an intense mental and physical activity, which, working simultaneously in many tongues, has attempted much and questioned all things.

Now as respects the college preparation we received to fit us to take part in this world's debate. As one goes on in life, especially in modern life, a few conclusions are hammered into us by the hard logic of facts. Among those conclusions I think I may, without much fear of contradiction, enumerate such practical, common-sense, and commonplace precepts as that superficiality is dangerous, as well as contemptible, in that it is apt to invite defeat; or, again, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; or, third, that when one is given work to do, it is well to prepare one's self for that specific work, and not to occupy one's time in acquiring information, no matter how innocent or elegant, or generally useful, which has no probable bearing on that work; or, finally,—and this I regard as the greatest of all practical precepts,—that every man should in life master some one thing, be it great or be it small, so that thereon he may be the highest living authority: that one thing he should know thoroughly.

How did Harvard College prepare me, and my ninety-two classmates of the year 1856, for our work in a life in which we have had these homely precepts brought close to us? In answering the question it is not altogether easy to preserve one's gravity. The college fitted us for this active, bustling, hard-hitting, many-tongued world, caring nothing for authority and little for the past, but full of its living thought and living issues, in dealing with which there was no man who did not stand in pressing and constant need of every possible preparation as respects knowledge and exactitude and thoroughness,—the poor old college prepared us to play our parts in this world by compelling us, directly and indirectly, to devote the best part of our school lives to acquiring a confessedly superficial knowledge of two dead languages.

In regard to the theory of what we call a liberal education, there is, as I understand it, not much room for difference of opinion. There are certain fundamental requirements without a thorough mastery of which no one can pursue a specialty to advantage. Upon these common fundamentals are grafted the specialties,—the students' electives, as we call them. The man is simply mad who in these days takes all knowledge for his province. He who professes to do so can only mean that he proposes, in so far as in him lies, to reduce superficiality to a science.

Such is the theory. Now, what is the practice? Thirty years ago, as for three centuries before, Greek and Latin were the fundamentals. The grammatical study of two dead languages was the basis of all liberal education. It is still its basis. But, following the theory out, I think all will admit that, as respects the fundamentals, the college training should be compulsory and severe. It should extend through the whole course. No one ought to become a Bachelor of Arts until, upon these fundamentals, he had passed an examination the scope and thoroughness of which should set at defiance what is perfectly well defined as the science of cramming.

Could the graduates of my time have passed such an examination in Latin and Greek? If they could have done that, I should now see a reason in the course pursued with us. When we were graduated we should have acquired a training, such as it was; it would have amounted to something; and, having a bearing on the future it would have been of use in it. But it never was for a moment assumed that we could have passed any such examination. In justice to all I must admit that no self-deception was indulged in on this point. Not only was the knowledge of our theoretical fundamentals to the last degree superficial, but nothing better was expected. The requirements spoke for themselves; and the subsequent examinations never could have deceived any one who had a proper conception of what real knowledge was.

But in pursuing Greek and Latin we had ignored our mother tongue. We were no more competent to pass a really searching examination in English literature and English composition than in the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. We were college graduates; and yet how many of us could follow out a line of sustained, close thought, expressing ourselves in clear, concise terms? The faculty of doing this should result from a mastery of well-selected fundamentals. The difficulty was that the fundamentals were not well selected, and they had never been mastered. They had become a tradition. They were studied no longer as a means, but as an end,—the end being to get into college. Accordingly, thirty years ago there was no real living basis of a Harvard education. Honest, solid foundations were not laid. The superstructure, such as it was, rested upon an empty formula.

The reason of all this I could not understand then, though it is clear enough to me now. I take it to be simply this: The classic tongues were far more remote from our world than they had been from the world our fathers lived in. They are much more remote from the world of to-day than they were from the world of thirty years ago. The human mind, outside of the cloisters, is occupied with other and more pressing things. Especially is it occupied with a class of thoughts—scientific thoughts—which do not find their nutriment in the remote past. They are not in sympathy with it.

Accordingly, the world turns more and more from the classics to those other and living sources in which alone it finds what it seeks. Students come to college from the hearthstones of the modern world They have been brought up in the new atmosphere. They are consequently more and more disposed to regard the dead languages as a mere requirement to college admission. This reacts upon the institution. The college does not change,—there is no conservatism I have ever met, so hard, so unreasoning, so impenetrable, as the conservatism of professional educators about their methods,—the college does not change; it only accepts the situation. The routine goes on, but superficiality is accepted as of course; and so thirty years ago, as now, a surface acquaintance with two dead languages was the chief requirement for admission to Harvard; and to acquiring it years of school life were devoted.

Nor in my time did the mischief end here. On the contrary, it began here. As a slipshod method of training was accepted in those studies to which the greatest prominence was given, the same method was accepted in other studies. The whole standard was lowered. Thirty years ago—I say it after a careful search through my memory—thoroughness of training in any real-life sense of the term was unknown in those branches of college education with which I came in contact. Everything was taught as Latin and Greek were taught. Even now I do not see how I could have got solid. exhaustive teaching in the class-room even if I had known enough to want it. A limp superficiality was all pervasive. To the best of my recollection the idea of hard thoroughness was not there. It may be there now. I hope it is.

And here let me define my position on several points, so that I shall be misunderstood only by such as wilfully misunderstand in order to misrepresent. With such I hold no argument.

In the first place I desire to say that I am no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical, and too often a mere vulgar money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome. On the contrary, the whole experience and observation of my life lead me to look with greater admiration, and an envy ever increasing, on the broadened culture which is the true end and aim of the university. On this point I cannot be too explicit; for I should be sorry indeed if anything I might utter were construed into an argument against the most liberal education.

There is a considerable period in every man's life when the best thing he can do is to let his mind soak and tan in the vats of literature. The atmosphere of a university is breathed into the student's system,—it enters by the very pores. But, just as all roads lead to Rome, so I hold there may be a modern road as well as the classic avenue to the goal of a true liberal education. I object to no man's causing his children to approach that goal by the old, the time-honored entrance. On the contrary, I will admit that for those who travel it well it is the best entrance. But I do ask that the modern entrance should not be closed. Vested interests always look upon a claim for simple recognition as a covert attack on their very existence, and the advocates of an exclusively classic college education are quick to interpret a desire for modern learning as a covert attack on dead learning.

I have no wish to attack it except in its spirit of selfish exclusiveness. I do challenge the right of the classicist to longer say that by his path, and by his path only, shall the university be approached. I would not narrow the basis of liberal education; I would broaden it. No longer content with classic sources, I would have the university seek fresh inspiration at the fountains of living thought; for Goethe I hold to be the equal of Sophocles, and I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero.

Neither, though venturing on these comparisons, have I any light or disrespectful word to utter of the study of Latin or of Greek, much less of the classic literatures. While recognizing fully the benefit to be derived from a severe training in these mother tongues, I fully appreciate the pleasure those must have who enjoy an easy familiarity with the authors who yet live in them. No one admires—I am not prepared to admit that any one can admire—more than I the subtile, indescribable fineness, both of thought and diction, which a thorough classical education gives to the scholar.

Mr. Gladstone is, as Macaulay was, a striking case in point. As much as any one I note and deplore the absence of this literary Tower-stamp in the writings and utterances of many of our own authors and public men. But its absence is not so deplorable as that display of cheap learning which made the American oration of thirty and fifty years ago a national humiliation. Even in its best form it was bedizened with classic tinsel which bespoke the vanity of the half-taught scholar. We no longer admire that sort of thing. But among men of my own generation I do both admire and envy those who I am told make it a daily rule to read a little of Homer or Thucydides, of Horace or Tacitus. I wish I could do the same; and yet I must frankly say I should not do it if I could.

Life, after all, is limited, and I belong enough to the present to feel satisfied that I could employ that little time each day both more enjoyably and more profitably if I should devote it to keeping pace with modern thought as it finds expression even in the ephemeral pages of the despised review. Do what he will, no man can keep pace with that wonderful modern thought; and if I must choose—and choose I must—I would rather learn something daily from the living who are to perish than daily muse with the immortal death. Yet for the purpose of my argument I do not for a moment dispute the superiority—I am ready to say the hopeless, the unattainable superority—of the classic masterpieces. They are sealed books to me, as they are to at least nineteen out of twenty of the graduates of our colleges; and we can neither affirm nor deny that in them, and in them alone, are to be found the choicest thoughts of the human mind and the most perfect forms of human speech.

All that has nothing to do with the question. We are not living in any ideal world. We are living in this world of to-day; and it is the business of the college to fit men for it. Does she do it? As I have said, my own experience of thirty years ago tells me that she did not do it then. The facts being much the same, I do not see how she can do it now. It seems to me she starts from a radically wrong basis. It is, to use plain language, a basis of fetich worship, in which the real and practical is systematically sacrificed to the ideal and theoretical.

To-day, whether I want to or not, I must speak from individual experience. Indeed, I have no other ground on which to stand. I am not a scholar; I am not an educator; I am not a philosopher; but I submit that in educational matters individual, practical experience is entitled to some weight. Not one man in ten thousand can contribute anything to this discussion in the way of more profound views or deeper insight. Yet any concrete, actual experience, if it be only simply and directly told, may prove a contribution of value, and that contribution we all can bring.

An average college graduate, I am here to subject the college theories to the practical test of an experience in the tussle of life. Recurring to the simile with which I began, the wrestler in the games is back at the gymnasium. If he is to talk to any good purpose he must talk of himself and how he fared in the struggle. It is he who speaks.

I was fitted for college in the usual way. I went to the Latin School; I learned the two grammars by heart; at length I could even puzzle out the simpler classic writings with the aid of a lexicon, and apply more or less correctly the rules of construction. This, and the other rudiments of what we are pleased to call a liberal education, took five years of my time. I was fortunately fond of reading, and so learned English myself and with some thoroughness. I say fortunately, for in our preparatory curriculum no place was found for English; being a modern language it was thought not worth studying—as our examination papers conclusively showed. We turned English into bad enough Greek, but our thoughts were expressed in even more abominable English.

I then went to college,—to Harvard. I have already spoken of the standard of instruction, so far as thoroughness was concerned, then prevailing here. Presently I was graduated, and passed some years in the study of the law. Thus far, as you will see, my course was thoroughly correct. It was the course pursued by a large proportion of all graduates then, and the course pursued by more than a third of them now. Then the war of the rebellion came and swept me out of a lawyer's office into a cavalry saddle. Let me say, in passing, that I have always felt under deep personal obligation to the war of the rebellion. Returning presently to civil life, and not taking kindly to my profession, I endeavored to strike out a new path, and fastened myself, not, as Mr. Emerson recommends, to a star, but to the locomotive engine. I made for myself what might perhaps be called a specialty in connection with the development of the railroad system. I do not hesitate to say that I have been incapacitated from properly developing my specialty, by the sins of omission and commission incident to my college training. The mischief is done, and, so far as I am concerned, is irreparable. I am only one more sacrifice to the fetich. But I do not propose to be a silent sacrifice. I am here to-day to put the responsibility for my failure, so far as I have failed, where I think it belongs,—at the door of my preparatory and college education.

Nor has that incapacity, and the consequent failure to which I have referred, been a mere thing of imagination or sentiment. On the contrary, it has been, not only matter-of-fact and real, but to the last degree humiliating. I have not, in following out my specialty, had at my command—nor has it been in my power, placed as I was, to acquire—the ordinary tools which an educated man must have to enable him to work to advantage on the developing problems of modern scientific life. But on this point I feel that I can, with few words, safely make my appeal to the members of this Society.

Many of you are scientific men; others are literary men; some are professional men. I believe, from your own personal experience, you will bear me out when I say that, with a single exception, there is no modern scientific study which can be thoroughly pursued in any one living language, even with the assistance of all the dead languages that ever were spoken. The researches in the dead languages are indeed carried on through the medium of several living languages.

I have admitted there is one exception to this rule. That exception is the law. Lawyers alone, I believe, join with our statesmen in caring nothing for "abroad." Except in its more elevated and theoretical branches, which rarely find their way into our courts, the law is a purely local pursuit. Those who follow it may grow gray in active practice, and yet never have occasion to consult a work in any language but their own. It is not so with medicine, or theology, or science, or art, in any of their numerous branches, or with government, or political economy, or with any other of the whole long list. With the exception of law I think I might safely challenge any one of you to name a single modern calling, either learned or scientific, in which a worker who is unable to read and write and speak at least German and French does not stand at a great and always recurring disadvantage. He is without the essential tools of his trade.

The modern languages are thus the avenues to modern life and living thought. Under these circumstances, what was the position of the college toward them thirty years ago? What is its position to-day? It intervened and practically said then that its graduates should not acquire those languages at that period when only they could be acquired perfectly and with ease. It occupies the same position still. It did and does this none the less effectually because indirectly. The thing came about, as it still comes about, in this way: The college fixes the requirements for admission to its course. The schools and the academies adapt themselves to those requirements.

The business of those preparatory schools is to get the boys through their examinations, not as a means, but as an end. They are therefore all organized on one plan. To that plan there is no exception; nor, practically, can there be any exception. The requirements for admission are such that the labor of preparation occupies fully the boy's study hours. He is not overworked, perhaps, but when his tasks are done he has no more leisure than is good for play; and you cannot take a healthy boy the moment he leaves school and set him down before tutors in German and French. If you do, he will soon cease to be a healthy boy, and he will not learn German or French. Over-education is a crime against youth.

But Harvard College says: "We require such and such things for admission to our course." First and most emphasized among them are Latin and Greek. The academies accordingly teach Latin and Greek; and they teach it in the way to secure admission to the college. Hence, because of this action of the college, the schools do not exist in this country in which my children can learn what my experience tells me it is all-essential they should know. They cannot both be fitted for college and taught the modern languages. And when I say "taught the modern languages" I mean taught them in the world's sense of the word, and not in the college sense of it, as practised both in my time and now. And here let me not be misunderstood and confronted with examination-papers. I am talking of really knowing something.

I do not want my children to get a smattering knowledge of French and of German, such a knowledge as was and now is given to boys of Latin and Greek; but I do want them to be taught to write and to speak those languages as well as to read them,—in a word, so to master them that they will thereafter be tools always ready to the hand. This requires labor. It is a thing which cannot be picked up by the wayside, except in the countries where the languages are spoken. If academies in America are to instruct in this way, they must devote themselves to it. But the college requires all that they can well undertake to do. The college absolutely insists on Latin and Greek.

Latin I will not stop to contend over. That is a small matter. Not only is it a comparatively simple language, but, apart from its literature,—for which I cannot myself profess to have any great admiration,—it has its modern uses. Not only is it directly the mother tongue of all southwestern Europe, but it has by common consent been adopted in scientific nomenclature. Hence there are reasons why the educated man should have at least an elementary knowledge of Latin. That knowledge also can be acquired with no great degree of labor. To master the language would be another matter; but in these days few think of mastering it. How many students during the last thirty years have graduated from Harvard who could read Horace and Tacitus and Juvenal, as numbers now read Goethe and Mommsen and Heine? If there have been ten, I do not believe there have been a score.

This it is to acquire a language! A knowledge of its rudiments is a wholly different thing; and with a knowledge of the rudiments of Latin as a requirement for admission to college I am not here to quarrel. Not so Greek. The study of Greek, and I speak from the unmistakable result of my own individual experience in active life, as well as from that of a long-continued family experience which I shall presently give,—the study of Greek in the way it is traditionally insisted upon as the chief requirement to entering college is a positive educational wrong. It has already wrought great individual and general injury, and is now working it. It has been productive of no compensating advantage. It is a superstition.

But before going further I wish to emphasize the limitations under which I make this statement. I would not be misunderstood. I am speaking not at all of Greek really studied and lovingly learned. Of that there cannot well be two opinions. I have already said that it is the basis of the finest scholarship. I have in mind only the Greek traditionally insisted upon as the chief requirement to entering college,—the Greek learned under compulsion by nine men at least out of each ten who are graduated. It is that quarter-acquired knowledge, and that only, of which I insist that it is a superstition and educational wrong. Nor can it ever be anything else. It is a mere penalty on going to college.

I am told that, when thoroughly studied, Greek becomes a language delightfully easy to learn. I do not know how this may be; but I do know that when learned as a college requirement it is most difficult,—far more difficult than Latin. Unlike Latin, also, Greek, partially acquired, has no modern uses. Not only is it a dead tongue, but it bears no immediate relation to any living speech or literature of value. Like all rich dialects, it is full of anomalies; and accordingly its grammar is the delight of grammarians and the despair of every one else. When I was fitted for college the study of Greek took up at least one half of the last three years devoted to active preparation. In memory it looms up now, through the long vista of years, as the one gigantic nightmare of youth,—and no more profitable than nightmares are wont to be. Other school-day tasks sink into insignificance beside it. When we entered college we had all of us the merest superficial knowledge of the language,—a knowledge measured by the ability to read at sight a portion of Xenophon, a little of Herodotus, and a book or two of the "Iliad." It was just enough to enable us to meet the requirements of the examination. In all these respects my inquiries lead me to conclude that what was true then is even more true now. In the vast majority of cases this study of Greek was looked upon by parent and student as a mere college requirement; and the instructor taught it as such. It was never supposed for an instant that it would be followed up.

On the contrary, if it was thought of at all, instead of rather taken as a matter of course, it was thought of very much as a similar amount of physical exercise with dumb-bells or parallel bars might be thought of,—as a thing to be done as best it might, and there an end. As soon as possible after entering college the study was abandoned forever, and the little that had been acquired faded rapidly away from the average student's mind. I have now forgotten the Greek alphabet, and I cannot read all the Greek characters if I open my Homer. Such has been the be-all and the end-all of the tremendous labor of my school-days.

But I now come to what in plain language I cannot but call the educational cant of this subject. I am told that I ignore the severe intellectual training I got in learning the Greek grammar and in subsequently applying its rules; that my memory then received an education which, turned since to other matters, has proved invaluable to me; that accumulated experience shows that this training can be got equally well in no other way; that, beyond all this, even my slight contact with the Greek masterpieces has left with me a subtile but unmistakable residuum, impalpable perhaps, but still there and very precious; that, in a word, I am what is called an educated man, which, but for my early contact with Greek, I would not be.

It was Dr. Johnson, I believe, who once said, "Let us free our minds from cant;" and all this, with not undue bluntness be it said, is unadulterated nonsense. The fact that it has been and will yet be a thousand times repeated cannot make it anything else. In the first place, I very confidently submit, there is no more mental training in learning the Greek grammar by heart than in learning by heart any other equally difficult and, to a boy, unintelligible book.

As a mere work of memorizing, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" would be at least as good. In the next place, unintelligent memorizing is at best a most questionable educational method. For one, I utterly disbelieve in it. It never did me anything but harm; and learning by heart the Greek grammar did me harm,—a great deal of harm. While I was doing it, the observing and reflective powers lay dormant; indeed, they were systematically suppressed. Their exercise was resented as a sort of impertinence. We boys stood up and repeated long rules, and yet longer lists of exceptions to them, and it was drilled into us that we were not there to reason, but to rattle off something written on the blackboard of our minds.

The faculties we had in common with the raven were thus cultivated at the expense of that apprehension and reason which, Shakespeare tells us, makes man like the angels and God. I infer this memory-culture is yet in vogue; for only yesterday, as I sat at the Commencement table with one of the younger and more active of the professors of the college, he told me that he had no difficulty with his students in making them commit to memory; they were well trained in that. But when he called on them to observe and infer, then his troubles began. They had never been led in such a path. It was the old, old story,—a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong. There are very few of us who were educated a generation ago who cannot now stand up and glibly recite long extracts from the Greek grammar; sorry am I to say it, but these extracts are with most of us all we have left pertaining to that language.

But, as not many of us followed the stage as a calling, this power of rapidly learning a part has proved but of questionable value. It is true, the habit of correct verbal memorizing will probably enable its fortunate possessor to get off many an apt quotation at the dinner-table, and far be it from me to detract from that much-longed-for accomplishment;

but, after all, the college professes to fit its students for life rather than for its dinner-tables, and in life a happy knack at quotations is in the long run an indifferent substitute for the power of close observation and correct inference from it. To be able to follow out a line of exact, sustained thought to a given result is invaluable. It is a weapon which all who would engage successfully in the struggle of modern life must sooner or later acquire; and they are apt to succeed just in the degree they acquire it.

It my youth we were supposed to acquire it through the blundering application of rules of grammar in a language we did not understand. The training which ought to have been obtained in physics and mathematics was thus sought for long, and in vain, in Greek. That it was not found is small cause for wonder now. And so, looking back from this standpoint of thirty years later, and thinking of the game which has now been lost or won, I silently listen to that talk about "the severe intellectual training" in which a parrot-like memorizing did its best to degrade boys to the level of learned dogs.

Finally, I come to the great impalpable-essence-and-precious-residuum theory,—the theory that a knowledge of Greek grammar, and the having puzzled through the Anabasis and three books of the Iliad, infuses into the boy's nature the imperceptible spirit of Greek literature which will appear in the results of his subsequent work just as manure spread upon a field appears in the crop which that field bears. But, to produce results on a field, manure must be laboriously worked into its soil and made a part of it; and only when it is so worked in and does become a part of it will it produce its result. You cannot haul manure up and down and across a field, cutting the ground into deep ruts with the wheels of your cart, while the soil just gets a smell of what is in the cart, and then expect to get a crop.

Yet even that is more than we did, and are doing, with Greek. We trundle a single wheelbarrow-load of Greek up and down and across the boy's mind; and then we clasp our hands and cant about a subtile fineness and impalpable but very precious residuum! All we have in fact done is to teach the boy to mistake means for ends and to make a system of superficiality.

Nor in this matter am I speaking unadvisedly or thoughtlessly. My own experience I have given. For want of a rational training in youth I cannot do my chosen work in life thoroughly. The necessary tools are not at my command; it is too late for me to acquire them or to learn familiarly to handle them; the mischief is done.

I have also referred to my family experience. Just as the wrestler in the gymnasium, after describing how he had himself fared in the games, might, in support of his conclusions, refer to his father and grandfather, who, likewise trained in the gymnasium, had been noted athletes in their days, so I, coming here and speaking from practical experience,—and practical experience alone,—must cite that experience where I best can find it. I can find it best at home. So I appeal to a family experience which extends through nearly a century and a half. It is worth giving and very much to the point.

I do not think I exceed proper limits when I say that the family of which I am a member has for more than a hundred years held its own with the average of Harvard graduates. Indeed, those representing it through three consecutive generations were rather looked upon as typical scholars in politics. They all studied Greek as a requirement to admission to college. In their subsequent lives they were busy men. Without being purely literary men, they wrote a great deal; indeed, the pen was rarely out of their hands. They all occupied high public position. They mixed much with the world. Now let us see what their actual experience in life was: how far did their college requirements fit them for it? Did they fit them any better than they have fitted me? I begin with John Adams.

John Adams graduated in the class of 1755,—a hundred and twenty-eight years ago. We have his own testimony on the practical value to him of his Greek learning, expressed in an unguarded moment and in a rather comical way. I shall give it presently. Meanwhile, after graduation John Adams was a busy man as a school-teacher, a lawyer, and a patriot, until at the age of forty-two he suddenly found himself on the Atlantic, accredited to France as the representative of the struggling American colonies.

French was not a requirement in the Harvard College of the last century, even to the modest extent in which it is a requirement now. Greek was. But they did not talk Greek in the diplomatic circles of Europe then any more than they now talk it in the Harvard recitation-rooms; and in advising John Adams of his appointment James Lovell had expressed the hope that his correspondent would not allow his "partial defect in the language" to stand in the way of his acceptance. He did not; but at forty-two, with his country's destiny on his shoulders, John Adams stoutly took his grammar and phrase-book in hand and set himself to master the rudiments of that living tongue which was the first and most necessary tool for use in the work before him. What he afterward went through—the anxiety, the humiliation, the nervous wear and tear, the disadvantage under which he struggled and bore up—might best be appreciated by some one who had fought for his life with one arm disabled. I shall not attempt to describe it.

But in the eighteenth century the ordinary educated man set a higher value on dead learning than even our college professors do now; and, in spite of his experience, no one thought more of it than did John Adams. So when, in his closing years, he founded an academy, he especially provided —bowing low before the fetich that—

> —"a schoolmaster should be procured, learned in the Greek and Roman languages, and, if thought advisable, the Hebrew; not to make learned Hebricians, but to teach such young men as choose to learn it the Hebrew alphabet, the rudiments of the Hebrew grammar, and the use of the Hebrew grammar and lexicon, that in after-life they may pursue the study to what extent they please."

Instead of taking a step forward the old man actually took one backward, and he went on to develop the following happy educational theory, which, if properly considered in the light of the systematic superficiality of thirty years ago, to which I have already alluded, shows how our methods had then deteriorated. What was taught was at least *to* be taught thoroughly; and, as I have confessed, I have forgotten the Greek letters. He wrote:

> "I hope the future masters will not think me too presumptuous if I advise them to begin their lessons in Greek and Hebrew by compelling their pupils to write over and over again copies of the Greek and Hebrew alphabets, in all their variety of characters, until they are perfect masters of those alphabets and characters. This will be as good an exercise in chirography as any they can use, and will stamp those alphabets and characters upon their tender minds and vigorous memories so deeply that the impression will never wear

out, and will enable them at any period of their future lives to study those languages to any extent with great ease."

This was fetich-worship, pure and simple. It was written in the year 1822. But practice is sometimes better than theory, and so I turn back a little to see how John Adams's practice squared with his theory. In his own case, did the stamping of those Greek characters upon his tender mind and vigorous memory enable him at a later period "to study that language to any extent with great ease?" Let us see. On the 9th of July, 1813, the hard political wrangles of their two lives being over, and in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, I find John Adams thus writing to Thomas Jefferson,—and I must confess to very much preferring John Adams in his easy letter-writing undress to John Adams on his dead-learning stilts; he seems a wiser, a more genuine man. He is answering a letter from Jefferson, who had in the shades of Monticello been reviving his Greek:

> "Lord! Lord! what can I do with so much Greek? When I was of your age, young man, that is, seven or eight years ago [he was then nearly seventy-nine, and his correspondent a little over seventy], I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates and Dionysius Halicarnassensis, etc. I collected all my lexicons and grammars, and sat down to *Περὶ συνθέσεως ονομάτων*. In this way I amused myself for some time, but I found that if I looked a word to-day, in less than a week I had to look it again. It was to little better purpose than writing letters on a pail of water."

This certainly is not much like studying Greek "to any extent with great ease." But I have not done with John Adams yet. A year and one week later I find him again writing to Jefferson. In the interval Jefferson seems to have read Plato, sending at last to John Adams his final impressions of that philosopher. To this letter, on the 16th of July, 1814, his correspondent replies as follows:

"I am very glad you have seriously read Plato, and still more rejoiced to find that your reflections upon him so perfectly harmonize with mine. Some thirty years ago I took upon me the severe task of going through all his works. With the help of two Latin translations, and one English and one French translation, and comparing some of the most remarkable passages with the Greek, I labored through the tedious toil. My disappointment was very great, my astonishment was greater, and my disgust was shocking. Two things only did I learn from him. First, that Franklin's ideas of exempting husbandmen and mariners, etc., from the depredations of war were borrowed from him; and, second, that sneezing is a cure for the hiccough. Accordingly, I have cured myself and all my friends of that provoking disorder, for thirty years, with a pinch of snuff."[1]

As a sufficiently cross-examined witness on the subject of Greek literature I think that John Adams may now quit the stand.

More fortunate than his father, John Quincy Adams passed a large part of his youth in Europe. There, in the easy way a boy does, he picked up those living languages so inestimably valuable to him in that diplomatic career which subsequently was no less useful to his country than it was honorable to himself.

Presently he came home, and, acquiring his modicum of Greek, graduated at Harvard in the class of 1788. Then followed his long public life, stretching through more than half a century. I would, for the sake of my argument, give much could I correctly weigh what he owed during that public life to the living languages he had picked up in Europe, against what he owed to the requirements of Harvard College.

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[1] John Adams's Works, vol. x, pp. 49, 102.

Minister at the Hague, at Berlin, and at St. Petersburg, negotiator at Ghent, his knowledge of living tongues enabled him to initiate the diplomatic movement which restored peace to his country.

At St. Petersburg he at least was not tongue-tied. Returning to America, for eight years he was the head of the State Department, and probably the single member of the government who, without the assistance of an interpreter, could hold ready intercourse with the representatives of other lands. Meanwhile, so far as Greek was concerned, I know he never read it; and I suspect that, labor-loving as he was, he never could read it. He could with the aid of a lexicon puzzle out a phrase when it came in his way, but from original sources he knew little or nothing of Greek literature.

It would have been better for him if he had also dropped his Latin. I have already said that the display of cheap learning made the American oration of fifty years ago a national humiliation; it was bedizened with classic tinsel. In this respect John Quincy Adams shared to the full in the affectation of his time. Ready, terse, quick at parry and thrust in his native tongue, speaking plainly and directly to the point, with all his resources at his immediate command,—I think I may say he never met his equal in debate.

Yet when, in lectures and formal orations, he mounted the classic high-horse and modelled himself on Demosthenes and Cicero, he became a poor imitator. As an imitator he was as bad as Chatham. More could not be said. That much he owed to Harvard College and its little Latin and less Greek.

But I must pass on to the third generation. Fortunate like his father, Charles Francis Adams spent some years of his boyhood in Europe, and in many countries of Europe; so that at six years old he could talk, as a child talks, in no less than six different tongues. Greek was not among them. Returning to America, he, too, fitted for Harvard, and in so doing made a bad exchange; for he easily got rid forever of the German speech, and with much labor acquired in place thereof the regulation allowance of Greek. He was graduated in the class of 1825.

After graduation, having more leisure than his father or grandfather,—that is, not being compelled to devote himself to an exacting profession,—he, as the phrase goes, "kept up his Greek." That is, he occupied himself daily, for an hour or so, with the Greek masterpieces, puzzling them laboriously out with the aid of grammar and lexicon. He never acquired any real familiarity with the tongue; for I well remember that when my turn at the treadmill came, and he undertook to aid me at my lessons, we were very much in the case of a boy who was nearly blind being led by a man who could only very indistinctly see. Still he for years "kept up his Greek," and was on the examining-committee of the College.

And now, looking back, I realize at what a sad cost to himself he did this; for in doing it he lost the step of his own time. Had he passed the same morning hours in keeping himself abreast with modern thought in those living tongues he had acquired in his infancy, and allowed his classics to rest undisturbed on his library shelves, he would have been a wiser, a happier, and a far more useful man. But modern thought (apart from politics), modern science, modern romance, and modern poetry soon ceased to have any charm for him.

Nevertheless he did not wholly lose the more useful lessons of his infancy. For years, as I have said, he officiated on the Greek examining-committee of the College; but at last the time came when his country needed a representative on a board of international arbitration. Then he laid his lexicon and grammar aside forever, and the almost forgotten French of his boyhood was worth more—a thousandfold more—to him and his country than all the concentrated results of the wasted leisure hours of his maturer life.

I come now to the fourth generation, cutting deep into the second century. My father had four sons. We were all brought up on strict traditional principles, the special family experience being carefully ignored. We went to the Latin schools, and there wasted the best hours of our youth over the Greek grammar,—hours during which we might have been talking French and German,—and presently we went to Harvard. When we got there we dropped Greek, and with one voice we have all deplored the irreparable loss we sustained in being forced to devote to it that time and labor which, otherwise applied, would have produced results now invaluable.

One brother, since a professor at Harvard, whose work here was not without results, wiser than the rest, went abroad after graduation, and devoted two years to there supplying, imperfectly and with great labor, the more glaring deficiencies of his college training. Since then the post-graduate knowledge thus acquired has been to him an indispensable tool of his trade. Sharing in the modern contempt for a superficial learning, he has not wasted his time over dead languages which he could not hope thoroughly to master. Another of the four, now a Fellow of the University, has certainly made no effort to keep up his Greek.

When, however, his sons came forward, a fifth generation to fit for college, looking back over his own experience as he watched them at their studies, his eyes were opened. Then in language certainly not lacking in picturesque vigor, but rather profane than either classical or sacred, he expressed to me his mature judgment. While he looked with inexpressible self-contempt on that worthless smatter of the classics which gave him the title of an educated man, he declared that his inability to follow modern thought in other tongues, or to meet strangers on the neutral ground of speech, had been and was to him a source of life-long regret and the keenest mortification. In obedience to the stern behests of his Alma Mater he then proceeded to sacrifice his children to the fetich.

My own experience I have partly given. It is unnecessary for me to repeat it. Speaking in all moderation, I will merely say that, so far as I am able to judge, the large amount of my youthful time devoted to the study of Greek, both in my school and college life, was time as nearly as possible thrown away.

I suppose I did get some discipline out of that boyish martyrdom. I should have got some discipline out of an equal number of hours spent on a treadmill. But the discipline I got for the mind out of the study of Greek, so far as it was carried and in the way in which it was pursued in my case, was very much such discipline as would be acquired on the treadmill for the body. I do not think it was any higher or any more intelligent. Yet I studied Greek with patient fidelity; and there are not many modern graduates who can say, as I can, that they have, not without enjoyment, read the Iliad through in the original from its first line to its last.

But I read it exactly as some German student, toiling at English, might read Shakespeare or Milton. As he slowly puzzled them out, an hundred lines in an hour, what insight would he get into the pathos, the music, and the majesty of "Lear" or of the "Paradise Lost?" What insight did I get into Homer? And then they actually tell me to my face that unconsciously, through the medium of a grammar, a lexicon, and Felton's "Greek Reader," the subtile spirit of a dead literature was and is infused into a parcel of boys!

So much for what my Alma Mater gave me. In these days of repeating-rifles, she sent me and my classmates out into the strife equipped with shields and swords and javelins. We were to grapple with living questions through the medium of dead languages. It seems to me I have heard, somewhere else, of a child's cry for bread being answered with a stone. But on this point I do not like publicly to tell the whole of my own experience. It has been too bitter, too humiliating. Representing American educated men in the world's industrial gatherings, I have occupied a position of confessed inferiority. I have not been the equal of my peers. It was the world's Congress of to-day, and Latin and Greek were not current money there.

Such is a family and individual experience covering a century and a half. With that experience behind me I have sons of my own coming forward. I want them to go to college,—to Harvard College; but I do not want them to go there by the path their fathers trod. It seems to me that four generations ought to suffice. Neither is my case a single one. I am, on the contrary, one of a large class in the community, very many of whom are more imbued than I with the scientific and thorough spirit of the age. As respects our children, the problem before us is a simple one, and yet one very difficult of practical solution. We want no more classical veneer. Whether on furniture or in education, we do not admire veneer. Either impart to our children the dead languages thoroughly or the living languages thoroughly; or, better yet, let them take their choice of either. This is just what the colleges do not do. On the contrary, Harvard stands directly in the way of what a century-and-a-half's experience tells me is all important.

I have already referred to the way in which this comes about. It was Polonius, I think, who suggested to his agent that he should " by indirections find directions out;" and that is what Harvard does with our youth. Economically speaking, the bounty or premium put upon Greek is so heavy that it amounts to a prohibition of other things. To fit a boy for college is now no small task. The doing so is a specialty in itself; for the standard has been raised, and the list of requirements increased. Candidates for admission to the Freshman class must know a little of a good many things. To acquire this multifarious fractional knowledge takes a great deal of time. To impart it in just the proper quantities, and in such a way that it shall all be on hand and ready for exhibition on a given day, affords the teachers of the academies, as I am given to understand, all the occupation they crave. The requirements being thus manifold, it is a case of *expressio unius exclusio alterius.*

Accordingly, one thing crowding another out, there does not exist, so far as I am able to learn, a single school in the country which will at the same time prepare my sons for college and for what I, by long and hard experience, perfectly well know to be the life actually before them. The simple fact is that the college Faculty tell me that I do not know what a man really needs to enable him to do the educated work of modern life well; and I, who for twenty years have been engaged in that work, can only reply that the members of the Faculty are laboring under a serious misapprehension as to what life is. It is a something made up, not of theories but of facts,—and of confoundedly hard facts, at that.

The situation has its comical side and is readily suggestive of sarcasm. Unfortunately it has its serious side also. It is not so very easy to elude the fetich. Of course, where means are ample it is possible to improvise an academy through private instruction. But the contact with his equals in the class and on the playground is the best education a boy ever gets,—better than a rudimentary knowledge of Greek, even. According to my observation, to surround children with tutors at home is simply to emasculate them. Then, again, they can be sent to Europe and to the schools there. But that way danger lies. For myself, whatever my children are not, I want them to be Americans. If they go to Europe, I must go with them; but as the people of modern Europe do not speak Greek and Latin, in which learned tongues alone I am theoretically at home, a sojourn of some years in a foreign academic town, though as a remedy it may be effective, yet at the time of life at which those of my generation have now unhappily arrived, it partakes also of the heroic.

Such is the dilemma in which I find myself placed. Such is the common dilemma in which all those are placed who see and feel the world as I have seen and felt it. We are the modernists and a majority; but in the eyes of the classicists we are, I fear, a vulgar and contemptible majority. Yet I cannot believe that this singular condition of affairs will last a great while longer.

The measure of reform seems very simple and wholly reasonable. The modernist does not ask to have German and French substituted for Greek and Latin as the basis of all college education. I know that he is usually represented as seeking this change, and of course I shall be represented as seeking it. This, however, is merely one of those willful misrepresentations to which the more disingenuous defenders of vested interests always have recourse.

So far from demanding that Greek and Latin be driven out and French and German substituted for them, we do not even ask that the modern languages be put on an equal footing with the classic. Recognizing, as every intelligent modernist must, that the command of several languages, besides that which is native to him, is essential to a liberally educated man,—recognizing this fundamental fact, those who feel as I feel would by no means desire that students should be admitted to the college who could pass their examinations in German and French instead of Greek and Latin.

We are willing—at least I am willing—to concede a preference, and a great preference, to the dead over the living, to the classic over the modern. All I would ask would be that the preference afforded to the one should no longer, as now, amount to the practical prohibition of the other. I should not even wish, for instance, that, on the present basis of real familiarity, Greek should count against French and German combined as less than three counts against one. This, it seems to me, should afford a sufficient bounty on Greek. In other words, the modernist asks of the college to change its requirements for admission only in this wise: Let it say to the student who presents himself, "In what languages, besides Latin and English,—those are required of all,—in what other languages—Hebrew, Greek, German, French, Spanish, or Italian—will you be examined?" If the student replies, "In Greek," so be it,—let him be examined in that alone; and if, as now, he can stumble through a few lines of Xenophon or Homer, and render some simple English sentences into questionable Greek, let that suffice. As respects languages, let him be pronounced fitted for a college course.

If, however, instead of offering himself in the classic, he offers himself in the modern tongues then, though no mercy be shown him, let him at least no longer be turned contemptuously away from the college doors; but, instead of the poor, quarter-knowledge, ancient and modern, now required, let him be permitted to pass such an examination as will show that he has so mastered two languages besides his own that he can go forward in his studies, using them as working tools. Remember that, though we are modernists, we are yet your fellow-students; and so we pray you to let us and our children sit at the common table of the Alma Mater, even though it be below the salt.

That an elementary knowledge of one dead language should count as equal to a thorough familiarity with two living languages ought, I submit, to be accepted as a sufficient educational bounty on the former, and brand of inferiority on the latter. The classicist should in reason ask for no more. He should not insist that his is the only as well as the royal road to salvation.

Meanwhile the modernist would be perfectly satisfied with recognition on any terms. He most certainly does not wish to see modern languages, or indeed any other subject, taught in preparatory schools as Greek was taught in them when we were there, or as it is taught in them now,—I mean as a mere college requirement. Believing, as the scientific modernist does, that a little knowledge is a contemptible thing, he does not wish to see the old standard of examinations in the dead languages any longer applied to the living. On the contrary, we wish to see the standard raised; and we know perfectly well that it can be raised. If a youth wants to enter college on the least possible basis of solid acquirement, by all means let Greek, as it is, be left open for him.

If, however, he takes the modern languages, let him do so with the distinct understanding that he must master those languages. After he enters the examination-room no word should be uttered except in the language in which he is there to be examined.

Consider now, for a moment, what would be the effect on the educational machinery of the country, of this change in the college requirements. The modern, scientific, thorough spirit would at once assert itself. Up to this time it has, by that tradition and authority which are so powerful in things educational, been held in subjection. Remove the absolute protection which hitherto has been and now is accorded to Greek, and many a parent would at once look about for a modern, as opposed to a classical, academy.

To meet the college requirements, that academy would have to be one in which no English word would be spoken in the higher recitation-rooms. Every school exercise would be conducted by American masters proficient in the foreign tongues. The scholars would have to learn languages by hearing them and talking them. The natural law of supply and demand would then assert itself. The demand is now a purely artificial one, but the supply of Greek and Latin, such as it is, comes in response to it. Once let a thorough knowledge of German and French and Spanish be as good tender at the college door as a fractional knowledge of either of the first two of those languages and of Greek now is, and the academies would supply that thorough knowledge also. If the present academies did not supply it, other and better academies would.

But I have heard it argued that in order to attain the ends I have in view no such radical change as that involved in dropping Greek from the list of college requirements is at all necessary. The experience of Montaigne is cited, told in Montaigne's charming language. It is then asserted that the compulsory study of Greek has not been discontinued in foreign colleges; and yet, as we all know, the students of those colleges have an ever-increasing mastery of the living tongues. I do not propose to enter into this branch of the discussion. I do not profess to be informed as to what the universities of other lands have done. As I have repeatedly said, I have nothing of value to contribute to this debate except practical, individual experience.

So, in answer to the objections I have just stated, I hold it sufficient for my purpose to reply that we have to deal with America, and not with Germany or France or Great Britain. The educational and social conditions are not the same here as in those countries. Our home life is different, our schools are different; wealth is otherwise distributed; the machinery for special instruction which is found there cannot be found here. However it may be in England or in Prussia, however it may hereafter by in this country, our children cannot now acquire foreign languages, living or dead, in the easy, natural way,—in the way in which Montaigne acquired them. The appliances do not exist.

Consequently there is not room in one and the same preparatory school for both the modernist and the classicist. Under existing conditions the process of acquiring the languages is too slow and laborious; the one crowds out the other. In the university it is not so. The two could from the beginning there move side by side; under the elective system they do so already, during the last three years of the course.

I would put no obstacle in the way of the scholar whose tastes turn to classic studies. On the contrary, I would afford him every assistance, and no longer clog and encumber his progress by tying him to a whole classroom of others whose tastes run in opposite directions or in no direction at all. Indeed, it is curious to think how much the standard of classic requirements might be raised were not the better scholars weighted down by the presence of the worse.

But, while welcoming the classicist, why not also welcome the modernist? Why longer say, "By this one avenue only shall the college be approached?" Why this narrow, this intolerant spirit? After all, the university is a part of the machinery of the world in which we live; and, as I have already more than once intimated, the college student does not get very far into that world, after leaving these classic shades, before he is made to realize that it is a world of facts, and very hard facts. As one of those facts I would like to suggest that there are but two, or at most three, languages spoken on these continents in which ours is the dominant race. There is a saying that a living dog is better than a dead lion; and the Spanish tongue is what the Greek is not, —a very considerable American fact.

Here I might stop; and here, perhaps, I ought to stop. I am, however, unwilling to do so without a closing word on one other topic. For the sake of my argument, and to avoid making a false issue, I have in everything I have said, as between the classic and modern languages, fully yielded the preference to the former. I have treated a mastery of the living tongues simply as an indispensable tool of trade or medium of speech and thought. It was a thing which the scholar, the professional man, and the scientist of to-day must have, or be unequal to his work.

I have made no reference to the accumulated literary wealth of the modern tongues, much less compared their masterpieces with those of Greece or Rome. Yet I would not have it supposed that in taking this view of the matter I express my full belief. On the contrary, I most shrewdly suspect that there is in what are called the educated classes, both in this country and in Europe, a very considerable amount of affectation and credulity in regard to the Greek and Latin masterpieces. That is jealously prized as part of the body of the classics, which if published to-day, in German or French or English, would not excite a passing notice. There are immortal poets whose immortality, my mature judgment tells me, is wholly due to the fact that they lived two thousand years ago. Even a dead language cannot veil extreme tenuity of thought and fancy; and, as we have seen, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were in their day at a loss to account for the reputation even of Plato.

In any event, this thing I hold to be indisputable: of those who study the classic languages, not one in a hundred ever acquires that familiarity with them which enables him to judge whether a given literary composition is a masterpiece or not. Take your own case and your own language for instance. For myself, I can freely say that it has required thirty years of incessant and intelligent practice, with eye and ear and tongue and pen, to give me that ready mastery of the English language which enables me thoroughly to appreciate the more subtile beauties of the English literature.

I fancy that it is in our native tongue alone, or in some tongue in which we have acquired as perfect a facility as we have in our native tongue, that we ever detect those finer shades of meaning, that happier choice of words, that more delicate flavor of style, which alone reveal the master. Many men here, for instance, who cannot speak French or

German fluently, can read French and German authors more readily than any living man can read Greek, or than any, outside of a few college professors, can read Latin; yet they cannot see in the French or German masterpieces what those can see there who are to the language born.

The familiarity, therefore, with the classic tongues which would enable a man to appreciate the classic literatures in any real sense of the term is a thing which cannot be generally imparted. Even if the beauties which are claimed to be there are there, they must perforce remain concealed from all, save a very few, outside of the class of professional scholars.

But are those transcendent beauties really there? I greatly doubt. I shall never be able to judge for myself, for a mere lexicon-and-grammar acquaintance with a language I hold to be no acquaintance at all. But we can judge a little of what we do not know by what we do know, and I find it harder and harder to believe that in practical richness the Greek literature equals the German, or the Latin the French. Leaving practical richness aside, are there in the classic masterpieces any bits of literary workmanship which take precedence of what may be picked out of Shakespeare and Milton and Bunyan and Clarendon and Addison and Swift and Goldsmith and Gray and Burke and Gibbon and Shelley and Burns and Macaulay and Carlyle and Hawthorne and Thackeray and Tennyson? If there are any such transcendent bits I can only say that our finest scholars have failed most lamentably in their attempts at rendering them into English.

For myself, I cannot but think that the species of sanctity which has now, ever since the revival of learning, hedged the classics, is destined soon to disappear. Yet it is still strong;

indeed, it is about the only patent of nobility which has survided the levelling tendencies of the age. A man who at some period of his life has studied Latin and Greek is an educated man; he who has not done so is only a self-taught man. Not to have studied Latin, irrespective of any present ability to read it, is accounted a thing to be ashamed of; to be unable to speak French is merely an inconvenience.

I submit that it is high time this superstition should come to an end. I do not profess to speak with authority, but I have certainly mixed somewhat with the world, its labors and its literatures, in several countries, through a third of a century; and I am free to say that, whether viewed as a thing of use, as an accomplishment, as a source of pleasure, or as a mental training, I would rather myself be familiar with the German tongue and its literature than be equally familiar with the Greek. I would unhesitatingly make the same choice for my child.

What I have said of German as compared with Greek, I will also say of French as compared with Latin. On this last point I have no question. Authority and superstition apart, I am indeed unable to see how an intelligent man, having any considerable acquaintance with the two literatures, can, as respects either richness or beauty, compare the Latin with the French; while as a worldly accomplishment, were it not for fetich-worship, in these days of universal travel the man would be properly regarded as out of his mind who preferred to be able to read the Odes of Horace rather than to feel at home in the accepted neutral language of all refined society. This view of the case is not yet taken by the colleges.

"The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells."

And yet I am practical and of this world enough to believe that in a utilitarian and scientific age the living will not forever be sacrificed to the dead. The worship even of the classical fetich draweth to a close; and I shall hold that I was not myself sacrificed wholly in vain if what I have said here may contribute to so shaping the policy of Harvard that it will not much longer use its prodigious influence toward indirectly closing for its students, as it closed for me, the avenues to modern life and the fountains of living thought.

"MARK TWAIN"

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, a famous American humorist and reformer, was born at Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. He received a common-school education at Hannibal, Missouri, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed to a printer. After working at his trade he became a pilot on the Mississippi, where he adopted the sobriquet of "Mark Twain" from hearing the call used in taking soundings, signifying "Mark, two fathoms." On the outbreak of the Civil War he went to Nevada, where he became private secretary to his brother and tried silver-mining for a while. He was appointed Territorial secretary and became city editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise," to which he had already contributed a number of articles. Thus alternating mining and editorial work, he gradually became known as a humorist. In 1864 he removed to San Francisco and lectured there and in New York. In 1867 he visited Europe and the East, and out of the material he thus collected he wrote his most famous book, "The Innocents Abroad," which was published in 1869. After editorial work in Buffalo and New York he settled in Hartford, and in 1884 founded the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., which became bankrupt in 1895. By the proceeds of his lectures and books he succeeded in liquidating the large indebtedness thus brought upon him. Among his best-known books are "Roughing It" (1872); "The Gilded Age" (1873); "Tom Sawyer" (1876); "The Prince and the Pauper" (1882); "Huckleberry Finn" (1885); "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (which, published anonymously in 1896, realized his ambition of being regarded as more than a mere humorist).

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,
DECEMBER 22, 1876

GENTLEMEN,—I reverently believe that the Maker who makes us all makes everything in New England but the weather.

I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret.

The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go.

But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours.

It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days.

As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring."

These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then,—see his tail drop.

He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning.

Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the mean time."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned.

You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning.

These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash-barrel.

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice.

But, after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with.

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

CARTWRIGHT

RICHARD JOHN CARTWRIGHT, an eminent Canadian statesman, was born at Kingston, December 4, 1835. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and, after his return to Canada, became president of the Commercial Bank of Canada. He entered public life as member for Lennox and Addington in the Canadian Assembly at the general election of 1863, and continued to sit for that constituency until the Union of 1867. From 1867 to 1878 Mr. Cartwright sat for Lennox. Being then defeated, he was returned for Centre Huron, which he represented up to the close of the Parliament. He was then elected for South Huron. After the general election of 1887 he sat for South Oxford. He belongs to one of the old Tory families of Upper Canada, and in the early days of his public life supported Sir John Macdonald. After the period of the Pacific scandal he acted with and was a member of the Reform party. On the resignation of the Macdonald administration, November, 1873, he became finance minister in the cabinet then formed by Mr. Mackenzie, and continued in that office up to the defeat of the government, September, 1878. Subsequently, while in opposition, he became the chief spokesman for his party on all fiscal subjects, and developed in debate powers of oratory superior to all the public men of his time save only the Hon. William Macdougall. His speech in seconding the vote of thanks to the volunteers who had served in the Northwest Rebellion, 1885, is regarded as one of the masterpieces of Canadian parliamentary eloquence. On Sir Wilfred Laurier's accession to power, July, 1896, Sir Richard (he was created a K.C.M.G., 1879) became minister of trade and commerce in the new government, and as such was engaged for some months in framing a new fiscal policy for the Dominion. In February, 1897, he undertook, with Sir L. H. Davies, a trade mission to Washington. During Sir W. Laurier's absence from Canada, 1897, he was temporarily leader of the government in the House of Commons.

THE SERVICES OF A PATRIOTIC MILITIA

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. JULY 17, 1885[1]

THE duty which devolves upon me to-day is one of a very much more pleasant kind than that which is wont to fall to honorable gentlemen on the Opposition benches. I very much regret that the physical prostration of my honorable friend the member for West Durham [Mr. Blake] has compelled him to be absent from the House and the city on the present occasion. Everybody who knows how severe the labors of this session have been will feel that with him and with, indeed, the leader of the government, it is no wonder, however much it may be a source of regret, that their physical strength should have proved unequal to the strain put upon them.

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[1] Seconding the motion of the Government, thanking Major-General Middleton, C.B., the Canadian Volunteers, and the Northwest Mounted Police for their services in suppressing the rebellion of Indians and half-breeds which occurred in the spring of 1885 under the leadership of Louis Riel.

It may be too soon to dwell upon the history of the past few months; and it is possible that when we come to review those events there may be matters on which we may be compelled to differ as to the causes of the outbreak or even as to some of the measures taken to suppress it; but there is one point on which every man in this House, and I believe every man in Canada, will feel, as we do, that the thanks of the whole Dominion are due to the gallant officers and men whose bravery and good conduct have contributed to restored peace and order throughout this Dominion.

The honorable gentleman who preceded me spoke, and spoke truly, not merely in high praise of the bravery which our fellow countrymen have displayed, and which we all knew that they would display, but he spoke of other qualities, equally valuable and equally important, and he spoke, I believe with perfect truth, in terms of the highest praise, of the endurance, of the discipline, of the good conduct, and of the humanity, in the largest sense, which these men have displayed from the commencement of the operations until now.

Sir, it must be remembered that these persons who, without any previous experience, without any previous training, came forward at the call of duty to uphold the laws of their country, have made almost to a man sacrifices more or less serious. We expect from trained soldiers that they shall hold their lives in their hands, and be ready at an hour's notice to go wherever their commanding officer directs; but it is asking a great deal; it is asking more than could have been expected from our citizen soldiers, to ask these men, literally at an hour's notice, to throw up valuable employments, many of them to leave their families to the charity of their neighbors, many of them to quit businesses which would probably sustain loss that could hardly be repaired for some considerable time, to risk permanent and valuable employments, all at a moment's notice; and I believe I am correct in stating that almost universally, when the order came from headquarters to the various corps to hold themselves in readiness, these men, neglecting their business, forsaking even the care of their families, were found, one and all, ready to respond to the call that was made upon them. This is highly creditable to them, and it is highly creditable to the Dominion, and it gives good hope that the national spirit upon which we must rely for the future prosperity of this country has already attained greater growth than some of us would have anticipated in the short time during which our Confederation has been a nation.

I trust, now that these volunteers are returning, that all of them who have sacrificed for the time their employments, will find that the various companies or persons from whose employment they went have appreciated the sacrifices they have made and the risks they have run, and taken care that none of these men shall suffer for the gallantry they have displayed in responding, as they have responded, to the call of duty. It is only right that that should be done, and I hope public opinion—which can, if it pleases—will enforce that duty on all who have anything to do with our volunteers, because I say this: I say that a great danger has been averted from this country; I say that the promptitude which has been displayed in putting down this revolt has reverted what would have been a very serious cause of peril.

Had there been delay in responding to the invitation of the government, had there been delay in prosecuting that campaign, all who know anything of the conditions of life in that country, know that we might, as our neighbors on the other side of the border have been again and again, have found ourselves confronted with an Indian war which might have lasted for years, which might have cost thousands of lives and tens of millions of treasure, and it is to the volunteers of Canada, to their prompt response to the call of duty on this occasion, that Canada owes it that our losses are measured by units when they might be measured by tens or by hundreds.

Moreover, sir, I agree, and I am glad to be able to agree, on this occasion, with the Minister of Militia, that the position of Canada has been decidedly raised in the eyes of the world by the conduct of our gallant friends. Sir, people respect those whom they find to be able to fight for their own land and to defend their own country. Our conduct has been watched and scrutinized on both sides of the Atlantic, and there is no doubt whatever in my own mind—I say it frankly—that we stand before the nations of the world in a better position to-day than we did three or four months ago on that single score.

Not only have our citizen soldiers shown their value, their prowess, and their endurance, but the people of Canada, I think, have learned the consciousness of their own power; the self-respect of the nation has been raised, and it was no slight thing, after all, for a country like this, which had no previous training and no organization, as I may say, other than that which could be acquired in the very few days usually at the disposal of our volunteers to place a fairly well equipped force of 5,000 or 6,000 men in the field at a distance of 2,000 miles from the base of our operations within the space of three weeks, or to crush out a revolt of formidable proportions in very little more than six weeks; because, if you remember that the first notice of this disturbance was received on the 22d of March and that the revolt was to all intents and purposes practically crushed at Batoche on the 12th of May, you will see that within six weeks we have sent our troops 2,000 miles from their base, have marched them over 300 or 400 miles of rather difficult country, have fought several engagements, and have completely pacified the whole of that extensive country in that short period.

Sir, in all this I see but one thing to regret, and that is that these gallant men were compelled to contend with our own countrymen. That is the only thing to be regretted, and I am sorry that their prowess could not be shown, if it must be shown, on a foreign foe, instead of being shown on the brave though misguided men whom they were obliged, in the common interest, to reduce to peace.

And let me say that among all the things to be regretted in these occurrences there is at least one thing on which I can congratulate the people of Canada, that it would appear that the patience and justice which, on the whole, Canada has shown for a great number of years in dealing with her Indian subjects or allies, has not been entirely thrown away. There has unfortunately been bloodshed, there have been murders committed, but those atrocities which in other countries have marked Indian outbreaks have been creditably absent.

There has been murder and bloodshed, but I believe that there is no reasonably well-authenticated instance of the Indians having tortured or outraged their prisoners; and in that respect I say there is good hope for the future of the North-west; there is good hope that the course we have pursued has borne some reasonable fruit. Sir, it is true that the cost both in blood and in treasure has been serious. I am not disposed to underestimate it, although, as I said, I believe that prompt action has prevented it from swelling to very greatly increased proportions; but I believe also that the cost and that loss are likely, to a great extent, to be compensated to the people of this country.

I say that there has been gain in national spirit, and I say more too. I say that in all countries which have made any mark in history it has been found that considerable sacrifices are a necessary ingredient in true patriotism. The more men sacrifice for a good and honest cause, the more, as a general rule, are they likely to sacrifice in the future, and therefore it is that although I regret the loss of life, although I regret the loss of money, still I feel that that is not a regret entirely without compensation; and when I compare the losses we have sustained in other respects with the losses which have been borne time and again by other nations no larger and no older than our own, I am compelled to admit that these sacrifices, taken collectively, have been comparatively light.

Sir, I am very far, indeed, from underestimating the sacrifices which have been made by the men who went to the front. They endured much; and it may interest honorable gentlemen to know that, of the troops actually engaged, as large a proportion appear to have been killed and wounded, in proportion to their numbers, as are usually found to have been injured in conflicts between much larger bodies. Moreover, when it is remembered that these men were almost entirely without organization, that not one of them, or scarcely one of them, had ever seen a shot fired in anger in his life, we can hardly speak in too high terms of the general discipline and the bravery which they have displayed.

It was not a case in which a general well known to his troops was conducting tried soldiers to battle. It was a case where a general who had had no time to make the acquaintance of his forces, and whose men were necessarily without any knowledge of him, was compelled to contend, under circumstances of no ordinary character, with a foe of no contemptible sort, because his opponents, besides being brave men, were very well versed in all the wiles of the Indians and of the Indian mode of fighting; they were men who were accustomed to defend themselves against savage foes within a comparatively short number of years. When we recollect, as we very well may, how trained regular troops have failed under similar circumstances in other parts of the empire, and in conflict with similar enemies in other parts of the empire, we may well be proud of the record, on the whole, of our Canadian volunteers.

I do not, on the present occasion, after the very full manner in which these affairs have been dealt with by my honorable friend opposite, and at this stage of the session, propose to detain the House much further. I may say that I believe these young lives so freely spent in Canada will not be spent in vain, and although it may well be that we can do very little to compensate those who have lost husband, son, or father, we will still remember, as was said by an English poet in days of old,

"Though their country weeps the slain,
Yet the burden of our pain
Is nothing to the blaze of their renown."

WHAT THE LIBERAL PARTY HAS DONE FOR CANADA

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1899

AND now, sir, what else have we done? Well, sir, we have done this: over and above what we have done in the way of developing this country, what we have done in the way of promoting trade, what we have done in the way of reducing taxation, we have settled and successfully settled one of those dangerous and burning questions dividing religious denominations of one kind from religious denominations of another, dividing race from race, setting Province against Province—we have settled that, and settled it so successfully that I do not believe to-day in Manitoba that either party takes the slightest notice of the former discussion and dispute over the separate schools in that region.

Then, sir, we have done another thing which I think all true Canadians will agree with me is one that this government has a right to be proud of, which the people of Canada have a right to be proud of. We have shown, sir, that we at any rate believe in the unity of the empire, and we have done more in the way of developing a wholesome imperial sentiment between Great Britian and her colonies than has been done by all the talk, all the bluster, all the jingoism with which this place and others have resounded for the last twenty years.

When we give a specific preference to English manufacturers, then, sir, we showed that the Liberals were prepared to do what the Conservatives had only been prepared to talk about.

We showed, sir, that we at any rate were prepared to recognize and to deal fairly with the country which dealt fairly with us; and we have not heard the last word about that yet, because I believe that the example we have set is likely to be followed by every English race, by every English colony, by every English dependency from one end of the inhabited globe to the other.

And, sir, while these men ask us "Why didn't you drive a huckstering bargain with England? Why didn't you attempt to get a preference in English markets? Why didn't you get them to impose duties on the products of other races?"

I reply to that, sir, that to all intents and purposes Canada and Canadian manufacturers and Canadian products have today a real preference in the English market. I tell you that if Canadians choose to make a wise use of the advantages which we have procured for them, if Canadians will send to England goods as they ought to send, worthy of Canada, goods such as we are able to send, goods which will command and retain the preference they now have in the English market, they may make their own terms and command their own prices without the need of any treaty or any agreement whatever.

More than that, sir; for the first time in her history Canada has asserted herself. Canada has become to all intents and purposes a real factor in the British Empire. When before was it heard that, in conducting negotiations with the United States, England permitted four Canadian plenipotentiaries to be associated with one representative of England? And here let me say—and it is only justice to Sir Charles Tupper to say that he has frankly admitted the fact—that I think the result of those negotiations have proved to you that although we do desire—as we had a right to desire—to establish the most friendly relations with the great republic beside us, yet in the hands of the Liberal government and of the Liberal party you need never be afraid that Canadian interests will be sacrificed or that Canadian honor will be allowed to be set on one side in any negotiations with any Power in the world. Sir, it may be that we have builded better than we knew. I believe for my part that the example which we have set is going to have—and that at no distant day—very great and important results. I, for my part, hold with Mr. Kipling that when we took the step we did we set an example which will ring from one end of the world to the other.

> We have proved our faith in the heritage
>   By more than the word of the mouth,
> Those that are wise may follow
>   When the world's war-trumpet blows,
> But we, we are first in the battle,
>   Said Our Lady of the Snows.

BROOKS

PHILLIPS BROOKS, a distinguished American clergyman of great renown as a preacher, was born in Boston, December 13, 1835, and died there, January 23, 1893. He was educated at Harvard University and studied for the ministry at the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia. He was ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1859 and was advanced to the priesthood a year or two later. From 1859 to 1862 he was rector of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, and from 1862 to 1869 of the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city. By this time he had attained more than local fame as a preacher, and in 1869 he was called to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston, where he continued until 1891. In 1886 he declined the office of assistant bishop of Pennsylvania, but accepted that of bishop of Massachusetts in 1891, and was consecrated in October of that year. He was the most widely popular preacher of his day in the United States and had a large following of admirers in England. No American clergyman exerted a greater or more spiritual influence than he, or was regarded with more sincere reverence by men of all ranks and creeds. For a number of years he was one of the preachers to Harvard University, and in 1899 the Phillips Brooks House there was erected as the University memorial of him. He was a man of commanding presence and wholly free from self-consciousness. He spoke with great rapidity and made no effort at oratorical effect. His writings include "Our Mercies" (1863); "Sermons" (1875); "Lectures on Preaching" (1877); "Influence of Jesus" (1879); "The Candle of the Lord, and Other Sermons" (1881); "Sermons Preached in English Churches" (1885); "Twenty Sermons" (1886); "The Light of the World" (1890); "The Spiritual Man" (1891); "The Symmetry of Life" (1892); "Letters of Travel" (1893); "Essays and Addresses" (1894); "The Life Here and the Life Hereafter" (1895).

THE BEAUTY OF A LIFE OF SERVICE

I SHOULD like to read to you again the words of Jesus from the eighth chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free? Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house forever, but the Son abideth ever. If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

I want to speak to you to-day about the purpose and the result of the freedom which Christ gives to his disciples, and the freedom into which man enters when he fulfils his life. The purpose and result of freedom is service.

It sounds to us at first like a contradiction, like a paradox. Great truths very often present themselves to us in the first place as paradoxes, and it is only when we come to combine the two different terms of which they are composed, and see how it is only by their meeting that the truth does reveal itself to us, that the truth does become known. It is by this same truth that God frees our souls, not from service, not from duty, but into service and into duty, and he who makes mistakes the purpose of his freedom mistakes the character of his freedom.

He who thinks that he is being released from the work, and not set free in order that he may accomplish that work, mistakes the Christ from whom the freedom comes, mistakes the condition into which his soul is invited to enter.

For if I was right in saying what I said the other day, that the freedom of a man simply consists in the larger opportunity to be and to do all that God makes him in His creation capable of being and doing, then certainly, if man has been capable of service, it is only by the entrance into service, by the acceptance of that life of service for which God has given man the capacity, that he enters into the fulness of his freedom and becomes the liberated child of God.

You remember what I said with regard to the manifestations of freedom and the figures and the illustrations, perhaps some of them which we used, of the way in which the bit of iron, taken out of its uselessness, its helplessness, and set in the midst of the great machine, thereby recognizes the purpose of its existence and does the work for which it was appointed, for it immediately becomes the servant of the machine into which it was placed. Every part of its impulse flows through all of its substance, and it does the thing which it was made to do.

When the ice has melted upon the plain, it is only when it finds its way into the river and flows forth freely to do the work which the live water has to do that it really attains to its freedom. Only then is it really liberated from the bondage in which it was held while it was fastened in the chains of winter. The same freed ice waits until it so finds its freedom, and when man is set free simply into the enjoyment of his own life, simply into the realization of his own existence, he has not attained the purposes of his freedom, he has not come to the purposes of his life.

It is one of the signs to me of how human words are constantly becoming perverted that it surprises us when we think of freedom as a condition in which a man is called upon to do, and is enabled to do, the duty that God has laid upon him. Duty has become to us such a hard word, service has become to us a word so full of the spirit of bondage, that it surprises us at the first moment when we are called upon to realize that it is in itself a word of freedom. And yet we constantly are lowering the whole thought of our being, we are bringing down the greatness and richness of that with which we have to deal, until we recognize that God does not call us to our fullest life simply for ourselves.

The spirit of selfishness is continually creeping in. I think it may almost be said that there has been no selfishness in the history of man like that which has exhibited itself in man's religious life, showing itself in the way in which man has seized upon spiritual privileges and rejoiced in the good things that are to come to him in the hereafter, because he had made himself the servant of God. The whole subject of selfishness, and the way in which it loses itself and finds itself again, is a very interesting one, and I wish that we had time to dwell upon it.

It comes into a sort of general law which we are recognizing everywhere—the way in which a man very often, in his pursuit of the higher form of a condition in which he has been living, seems to lose that condition for a little while and only to reach it a little farther on. He seems to be abandoned by that power only that he may meet it by and by and enter more deeply into its heart and come more completely into its service. So it is, I think, with the self-devotion, consecration, and self-forgetfulness in which men realize their life. Very often in the lower stages of man's life he forgets himself, with a slightly emphasized individual existence, not thinking very much of the purpose of his life, till he easily forgets himself among the things that are around him and forgets himself simply because there is so little of himself for him to forget; but do not you know perfectly well how very often when a man's life becomes intensified and earnest, when he becomes completely possessed with some great passion and desire, it seems for the time to intensify his selfishness?

It does intensify his selfishness. He is thinking so much in regard to himself that the thought of other persons and their interests is shut out of his life. And so very often when a man has set before him the great passion of the divine life, when he is called by God to live the life of God, and to enter into the rewards of God, very often there seems to close around his life a certain bondage of selfishness, and he who gave himself freely to his fellow men before now seems, by the very intensity, eagerness, and earnestness with which his mind is set upon the prize of the new life which is presented to him—it seems as if everything became concentrated upon himself, the saving of his soul, the winning of his salvation.

That seat in heaven seems to burn so before his eyes that he cannot be satisfied for a moment with any thought that draws him away from it, and he presses forward that he may be saved.

But by and by, as he enters more deeply into that life, the self-forgetfulness comes to him again and as a diviner thing. By and by, as the man walks up the mountain, he seems to pass out of the cloud which hangs about the lower slopes of the mountain, until at last he stands upon the pinnacle at the top, and there is in the perfect light.

Is it not exactly like the mountain at whose foot there seems to be the open sunshine where men see everything, and on whose summit there is the sunshine, but on whose sides and half-way up there seems to linger a long cloud in which man has to struggle until he comes to the full result of his life?

So it is with self-consecration, with service. You easily do it in some small ways in the lower life. Life becomes intensified and earnest with a serious purpose, and it seems as if it gathered itself together into selfishness. Only then it opens by and by into the largest and noblest works of men, in which they most manifest the richness of their human nature and appropriate the strength of God. Those are great and unselfish acts. We know it at once if we turn to him who represents the fulness of the nature of our humanity.

When I turn to Jesus and think of him as the manifestation of his own Christianity—and if men would only look at the life of Jesus to see what Christianity is, and not at the life of the poor representatives of Jesus whom they see around them, there would be so much more clearness, they would be of rid so many difficulties and doubts, when I look at the life of Jesus I see that the purpose of consecration, of emancipation, is service of his fellow men.

I cannot think for a moment of Jesus as doing that which so many religious people think they are doing when they serve Christ, when they give their lives to him. I cannot think of him as simply saving his own soul, living his own life, and completing his own nature in the sight of God.

It is a life of service from beginning to end. He gives himself to man because he is absolutely the Child of God, and he sets up service, and nothing but service, to be the ultimate purpose, the one great desire, on which the souls of his followers should be set, as his own soul is set, upon it continually.

What is it that Christ has left to be his symbol in the world, that we put upon our churches, that we wear upon our hearts, that stands forth so perpetually as the symbol of Christ's life? Is it a throne from which a ruler utters his decrees? Is it a mountain-top upon which some rapt seer sits, communing with himself and with the voices around him, and gathering great truth into his soul and delighting in it? No, not the throne and not the mountain-top. It is the cross.

Oh, my brethren, that the cross should be the great symbol of our highest measure, that that which stands for consecration, that that which stands for the divine statement that a man does not live for himself, and that a man loses himself when he does live for himself,—that that should be the symbol of our religion and the great sign and token of our faith?

What sort of Christians are we that go about asking for the things of this life first, thinking that it shall make us prosperous to be Christians, and then a little higher asking for the things that pertain to the eternal prosperity, when the Great Master, who leaves us the great law, in whom our Christian life is spiritually set forth, has as his great symbol the cross,—the cross, the sign of consecration and obedience?

It is not simply suffering too. Christ does not stand primarily for suffering. Suffering is an accident. It does not matter whether you and I suffer. "Not enjoyment and not sorrow" is our life, not sorrow any more than enjoyment, but obedience and duty. If duty brings sorrow, let it bring sorrow.

It did bring sorrow to the Christ, because it was impossible for a man to serve the absolute righteousness in this world and not to sorrow. If it had brought joy, and glory, and triumph, if it had been greeted at its entrance and applauded on the way, he would have been as truly the consecrated soul that he was in the days when, over a road that was marked with the blood of his footprints, he found his way up at last to the torturing cross. It is not suffering; it is obedience.

It is not pain; it is consecration of life. It is the joy of service that makes the life of Christ, and for us to serve him, serving fellow man and God—as he served fellow man and God—whether it bring pain or joy, if we can only get out of our souls the thought that it matters not if we are happy or sorrowful, if only we are dutiful and faithful, and brave and strong, then we should be in the atmosphere, we should be in the great company of the Christ.

It surprises me very often when I hear good Christian people talk about Christ's entrance into this world, Christ's coming to save this world. They say it was so marvellous that Jesus should be willing to come down from his throne in heaven and undertake all the strange sorrow and distress that belonged to him when he came to save the world from its sins.

Wonderful? There was no wonder in it; no wonder if we enter up into the region where Jesus lives and think of life as he must have thought of life.

It is the same wonder that people feel about the miracles of Jesus. Is it a wonder that, when a divine life is among men, nature should have a response to make to him, and he should do things that you and I, in our little humanity, find it impossible to do? No, indeed, there is no wonder that God loved the world. There is no wonder that Christ, the Son of God, at any sacrifice undertook to save the world. The wonder would have been if God, sitting in his heaven,—the wonder would have been if Jesus, ready to come here to the earth and seeing how it was possible to save man from sin by suffering,—had not suffered.

Do you wonder at the mother when she gives her life without a hesitation or a cry, when she gives her life with joy, with thankfulness, for her child, counting it her privilege? Do you wonder at the patriot, the hero, when he rushes into the battle to do the good deed which it is possible for him to do?

No; read your own nature deeper, and you will understand your Christ. It is no wonder that he should have died upon the cross; the wonder would have been if, with the inestimable privilege of saving man, he had shrunk from that cross and turned away.

It sets before us that it is not the glories of suffering, it is not the necessity of suffering, it is simply the beauty of obedience and the fulfillment of a man's life in doing his duty and rendering the service which it is possible for him to render to his fellow man.

I said that a man, when he did that, left behind him all the thought of the life which he was willing to live within himself, even all the highest thought. It is not your business and mine to study whether we shall get to heaven, even to study whether we shall be good men; it is our business to study how we shall come into the midst of the purposes of God and have the unspeakable privilege in these few years of doing something of his work.

And yet so is our life all one, so is the kingdom of God which surrounds us and enfolds us one bright and blessed unity, that when a man has devoted himself to the service of God and his fellow man, immediately he is thrown back upon his own nature, and he sees now—it is the right place for him to see—that he must be the brave, strong, faithful man, because it is impossible for him to do his duty and to render his service, except it is rendered out of a heart that is full of faithfulness, that is brave and true.

There is one word of Jesus that always comes back to me as about the noblest thing that human lips have ever said upon our earth, and the most comprehensive thing, that seems to sweep into itself all the common-place experience of mankind. Do you remember when he was sitting with his disciples at the last supper, how he lifted up his voice and prayed, and in the midst of his prayer there came these wondrous words: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified"?

The whole of human life is there. Shall a man cultivate himself? No, not primarily. Shall a man serve the world, strive to increase the kingdom of God in the world? Yes, indeed, he shall. How shall he do it? By cultivating himself, and instantly he is thrown back upon his own life. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified."

I am my best, not simply for myself, but for the world. My brethren, is there anything in all the teachings that man has had from his fellow man, all that has come down to him from the lips of God, that is nobler, that is more far-reaching than that—to be my best not simply for my own sake, but for the sake of the world into which, setting my best, I shall make that world more complete, I shall do my little part to renew and to recreate it in the image of God?

That is the law of my existence. And the man that makes that the law of his existence neither neglects himself nor his fellow men, neither becomes the self-absorbed student and cultivator of his own life upon the one hand, nor does he become, abandoning himself, simply the wasting benefactor of his brethren upon the other. You can help your fellow men: you must help your fellow men; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.

I watch the workman build upon the building which by and by is to soar into the skies, to toss its pinnacles up to the heaven, and I see him looking up and wondering where those pinnacles are to be, thinking how high they are to be, measuring the feet, wondering how they are to be built, and all the time he is cramming a rotten stone into the building just where he has set to work. Let him forget the pinnacles, if he will, or hold only the floating image of them in his imagination for his inspiration; but the thing that he must do is to put a brave, strong soul, an honest and substantial life into the building just where he is now at work.

It seems to me that that comes home to us all. Men are questioning now, as they never have questioned before, whether Christianity is indeed the true religion which is to be the salvation of the world. They are feeling how the world needs salvation, how it needs regeneration, how it is wrong and bad all through and through, mixed with the good that is in it everywhere.

Everywhere there is the good and the bad, and the great question that is on men's minds to-day, as I believe it has never been upon men's minds before, is this: Is this Christian religion, with its high pretensions, this Christian life that claims so much for itself, is it competent for the task that it has undertaken to do? Can it meet all these human problems, and relieve all these human miseries, and fulfill all these human hopes?

It is the old story over again, when John the Baptist, puzzled in his prison, said to Jesus, "Art thou he that should come? or look we for another?" It seems to me that the Christian Church is hearing that cry in its ears to-day: "Art thou he that should come?" Can you do this which the world unmistakably needs to be done?

Christian men, it is for us to give our bit of answer to that question. It is for us, in whom the Christian Church is at this moment partially embodied, to decare that Christianity, that the Christian faith, the Christian manhood, can do that for the world which the world needs. You say, "What can I do?"

You can furnish one Christian life. You can furnish a life so faithful to every duty, so ready for every service, so determined not to commit every sin, that the great Christian Church shall be the stronger for your living in it, and the problem of the world be answered, and a certain great peace come into this poor, perplexed phase of our humanity as it sees that new revelation of what Christianity is. Yes, Christ can give the world the thing it needs in unknown ways and methods that we have not yet begun to suspect.

Christianity has not yet been tried. My friends, no man dares to condemn the Christian faith to-day, because the Christian faith has not been tried. Not until men get rid of the thought that it is a poor machine, an expedient for saving them from suffering and pain, not until they get the grand idea of it as the great power of God present in and through the lives of men, not until then does Christianity enter upon its true trial and become ready to show what it can do. Therefore we struggle against our sin in order that men may be saved around us, and not simply that our own souls may be saved.

Tell me you have a sin that you mean to commit this evening that is going to make this night black. What can keep you from committing that sin? Suppose you look into its consequences. Suppose the wise man tells you what will be the physical consequences of that sin. You shudder and you shrink, and perhaps you are partially deterred. Suppose you see the glory that might come to you, physical, temporal, spiritual, if you do not commit that sin. The opposite of it shows itself to you—the blessing and the richness in your life.

Again there comes a great power that shall control your lust and wickedness. Suppose there comes to you something even deeper than that, no consequence on consequence at all, but simply an abhorrence for the thing, so that your whole nature shrinks from it as the nature of God shrinks from a sin that is polluting and filthy and corrupt and evil.

They are all great powers. Let us thank God for them all. He knows that we are weak enough to need every power that can possibly be brought to bear upon our feeble lives: but if, along with all of them, there could come this other power; if along with them there could come the certainty that if you refrain from that sin to-night you make the sum of sin that is in the world, and so the sum of all temptation that is in the world, and so the sum of future evil that is to spring out of temptation in the world, less, shall there not be a nobler impulse rise up in your heart, and shall you not say: "I will not do it; I will be honest, I will be sober, I will be pure, at least, to-night"?

I dare to think that there are men here to whom that appeal can come, men who perhaps will be all dull and deaf if one speaks to them about their personal salvation; who, if one dares to picture to them, appealing to their better nature, trusting to their nobler soul, that there is in them the power to save other men from sin, and to help the work of God by the control of their own passions and the fulfilment of their own duty, will be stirred to the higher life.

Men—very often we do not trust them enough—will answer to the higher appeal that seems to be beyond them when the poor, lower appeal that comes within the region of their selfishness is cast aside, and they will have nothing to do with it.

Oh, this marvellous, this awful power that we have over other people's lives! Oh! the power of the sin that you have done years and years ago! It is awful to think of it. I think there is hardly anything more terrible to the human thought than this—the picture of a man who, having sinned years and years ago in a way that involved other souls in his sin, and then, having repented of his sin and undertaken another life, knows certainly that the power, the consequence of that sin is going on outside of his reach, beyond even his ken and knowledge. He cannot touch it.

You wronged a soul ten years ago. You taught a boy how to tell his first mercantile lie; you degraded the early standards of his youth. What has become of that boy to-day? You may have repented. He has passed out of your sight. He has gone years and years ago. Somewhere in this great, multitudinous mass of humanity he is sinning and sinning and reduplicating and extending the sin that you did.

You touched the faith of some believing soul years ago with some miserable sneer of yours, with some cynical and sceptical disparagement of God and of the man who is the utterance of God upon the earth. You taught the soul that was enthusiastic to be full of scepticisms and doubts.

You wronged a woman years ago, and her life has gone out from your life, you cannot begin to tell where. You have repented of your sin. You have bowed yourself, it may be, in dust and ashes. You have entered upon a new life. You are pure to-day. But where is the sceptical soul? Where is the ruined woman whom you sent forth into the world out of the shadow of your sin years ago?

You cannot touch that life. You cannot reach it. You do not know where it is. No steps of yours, quickened with all your earnestness, can pursue it. No contrition of yours can draw back its consequences. Remorse cannot force the bullet back again into the gun from which it once has gone forth. It makes life awful to the man who has ever sinned, who has ever wronged and hurt another life because of this sin, because no sin ever was done that did not hurt another life.

I know the mercy of our God, that while he has put us into each other's power to a fearful extent, he never will let any soul absolutely go to everlasting ruin for another's sin; and so I dare to see the love of God pursuing that lost soul where you cannot pursue it.

But that does not for one moment lift the shadow from your heart, or cease to make you tremble when you think of how your sin has outgrown itself and is running far, far away where you can never follow it.

Thank God the other thing is true as well. Thank God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that too he can never trace the consequences. Thank God that that which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, you did ten years ago to make your brother's faith a little more strong, to let your shop-boy confirm and not doubt the confidence in man which he had brought into his business, to establish the purity of a soul instead of staining it and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live, that, too, runs forth.

Do not say in your terror, "I will do nothing." You must do something. Only let Christ tell you—let Christ tell you that there is nothing that a man rests upon in the moment, that he thinks of, as he looks back upon it when it has sunk into the past, with any satisfaction, except some service to his fellow man, some strengthening and helping of a human soul.

Two men are walking down the street together and talking away. See what different conditions those two men are in. One of them has his soul absolutely full of the desire to help his fellow man. He peers into those faces as he goes, and sees the divine possibility that is in them, and he sees the divine nature everywhere. They are talking about the idlest trifles, about the last bit of local Boston politics. But in their souls one of those men has consecrated himself, with the new morning, to the glorious service of God, and the other of them is asking how he may be a little richer in his miserable wealth when the day sinks.

Oh, we look into the other world and read the great words and hear it said, Between me and thee, this and that, there is a great gulf fixed; and we think of something that is to come in the eternal life. Is there any gulf in eternity, is there any gulf between heaven and hell that is wider, and deeper, and blacker, that is more impassable than that gulf which lies between these two men going upon their daily way?

Oh, friends, it is not that God is going to judge us some day. That is not the awful thing. It is that God knows us now. If I stop an instant and know that God knows me through all these misconceptions and blunders of my brethren, that God knows me—that is the awful thing. The future judgment shall but tell it. It is here, here upon my conscience, now. It is awful to think how the commonplace things that men can do, the commonplace thoughts that men can think, the commonplace lives that men can live, are but in the bosom of the future. The thing that impresses me more and more is this—that we only need to have extended to the multitude that which is at this moment present in the few, and the world really would be saved.

There is but the need of the extension into a multitude of souls of that which a few souls have already attained in their consecration of themselves to human good and to the service of God, and I will not say the millennium would have come, I don't know much about the millennium, but heaven would have come, the New Jerusalem would be here. There are men enough in this church this morning, there are men enough sitting here within the sound of my voice to-day, if they were inspired by the spirit of God and counted it the great privilege of their life to do the work of God—there are men enough here to save this city, and to make this a glowing city of our Lord, to relieve its poverty, to lighten its darkness, to lift up the cloud that is upon hearts, to turn it into a great, I will not say psalm-singing city, but God-serving, God-abiding city, to touch all the difficult problems of how society and government ought to be organized then with a power with which they should yield their difficulty and open gradually.

The light to measure would be clear enough if only the spirit is there. Give me five hundred men, nay, give me one hundred men of the spirit that I know to-day in three men that I well understand, and I will answer for it that the city shall be saved. And you, my friend, are one of the five hundred—you are one of the one hundred.

"Oh, but," you say, "is not this slavery over again? You have talked about freedom, and here I am once more a slave. I had about got free from the bondage of my fellow men, and here I am right in the midst of it again. What has become of my personality, of my independence, if I am to live thus?"

Ay, you have got to learn what every noblest man has always learned, that no man becomes independent of his fellow men excepting in serving his fellow men. You have got to learn that Christianity comes to us not simply as a luxury but as a force, and no man who values Christianity simply as a luxury which he possesses really gets the Christianity which he tries to value.

Only when Christianity is a force, only when I seek independence of men in serving men, do I cease to be a slave to their whims. I must dress as they think I ought to dress; I must walk in the streets as they think I ought to walk; I must do business just after their fashion; I must accept their standards; but when Christ has taken possession of me and I am a total man, I am more or less independent of these men. Shall I care about their little whims and oddities? Shall I care about how they criticise the outside of my life? Shall I peer into their faces as I meet them in the street, to see whether they approve of me or not? And yet am I not their servant? There is nothing now I will not do to serve them, there is nothing now I will not do to save them.

If the cross comes, I welcome the cross and look upon it with joy if by my death upon the cross in any way I may echo the salvation of my Lord and save them. Independent of them? Surely. And yet their servant? Perfectly.

Was ever man so independent in Jerusalem as Jesus was? What cared he for the sneer of the Pharisee, for the learned scorn of the Sadducee, for the taunt of the people and the little boys that had been taught to jeer at him as he went down the street, and yet the very servant of all their life?

He says there are two kinds of men—they who sit upon a throne and eat, and they who serve. "I am among you as he that serveth."

Oh, seek independence. Insist upon independence. Insist that you will not be the slave of the poor, petty standards of your fellow men. But insist upon it only in the way in which it can be insisted upon, by becoming absolutely the servant of their needs. So only shall you be independent of their whims. There is one great figure, and it has taken in all Christian consciousness, that again and again this work with Christ has been asserted to be the true service in the army of a great master, of a great captain, who goes before us to his victory, that it is asserted that in that captain, in the entrance into his army, every power is set free. Do you remember the words that a good many of us read or heard yesterday in our churches, where Jesus was doing one of his miracles, and it is said that a devil was cast out, the dumb spake? Every power becomes the man's possession, and he uses it in his freedom, and he fights with it with all his force, just as soon as the devil is cast out of him.

I have tried to tell you the noblest motive in which you should be a pure, an upright, a faithful, and a strong man. It is not for the salvation of your life, it is not for the salvation of yourself. It is not for the satisfaction of your tastes. It is that you may take your place in the great army of God and go forward having something to do with the work that he is doing in the world. You remember the days of the war, and how ashamed of himself a man felt who never touched with his finger the great struggle in which the nation was engaged. Oh, to go through this life and never touch with my finger the vast work that Christ is doing, and when the cry of triumph arises at the end to stand there, not having done one little, unknown, unnoticed thing to bring about that which is the true life of the man and of the world, that is awful. And I dare to believe there are young men in this church this morning who, failing to be touched by every promise of their own salvation and every threatening of their own damnation, will still lift themselves up and take upon them the duty of men, and be soldiers of Jesus Christ, and have a part in the battle, and have a part somewhere in the victory that is sure to come. Don't be selfish anywhere. Don't be selfish, most of all, in your religion. Let yourselves free into your religion, and be utterly unselfish. Claim your freedom in service.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

"He chose David also his servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds; that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."—Ps. lxxviii, 71-73.

WHILE I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence in our midst for me to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life, and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence because I speak to those who love him, and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was.

The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death. After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are bound to ask and answer.

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[1] Sermon preached in Philadelphia while the body of the President was lying in the city.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer State. He lived, as boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backwoodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and, finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not as in older States and easier conditions with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and his intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call in general clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness.

This one character, with many sides, all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was.

Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose out of sight the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods-boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors and appropriated for his own by a long discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly unless he had first brought the body whose rugged and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor and always asserting the true.

As to the moral and mental powers which distinguished him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness of truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another.

The fact is, that in all the simplest characters that line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They co-operate, they help each other less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists, till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand, and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom.

For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness,—call it what you will,—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature.

So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest even although they be the newest ways, to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here, then, we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce.

All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule.

Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict.

This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressing race.

The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other, complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness.

In a word, one nature was full of the influences of freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of slavery.

In general, these two regions of our national life were separated by a geographical boundary. One was the spirit of the North, the other was the spirit of the South. But the Southern nature was by no means all a Southern thing. There it had an organized, established form, a certain definite, established institution about which it clustered. Here, lacking advantage, it lived in less expressive ways and so lived more weakly.

There, there was the horrible sacrament of slavery, the outward and visible sign round which the inward and spiritual temper gathered and kept itself alive. But who doubts that among us the spirit of slavery lived and thrived? Its formal existence had been swept away from one State after another, partly on conscientious, partly on economical grounds, but its spirit was here, in every sympathy that Northern winds carried to the listening ear of the Southern slaveholder, and in every oppression of the weak by the strong, every proud assumption of idleness over labor which echoed the music of Southern life back to us.

Here in our midst lived that worse and falser nature, side by side with the true and better nature which God meant should be the nature of Americans, and of which he was shaping out the type and champion in his chosen David of the sheepfold.

Here then we have the two. The history of our country for many years is the history of how these two elements of American life approached collision. They wrought their separate reactions on each other. Men debate and quarrel even now about the rise of Northern Abolitionism, about whether the Northern Abolitionists were right or wrong, whether they did harm or good.

How vain the quarrel is! It was inevitable. It was inevitable in the nature of things that two such natures living here together should be set violently against each other. It is inevitable, till man be far more unfeeling and untrue to his convictions than he has always been, that a great wrong asserting itself vehemently should arouse to no less vehement assertion the opposing right.

The only wonder is that there was not more of it. The only wonder is that so few were swept away to take, by an impulse they could not resist, their stand of hatred to the wicked institution. The only wonder is that only one brave, reckless man came forth to cast himself, almost single-handed, with a hopeless hope, against the proud power that he hated, and trust to the influence of a soul marching on into the history of his countrymen to stir them to a vindication of the truth he loved. At any rate, whether the Abolitionists were wrong or right, there grew up about their violence, as there always will about the extremism of extreme reformers, a great mass of feeling, catching their spirit and asserting it firmly, though in more moderate degrees and methods.

About the nucleus of Abolitionism grew up a great American Anti-Slavery determination, which at last gathered strength enough to take its stand to insist upon the checking and limiting the extension of the power of slavery, and to put the type-man, whom God had been preparing for the task, before the world, to do the work on which it had resolved. Then came discontent, secession, treason. The two American natures, long advancing to encounter, met at last, and a whole country, yet trembling with the shock, bears witness how terrible the meeting was.

Thus I have tried briefly to trace out the gradual course by which God brought the character which he designed to be the controlling character of this new world into distinct collision with the hostile character which it was to destroy and absorb, and set it in the person of its type-man in the seat of highest power. The character formed under the discipline of freedom and the character formed under the discipline of slavery developed all their difference and met in hostile conflict when this war began.

Notice, it was not only in what he did and was toward the slave, it was in all he did and was everywhere that we accept Mr. Lincoln's character as the true result of our free life and institutions. Nowhere else could have come forth that genuine love of the people which in him no one could suspect of being either the cheap flattery of the demagogue or the abstract philanthropy of the philosopher, which made our President, while he lived, the centre of a great household land, and when he died so cruelly made every humblest household thrill with a sense of personal bereavement which the death of rulers is not apt to bring. Nowhere else than out of the life of freedom could have come that personal unselfishness and generosity which made so gracious a part of this good man's character.

How many soldiers feel yet the pressure of a strong hand that clasped theirs once as they lay sick and weak in the dreary hospital! How many ears will never lose the thrill of some kind word he spoke—he who could speak so kindly—to promise a kindness that always matched his word! How often he surprised the land with a clemency which made even those who questioned his policy love him the more for what they called his weakness,—seeing how the man in whom God had most embodied the discipline of freedom not only could not be a slave, but could not be a tyrant! In the heartiness of his mirth and his enjoyment of simple joys; in the directness and shrewdness of perception which constituted his wit; in the untired, undiscouraged faith in human nature which he always kept; and perhaps, above all, in the plainness and quiet, unostentatious earnestness and independence of his religious life, in his humble love and trust of God—in all, it was a character such as only freedom knows how to make.

Now it was in this character rather than in any mere political position that the fitness of Mr. Lincoln to stand forth in the struggle of the two American natures really lay. We are told that he did not come to the Presidential chair pledged to the abolition of slavery. When shall we learn that with all true men it is not what they intend to do, but it is what the qualities of their natures bind them to do, that determines their career!

The President came to his power full of the blood, strong in the strength of freedom. He came there free, and hating slavery. He came there, leaving on record words like these spoken three years before and never contradicted. He had said:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

When the question came, he knew which thing he meant that it should be. His whole nature settled that question for him. Such a man must always live as he used to say he lived (and was blamed for saying it) "controlled by events, not controlling them." And with a reverent and clear mind, to be controlled by events means to be controlled by God.

For such a man there was no hesitation when God brought him up face to face with slavery and put the sword into his hand and said, "Strike it down dead." He was a willing servant then. If ever the face of a man writing solemn words glowed with a solemn joy, it must have been the face of Abraham Lincoln as he bent over the page where the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 was growing into shape, and giving manhood and freedom as he wrote it to hundreds of thousands of his fellow men. Here was a work in which his whole nature could rejoice. Here was an act that crowned the whole culture of his life.

All the past, the free boyhood in the woods, the free youth upon the farm, the free manhood in the honorable citizen's employments—all his freedom gathered and completed itself in this. And as the swarthy multitudes came in, ragged, and tired, and hungry, and ignorant, but free forever from anything but the memorial scars of the fetters and the whip, singing rude songs in which the new triumph of freedom struggled and heaved below the sad melody that had been shaped for bondage; as in their camps and hovels there grew up to their half-superstitious eyes the image of a great Father almost more than man, to whom they owed their freedom,—were they not half right?

For it was not to one man, driven by stress of policy, or swept off by a whim of pity, that the noble act was due. It was to the American nature, long kept by God in his own intentions till his time should come, at last emerging into sight and power, and bound up and embodied in this best and most American of all Americans, to whom we and those poor frightened slaves at last might look up together and love to call him, with one voice, our Father.

Thus we have seen something of what the character of Mr. Lincoln was, and how it issued in the life he lived. It remains for us to see how it resulted also in the terrible death which has laid his murdered body here in our town among lamenting multitudes to-day. It is not a hard question, though it is sad to answer. We saw the two natures, the nature of slavery and the nature of freedom, at last set against each other, come at last to open war. Both fought, fought long, fought bravely; but each, as was perfectly natural, fought with the tools and in the ways which its own character had made familiar to it.

The character of slavery was brutal, barbarous, and treacherous; and so the whole history of the slave power during the war has been full of ways of warfare brutal, barbarous, and treacherous beyond anything that man bred in freedom could have been driven to by the most hateful passions. It is not to be marvelled at. It is not to be set down as the special sin of the war. It goes back beyond that. It is the sin of the system. It is the barbarism of slavery. When slavery went to war to save its life, what wonder if its barbarism grew barbarous a hundred-fold!

One would be attempting a task which once was almost hopeless, but which now is only needless, if he set himself to convince a Northern congregation that slavery was a barbarian institution. It would be hardly more necessary to try to prove how its barbarism has shown itself during this war. The same spirit which was blind to the wickedness of breaking sacred ties, of separating man and wife, of beating women till they dropped down dead, of organizing licentiousness and sin into commercial systems, of forbidding knowledge and protecting itself with ignorance, of putting on its arms and riding out to steal a State at the beleaguered ballot-box away from freedom—in one word (for its simplest definition is its worst dishonor), the spirit that gave man the ownership in man in time of peace has found out yet more terrible barbarisms for the time of war.

It has hewed and burned the bodies of the dead. It has starved and mutilated its helpless prisoners. It has dealt by truth, not as men will in a time of excitement, lightly and with frequent violations, but with a cool and deliberate and systematic contempt. It has sent its agents into Northern towns to fire peaceful hotels where hundreds of peaceful men and women slept. It has undermined the prisons where its victims starved, and made all ready to blow with one blast their wretched life away. It has delighted in the lowest and basest scurrility even on the highest and most honorable lips.

It has corrupted the graciousness of women and killed out the truth of men.

I do not count up the terrible catalogue because I like to, nor because I wish to stir your hearts to passion. Even now, you and I have no right to indulge in personal hatred to the men who did these things. But we are not doing right by ourselves, by the President that we have lost, or by God who had a purpose in our losing him, unless we know thoroughly that it was this same spirit which we have seen to be a tyrant in peace and a savage in war that has crowned itself with the working of this final woe.

It was the conflict of the two American natures, the false and the true. It was slavery and freedom that met in their two representatives, the assassin and the President; and the victim of the last desperate struggle of the dying slavery lies dead to-day in Independence Hall.

Solemnly, in the sight of God, I charge this murder where it belongs, on slavery. I dare not stand here in his sight, and before him or you speak doubtful and double-meaning words of vague repentance, as if we had killed our President. We have sins enough, but we have not done this sin save as by weak concessions and timid compromises we have let the spirit of slavery grow strong and ripe for such a deed. In the barbarism of slavery the foul act and its foul method had their birth.

By all the goodness that there was in him; by all the love we had for him (and who shall tell how great it was); by all the sorrow that has burdened down this desolate and dreadful week,—I charge this murder where it belongs, on slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the door-posts of your mourning houses, to teach it to your wondering children, to give it to the history of these times, that all times to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President.

If ever anything were clear, this is the clearest. Is there the man alive who thinks that Abraham Lincoln was shot just for himself; that it was that one man for whom the plot was laid? The gentlest, kindest, most indulgent man that ever ruled a State! The man who knew not how to speak a word of harshness or how to make a foe! Was it he for whom the murderer lurked with a mere private hate?

It was not he, but what he stood for. It was law and liberty, it was government and freedom, against which the hate gathered and the treacherous shot was fired. And I know not how the crime of him who shoots at law and liberty in the crowded glare of a great theatre differs from theirs who have levelled their aim at the same great beings from behind a thousand ambuscades and on a hundred battle-fields of this long war. Every general in the field, and every false citizen in our midst at home, who has plotted and labored to destroy the lives of the soldiers of the republic, is brother to him who did this deed. The American nature, the American truths, of which our President was the anointed and supreme embodiment, have been embodied in multitudes of heroes who marched unknown and fell unnoticed in our ranks. For them, just as for him, character decreed a life and a death. The blood of all of them I charge on the same head. Slavery armed with treason was their murderer.

Men point out to us the absurdity and folly of this awful crime. Again and again we hear men say, "It was the worst thing for themselves they could have done. They have shot a representative man, and the cause he represented grows stronger and sterner by his death. Can it be that so wise a devil was so foolish here? Must it not have been the act of one poor madman, born and nursed in his own reckless brain?"

My friends, let us understand this matter. It was a foolish act. Its folly was only equalled by its wickedness. It was a foolish act. But when did sin begin to be wise? When did wickedness learn wisdom? When did the fool stop saying in his heart, "There is no God," and acting godlessly in the absurdity of his impiety? The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death,—stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of slavery out of our haunted homes.

But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the slave power in striking the representative of freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of slavery who did this deed, we are putting slavery to death.

Dispersing armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor, and the murder of the murderer.

Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his born inferior for the color of his skin, while both in North and South prejudices and practices which the law cannot touch, but which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us with a silence more eloquent than words how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph.

As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." The "Shepherd of the People!" that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart."

Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him and his work was done!

He stood once on the battle-field of our own State, and said of the brave men who had saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved, and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said:

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

THE CHRIST IN WHOM CHRISTIANS BELIEVE

I WANT to read to you again the words of Jesus in the eighth chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free? Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house forever: but the Son abideth ever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

The service of God is not self-restraint, but self-indulgence. That is the first truth of all religion. That is the truth which we found uttered in those words of Jesus when we were thinking of them the other day. That is the truth to which we return as we come back again to think of those words and all that they mean and all that the speaker of them means to us and to our lives.

When we remember that truth, when we recognize that no man is ever to be saved except by the fulfilment of his own nature, and not by the restraint of his nature, when we recognize that no man, no personal, individual man, is ever to be ransomed from his sins except by having opened to him a larger and fuller life into which he has entered, we seem to have displayed to us a large region, into which we are tempted to enter, and which is so rich and inviting to us that we immediately begin to ask ourselves if it is possible that there should be such a region.

It is simply a great dream that we set before us. It is something that we imagine, something that comes out of the imaginations and anticipations of our own hearts, simply stimulated by the possibilities of the life in which we are living. It would be very much indeed, if it were only that. It would bear a certain testimony of itself, if it simply came out of the perpetual dissatisfaction of men's souls, even if there were no distinct manifestation of that life and no possibility of entering into it at once with our own personal consecration, with the resolution of our own wills.

But if it were simply a dream, ultimately it must fade away out of the thoughts of men. It is impossible that men should keep on, year after year, age after age, this simple dream of something which does not exist. It would be like those pictures which the poet has drawn, something which appeals to nothing in our human nature and stands only as a parable of something that is a great deal lower than itself.

The poet pictures to us in his imagination those things which do not appeal to our life, because they find nothing to correspond to their high portraits, to show those transformations of nature into something that is entirely different and foreign to itself.

If religion be simply the dream that some men hold it to be, if it simply be the cheating of man's soul with that which has no reality to correspond to it, then it will be no more than this.

Is there any assurance that is given to us, that is before the soul of man, of some great new life which it is given for man to seek, without which it is given for no man to be satisfied? I do not know where any man could find that assurance absolutely and entirely, unless there had stood forth before us the person of him who spoke these words and who manifested them in his life. And therefore it is that, having pictured to you the richness of the life which is open to every man, his own true life, the large freedom into which he may go if, giving up his sins, he enters into the fulness of the life of God, I cannot help now calling you to think about him who gives, not merely by his words, but by the whole of his own person and life, that manifestation of the reality of the divine existence and tempts us to follow after him.

In other words, we come to-day to think of Christ; Christ who claims to be the master of the world; Christ from whom the revelation of that higher life has come, not in its first instance in the manifestation of the words which he spoke, for it had been the dream of human hearts through all the ages, but who made it so distinct and clear that ever since the time of Christ men have never been able to cease to seek after it, men have never been able to give up the hope and dream that it was there.

It is our Christ in whom we Christians believe. It is the Christ in whom a great many of you listening to me now claim to believe—I do myself—in whom many of you do believe, whom many of you have followed into that newer life.

I would to God that I could so set him before you to-day, could so make you feel his actual presence in the life which we are living, which we may be living, that there should be no question in any man of the power that is open before him to enter into the higher life and to fulfil his soul to God.

What I want to do, in the few moments which I may speak to you this morning, is—laying aside all the theological conceptions regarding him, laying aside everything that attaches to the complications and mysteries in which his nature has been involved in men's dreams of him, laying aside everything which the churches are holding as the special doctrine of their especial creed—to go back to the very beginning and see if we can understand anything of what it is—this personal Christ, who lives here in the world and manifests the power of God and opens the possibility of every man.

Surely it is good that we should know something about him of whom we speak so much, that there should be some clear and directest conception of one whose name has been upon the lips of men for eighteen hundred years; and it is possible for us, in the simplest way, to understand how his power has come into the world and to see where it is possible that it should come and enrich our lives and make us different men.

We go back, then, to the very beginning of the aspiration after God, which is in the heart of man everywhere. There has never been a race that has been without it. There has never been a generation that has not reached forward and thought there was a higher life, a fuller liberty, to which it could come. It has been in all the religions which have been not simply fears, but which have been the highest utterances of all the different races in all the different generations of mankind and all the different countries of the world; and there was one especial race in one especial part of the world in whom that aspiration was especially strong.

We will not ask how it came to be there. There it was in this strange people living on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and in all its history marked out by the strange peculiarity that it was a spiritual people, that in the midst of all its sins, blunders, and weaknesses it was forever lifting up its soul to God and striving to find him out.

Very often it blundered strangely and sadly. Very often it failed to get that for which it was seeking, by the very impetuousness, rashness, and earnestness of search. But it was always seeking after him. And the years rolled by, and by and by in the midst of that great nation there was a little company of men who, accompanying one another from the beginning of their lives, had been searching after this God and trying everywhere if they could find him.

And one day they heard that down by the river which ran through their country, which was sacred to them from the multitude of old national associations, there was a great teacher come, who was declaring that for which the human soul was forever reaching after, the need of escaping from sin and entering upon and leading a higher life. This little company went down and met two disciples of John the Baptist, and learned from them everything that they had to teach them. Their souls were stirred by that which he had to say.

But one day, while he was teaching them, it seemed as if they had come to an end of that which he could teach them. He looked up, and there upon the hill just above the river there was passing one upon whom the gaze of the fishermen by the river immediately kindled, and he lifted his hand and said, "He is the one who is to teach you now. You must go after him. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Great and mysterious words, that filled in that which men had believed in all the records they had read and the thinking they had done before! And they turned away from John and went after this new teacher and, following to his house, there they abode with him during that day and the days that followed after.

Little by little, as we read the story of their being with him, we can see them taken into his power, we can see how there was a certain fascination in his presence which laid hold upon them. It seemed at first to be purely human, to be the way in which one strong man takes possession of his fellow man and compels him to rely upon him. It was upon purely human ground. It was in the manifestation of the excellence of this human nature of ours that they believed in Jesus and gradually became his disciples.

Little by little it so commanded them that at last the moment came when it was impossible for them to separate themselves from him; and one day, when the people were turning away from him when he was preaching and saying things that it was hard for them to understand, he looked around upon them and said, "Are you going also, will you leave me now?"

And then there burst forth from the lips of one of them, the most strong and characteristic act of the little company, those great words that declared how he had become necessary to them: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

You see the power that Jesus had acquired over these men. You see the way in which he had taken them absolutely into his dominion, simply because of the manifestation of character and life, simply because he had shown them what man might be and opened the springs of the better life in themselves by the words he had spoken to them. And then they lived on with him still, and by and by they had become so convinced by his truth and wisdom, his character had so taken possession of them, that they were ready to believe anything that he said.

One day he lifted up his voice and declared that which had gradually been dawning upon them all the time, that he was more than they were, that he had brought in some mysterious way a divine life into this world and had much to communicate to them. He told them that he was the Father from whom his life and their life had come. He told them that he and the Father were one. He told them, not in theological statement, not as men have worked out since in their desire to know it fully, but in the simple statement of the truth that could be the inspiration of their life, that in his presence there was here the very presence of God among them.

It was not strange to them, though human creatures, though men, that the highest aspiration of their humanity had never thought God so far from this world that it seemed to them strange that there should be in very human presence the divine life here with them. They could not explain it and did not try to explain it. Here it was, that which they had seen shadowed in the divinest men whom they had known, that which they had recognized. Here it was before them in this being who had won such a power over them that they were ready to accept his testimony with regard to himself.

Oh! my friends, let us not feel that the evidence of our Christian faith fails when it is seen to rest upon the word of Christ himself. My neighbor knows more of himself than I know of him. I know more of myself than any man can know of me, if only I be earnest and sincere. And that the greatest of men who ever trod this earth should not know more of his nature than any other man should know, and that therefore his word should not be the richest revelation of that which is in his life and makes his power over mankind, that is incredible.

Therefore the men were right when they believed Jesus' own word and looked to him for the divinity which he said was present with him upon the earth. Then his life went on, and by and by fulfilled itself in the one great action in which he declared those two things which he longed to know, the life and newness of God and the power of their human nature.

He gave his life for them, indeed, in the awful suffering that preceded and that culminated upon the cross. He gave his life in crucifixion for them, and in that crucifixion opened the divinest doors of his life, when opening a sanctuary of sorrow; and he bade them enter in and know there the absolute life of God and the great capacity of human nature to sacrifice itself for God. And before he died, and afterward, he again appeared to them.

He spoke great words which said that this was not the end of things, that after they had ceased to see him and touch him and hear his voice he still was to be present in the world. He said that the mysterious presence of those who had passed away, which all had known, was to culminate and be fulfilled in him. "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Wherever you "are together in my name, there am I."

Words and words and words again like those he spoke, in which he declared that he was to be an everlasting presence among mankind, and therefore that which had taken place in the life of those disciples might forever take place, that that which Jesus had done in the days when he was present upon the earth should be continually repeated, in that he was forever to do that which he had been doing, giving himself to human kind for their inspiration, for their elevation, for their correction, for their reproof, as he had been doing, thei salvation, as he had been doing in those days in which he was here among them. Men have believed that simply.

They have recognized that word of Christ, and found the fulfilment of it in their own lives; and that has been the Christian religion,—just exactly what it was in the old days when Jesus was present in Jerusalem and Galilee. Just exactly what men did then men have been doing in all the generations that have come since. Just exactly what was possible then is possible for them now—that we may become the followers of that same Christ and the receivers through him of the divine life, by which alone the human life is perfected and fulfilled.

That is the Christian religion. That is the Christian faith. Is it not clear and simple, whether it be true or not? My friends, you may believe it or you may disbelieve it, but the Christian faith is clear and simple enough surely in this statement, stripped of a thousand difficulties, perplexities, and bewilderments. That is it, that there is in the world to-day the same Christ who was in the world eighteen hundred and more years ago, and that men may go to him and receive his life and the inspiration of his presence and the guidance of his wisdom just exactly as they did then.

If you and I had been in Jerusalem in those old days, what would we have done, if we were more than mere creatures of others, more than men merely absorbed in our business, if there were any stirring in our souls after the deeper and diviner desires, could we, would we have been satisfied until we had gone wherever he might be,—in the temple, in the courts, or on the country road,—and found that Jesus, and entered into some sympathy with his life, that he might give to us what revelation of life and what guidance of will it might be possible should come from him to men who trusted him, until we had entered into sympathy with him and the fascinations of his character?

That is the Christian life, my friends, the thing we make so vague and mysterious and difficult. That is the Christian life, the following of Jesus Christ.

What is the Christian? Everywhere the man who, so far as he comprehends Jesus Christ, so far as he can get any knowledge of him, is his servant, the man who makes Christ a teacher of his intelligence and the guide of his soul, the man who obeys Christ as far as he has been able to understand him. What, you say, the man who imperfectly understands Christ, who don't know anything about his divinity, who denies the great doctrines of the Church in regard to him, is he a Christian?

Certainly he is, my friends. There is no other test than this, the following of Jesus Christ. So far as any soul deeply consecrated to him, and wanting the influence that it feels that he has to give, follows Christ, enters into his obedience and his company, and receives his blessings, just so far he is able to bestow it. I cannot sympathize with any feeling that desires to make the name of Christian a narrower name. I would spread it just as wide as it can be possibly made to spread. I would know any man as a Christian, rejoice to know any man as a Christian, whom Jesus would recognize as a Christian, and Jesus Christ, I am sure, in those old days recognized his followers even if they came after him with the blindest sight, with the most imperfect recognition and acknowledgment of what he was and what he could do.

And then, again, is it not very strange, certainly, that there should be, in these later days, in all these centuries that have passed between the day of Jesus Christ and us, that there should have come a vast accumulation of speculation and conjecture, of theorizing and thought with regard to Christ and what he was, and that a great deal of it should have been very strange and should seem to us to-day to have been very silly, a great part of it should have seemed to be but a work of intelligences that were half dulled and blinded, full of prejudice, and shrinking from the error and the danger in which they stood?

What does it mean—all these complicated theologies that we say are keeping us away from the simple following the grandest figure that has ever presented himself before human kind? I know not how else it can be when I see what has been the power of Jesus over thoughts and homes and hearts of men through all these years. It seems to be a previous necessity that he who most fastens the heart and life of man, who seems to be most necessary to the soul of men, shall so attract their thought, shall so draw them all to himself that their crudest speculations, that their most erroneous conceptions, shall fasten upon him, and they shall be in some true way a testimony of the way in which he has always held the human heart. This is the way in which all crudities of theology, all the weaknesses of speculation, all even of the most strange and foul thoughts in regard to the life of Jesus and his manifestation in the world, have accumulated around that gracious figure, so simple and strong, which walks through our human life and manifests to us the God.

Surely it is in one conception of it, and the true conception of it, the great perpetual testimony of how men have cared about Jesus that they have speculated about him in such strange perplexing ways. But he about whom the world does not care walks through the world and bears his simple being. There is nothing that fastens upon him, that perplexes his life, that makes mysterious and strange the life he lives. But where is the great man in all the history of human kind that has not gathered about his person and work the speculations of those whom we find, with their crude and unguided minds, have formed their theories in regard to him?

It is the very abundance of the strange speculations with regard to Christ, it is the very strangeness of the theories that have been formed with regard to him, that has shown me how he has drawn the hearts of men, how he has not let them go, but compelled them to fasten themselves to him, to think about him and try to follow him in such poor, blind ways as they were able to give themselves to him in.

This, then, is the Christian faith. This is the way in which the larger life opens before mankind, by the following of a person, by the giving of the life into the dominion and the guidance and the obedience of one who goes forward into that life, himself thoroughly believing in it—for Jesus believed in it with all his human soul.

But then, we ask ourselves, is it possible that we can gather from such a life as Jesus lived so long ago, a life that was lived back in the very dust of history and that has come down to us in records which seem sometimes to be flecked with tradition and obscured with the distance in which they lived, is it possible that I should get from him a guidance of my daily life here? Am I, a man of the nineteenth century, when everything has changed, in Boston, in this modern civilization,—can Jesus really be my teacher, my guide, in the actual duties and perplexities of my daily life and lead me into the larger land in which I know he lives? Ah! the man knows very little about the everlasting identity of human nature, little of how the world in all these changeless ages is the same, who asks that; very little, also, of how in every largest truth there are all particulars and details of human life involved; little of how everything that a man is to-day, upon every moment, rests upon some eternal foundation and may be within the power of some everlasting law.

The wonder of the life of Jesus is this—and you will find it so and you have found it so if you have ever taken your New Testament and tried to make it the rule of your daily life—that there is not a single action that you are called upon to do of which you need be, of which you will be, in any serious doubt for ten minutes as to what Jesus Christ, if he were here, Jesus Christ being here, would have you do under those circumstances and with the material upon which you are called to act.

Men have tried to go back and imitate the very activities of the life of Jesus Christ, to do the very things that he did. Souls have fled across the sea and tried upon the hills and in the plains where Jesus lived to reproduce the life that has so fascinated them. They were poor and unphilosophic souls. The soul that takes in Jesus' word, the soul that through the words of Jesus enters into the very person of Jesus, the soul that knows him as its daily presence and its daily law—it never hesitates.

Do I doubt—I, who see myself called upon to be the slave of these conditions which are around me—to do this thing? Because it is the custom of the business in which I am engaged, do I doubt for a moment if I turn aside and open this New Testament, which is Jesus' law with regard to that thing? I, with my passion boiling in my veins, leading me to do some foul act of outrageous lust, have I a single moment's doubt what Jesus would have me do if he were here—what Jesus, being here, really wants me to do?

There is no single act of your life, my friend, there is no single dilemma in which you find yourself placed, in which the answer is not in Jesus Christ. I do not say that you will find some words in Jesus' teachings in the Gospel of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John that will detail exactly the condition in which you find yourself placed; but I do say that if, with your human sympathies and your devoted love, you can feel the presence of that Jesus behind the words that he said, the personal perfectness, the divine life manifested in the human life, there is not a single sin or temptation to sin that will not be convicted.

There is where we rest when we claim that Jesus Christ is the master of the world, that he opens the great richness and infinite distances of the human life, that he shows us what it is to be men. It would be little if he did that simply with the painting of some glorious vision upon the skies beyond; but that he comes into your life and mine, into our homes and our shops, into our offices and on our streets, and there makes known in the actual circumstances of our daily life what we ought to do and what we ought not to do—that is the wonder of his revelation; that is what proclaims him to be the Son of God and the Son of Man.

Think, as you sit here, of anything that you are doing that is wrong, of any habit of your life, of your self-indulgence, or of that great, pervasive habit of your life which makes you a creature of the present instead of the eternities, a creature of the material earth instead of the glorious skies. Ask of yourself of any habit that belongs to your own personal life, and bring it face to face with Jesus Christ and see if it is not judged. A judgment day that is far away, that is off in the dim distance when this world is done—it shall come, no doubt. I know none of us can know much with regard to it, except that it is sure. But the judgment day that is here now is Christ; the judgment day that is right close to your life and rebukes you, if you will let him rebuke you every time you sin, the judgment day that is here and praises you and bids you be of good courage, when you do a thing that men disown and despise, is Christ. Therefore it is no figure of speech, it is no mere ecstasy of the imagination of the preacher, when we say that in the midst of these streets of ours, more real than the men that walk in them, more real than the sidewalks that are under our feet, and the buildings that tower over us, there walks an unseen presence. An unseen presence?

Yes. Are you and I going to be such creatures of our senses that we shall not believe that there are powers that touch us that we cannot see? Am I going to be so bound down to these poor fingers and to these poor eyes that I shall know myself in no larger connection with the great, unseen world? I will not. No great man, no manly man, has ever allowed such a limitation of himself. There is the unseen presence in the midst of our life, and he who will feel it may feel it, and that unseen presence speaks to him continually. It knows every one of us. It knows the rich man and knows what his wealth has made of him. It knows whether it has made him selfish.

Shall I say it? He, the Christ, the present Christ, knows whether the rich man's riches have made him selfish and base and mean, covetous and poor and little-souled, or whether he has been glad to rise to the greatness of his privilege, and be the very utterance of the beneficence of God upon the earth. He knows the poor man and his struggles, he knows the poor man and his self-respect. He speaks to the poor man's soul, who has been kept poor because he will not enter into the baser methods and motives of our modern life, and is despised, and says to him, "Be of good courage, for I know what you are."

He speaks to the poor in distress and poverty. He speaks to the wretched in their disappointment and their pain. He is their comforter. He knows every sin. He knows every sorrow of our life. He goes, unseen on earth, into the chambers where the dead lie dead, and where the sick lie dying, and he speaks his words of consolation, he opens up the glory of the perfect life. He lays his hand upon the mourner whose soul is bowed down to the earth and says, "Look up," and points into eternity and heaven.

All these things Christ can do not merely, but Christ is doing. He is the inspiring power of this life, that keeps it from rotting in its corruption and degradation. We dwell too much, I think, upon some of these things; we cannot dwell too much, perhaps, but we dwell out of proportion, it may be, to the thought of Jesus Christ, the comforter of sorrow. He is the comforter of sorrow, for he knew and he knows what sorrow is. In his own crucifixion, in that which came before his crucifixion, he knew the suffering of this earthly life. There is no human being who ever has known the misery of man as Jesus knows it, and so he comes to all sorrows with tender consolation.

God grant, God grant he may come to any of you who have come into these doors to-day with a sorrow, with a fear, with a dread upon your hearts, with souls that are wrung, with bodies that are suffering! God grant that the Christ may comfort you, may comfort you! But not only that. Shall there be no Christ for those who for the moment seem to need no comfort?

Shall there be no Christ for the strong men who have before them the duties of their life, and who want the strength with which to do them? Shall there be no Christ for the young men, the young men standing in danger, but also standing in such magnificent and splendid chances? It is great to think of Christ standing by the sorrowing and comforting them. It is great,—we will not say it is greater,—it is very great, when by the side of the young man just entering into life there stands the Christ, saying to his soul, with the voice that he cannot fail to hear:

"Be pure, be strong, be wise, be independent; rejoice in me and my appreciation. Let the world go, if it is necessary that the world should go. Serve the world, but do not be the servant of the world. Make the world your servant by helping the world in every way in which you can minister to its life. Be brave, be strong, be manly by my strength."

Oh! young man, if you can hear the Christ speak to you like that behind all the traditions of the street, behind the teachings of the books, behind all that the wise and successful men say to you, behind all the cynics and sneerers say to you, the great, strong, healthy voice of Jesus Christ, who believes in man because he has known man filled with divinity, and believes in you because he knows that which has been set before you by your Father in the sending out of your life, and who longs and prays and waits to strengthen you, that you may do your work, that you may escape from sin, that you may live your life, this great figure of the present Christ that Christianity can produce—it is not the memory of something that is away back in the past, it is not the anticipation of something to come in the future. We talk about Christ the Saviour, and think about Calvary long ago. We talk about the Christ the Judge, and think of a great white throne set in some mystic Valley of Jehoshaphat, where some day the world is to be judged.

We do not so get hold of Christ. The Christ who is in the past is not our Christ unless his power holds forth, the power of his spirit, which is the whole knowledge of the life in which we live. We think of the Christ of the future for whom all the world is waiting. He will never enter into us and lead us unless we know that he is here and now.

It does seem to me sometimes that if men would only take religion as a real and present thing, and if, instead of worshipping it in the past and expecting it with fear and dread and vain hope in the future, it could be a real thing with them here and now, something in which they are to live, not to which they are to flee in moments of doubt, not of which they should make rescue, but in which they should do all their work and live, then religion would be to the soul of man so that it could not be cast aside, so that they must enter into it and take it into themselves and make it their own.

Religion is not the simple fire-escape that you build, in anticipation of a possible danger, upon the outside of your dwelling and leave there until danger comes. You go to it some morning when a fire breaks out in your house, and the poor old thing that you built up there, and thought you could use some day, is so rusty and broken, and the weather has so beaten upon it, and the sun so turned its hinges, that it will not work. That is the condition of a man who has built himself what seems to be a creed of faith, a trust in God in anticipation of the day when danger is to overtake him and has said to himself, I am safe, for I will take refuge in it then.

But religion is the house in which we live, it is the table at which we sit, it is the fireside to which we draw near, the room that arches its graceful and familiar presence over us; it is the bed on which we lie and think of the past and anticipate the future and gather our refreshment.

There is no Christ except the present Christ for every man, unto whom all the power of the historic Christ is always appearing, and who is great with all the sweet solemnity that comes from the knowledge of what in the future he is to be to the world and to the soul.

I am anxious to-day to impress this upon you: that the Christian faith is not a dogma, it is not primarily a law, but is a personal presence and an immediate life that is right here and now. I am anxious to have you know that to be a Christian does not mean primarily to believe this or that. It does not mean primarily, although it means necessarily afterward, to do this or that. But it means to know the presence of a true personal Christ among us and to follow. Here is the only true power by which a religion can become perpetual. Men outgrow many dogmas which they hold. The lines in which they try to live change their application to their lives. But I know a person with a deep, true life; I enter into a friendship with one who is worthy I should be his friend, and he is mine always.

What is the meaning of this sort of talk that we hear about a faith that they held once, but they have outgrown? What is the reason of this expectation that seems to have spread itself abroad, of necessity that the boy who had a religion should lose his religion some time or other, and that by and by he should take up a man's religion somewhere upon the other side of the gulf of infidelity and godlessness, through which he has passed in the meanwhile?

You expect your boy of ten years old to be religious with a child's sweet, trusting faith; and you hope that your man of forty and fifty, beaten by the world, is to have found a God who can be his salvation. But the years between? What do you think of your young men of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and thirty years old? To have outgrown the boy's faith, and not to have come to the man's faith? That seems almost to be an awful fate and destiny which you expect for them. But if our faith be this, then there shall be no need, no chance that a man shall outgrow it.

Know Christ with the first conceptions, imperfect and crude, of his boy's life, and he shall go on knowing more and more of that Christ. That friend, the Christ he knows at twenty-five, shall be different from the Christ he knew at ten, just exactly as the friend I know at fifty is different from the friend I knew at thirty, twenty years ago; and yet he is the same friend still, forever opening the richness of an ever richer life, filling it with new experiences, with new manifestations of himself. Let him drop some thing which seemed to him to be a part of the religion, but was only a temporary phase or condition of it, going forward with the soul all through the opening stages of life, and at last going forward with the soul into the life where it shall see as all along it has been seen, and know as it has been known.

The old legend was that the clothes of the Israelites, which the Bible said waxed not old upon them in the desert during those forty years, not merely waxed not old those forty years, but grew with their growth, so that the little Hebrew who crossed the Red Sea in his boy's clothes wore the same clothes when he entered into the Promised Land. It is the parable of that which comes to the man who has a true Christian faith, a faith which comes in the personal friendship of Christ, a faith which comes not in the belief of certain things about him, not in the doing slavishly of certain things which it seemed as if it had been said by him that we must do, but in the personal entrance into his nature in a life for him, in which he is able to send his life down into us.

Then there is another thing that people are always thinking, that I hear very often from men, and that I have no doubt I should hear from many of you, one by one. You talk about your early religion as if it had been some sort of a bondage from which you had escaped. How common it is to hear men, especially in this region, say: "I would be, perhaps, religious, except that there was so much religion forced upon me in my earliest days. I was driven to church when I was a boy, in those old Puritan days. I went to school, where they forced prayers upon me all the time. I was made to be religious, so now I cannot be religious."

Was there ever a more dreadful thing than for a soul to say that, because, it may be, of the unwisdom, or the imprudence, the overzeal and the mistaken zeal of other men, we have not got the full blessing of that rich, open free life with Christ which the youth may have, and therefore we will abandon the privileges of our higher life which is given to us in our manlier years?

It all comes of this awful way of talking as if religion were the duty and not the inestimable privilege of human kind. The Christ stands before us and says, "Come to me." You say, "Must I?" and he answers, "You may." He will not even say, "You must." You may. And duty loses itself in privilege, and the soul enters into independence and escapes from its sins, fulfils its life, lays hold of its salvation, becomes eternal, begins to live an eternal life in the accepted and loving service of Christ.

Now just one word, my friends. If this be so, whether you to-day are ready to make Christ your master and your friend or not, do not, I beg you, let yourselves say that it is a silly or unreasonable belief, thus to know of a spiritual presence which is here among us, in which God is really in humanity.

Do not let yourselves say, my friends, that the man who gives himself to Jesus Christ and earnestly tries to enter in deeper and deeper into his life and tries to do his will, that he may know the Christ and know himself in the Christ more and more—dare not call that brother a fool, as you have sometimes called your Christian man who watched scrupulously over his life and prayed, yes, prayed, the thing you think perhaps the foolishest thing that a man can do, the thing that is the most reasonable act that any man does upon God's earth.

If man is man and God is God, to live without prayer is not merely an awful thing: it is an infinitely foolish thing. When a man for the first time bows down upon his knees and prays, "Oh! Christ come unto me, reveal thyself to me, make me to know thee, that I may receive thee, make me to be obedient that I may take thee into my life," then that man has claimed his manhood.

I beg you, I implore you, I adjure you that, if you be not ready to be Christian, you at least will know that the Christian life is the only true human life, and that the man who becomes thoroughly a Christian sets his face toward the fulfilment of his humanity, and so for the first time truly is a man. "As many as received him,"—so the great Scripture word runs of this Christ of whom we have been talking,—"As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

Just think of it!—the sons of God! The power to become that to as many as will receive the present Christ.

TRUE LIBERTY

AN earnest appeal to all that enter that liberty. May I read to you a few words from the eighth chapter of St. John. "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Let us not think, my friends, that there is anything strange about the spectacle which we witnessed this morning. The only strange thing that there could be about it is that anybody should think that it is strange that men should turn aside for half an hour from their ordinary business pursuits, that they should come from the details of life to inquire in regard to the principles, the everlasting principles and purposes of life; that they should turn aside from those things which are occupying them from day to day and make one single hour in the week consecrated to the service of those great things which underlie all life—surely there is nothing very strange.

There is nothing more absolutely natural. Every man does it in his own sort of way, in his own choice of time. We have chosen to do it together, on one day of the week during these few weeks which the Christian Church has so largely set apart for special thought and prayer and earnest attempt to approach the God to whom we belong. It is simply as if the stream turned back again to its fountain, that it might refresh itself and make itself strong for the great work that it had to do in watering the fields and turning the wheels of industry.

It is simply as if men plodding along over the flat routine of their life chose once in a while to go up into the mountain top, whence they might once in a while look abroad over their life, and understand more fully the way in which they ought to work. These are the principles, these are the pictures which represent that which we have in mind as we come together for a little while each Monday in these few weeks, in order that we may think about things of God and try to realize the depth of our own human life.

The first thing that we ought to understand about it is that when we turn aside from life it is only that we go deeper into life. This hour does not stand apart from the rest of the hours of the week, in that we are dealing with things in which the rest of the week has no concern.

He who understands life deeply and fully, understands life truly; he has forever renewed his life; and if there comes into our hearts, in the life which we are living, a perpetual sense that life needs renewal, a richening and refreshing, then it is in order that we may go down into the depths and see what lies at the root of things—things that we are perpetually doing and thinking.

It is this that brought us together here: it is that we may open to ourselves some newer, higher life. It is that we may understand the life that we may live, along side of and as a richer development of that life which we are living from day to day, which we have been living during the years of our life.

How that idea has haunted men in every period of their existence, how is it haunting you, that there is some higher life which it is possible to live! There has never been a religion that has not started there, lifted up its eyes and seen, afar off what it was possible for man to do from day to day, in contrast with the things which men immediately and presently are.

There is not any moment of the human soul which has not rested upon some great conception that man was a nobler being than he was ordinarily conceiving himself to be; that he was not destined to the things which were ordinarily occupying his life; that he might be living a greater and nobler life.

It is because the Christian Scriptures have laid most earnestly hold of this idea, it is because it was represented not simply in the words which Christ said, but in the very being which Christ was, that we go to them to get the inspiration and the indication, the revelation and the enlightenment which we need.

I have read to you these few words in which Christ declares the whole subject, the whole character of which his life is and what his work is about to do, because it seems to me that they strike at once the key-note of that which we want to understand. They let us enter into the full conception of that which the new life which is offered to man really is.

There are two conceptions which come to every man when he is entering upon a new life, changing his present life to something that is different from the present life, and being a different sort of creature and living in a different sort of a way. The first way in which it presents itself to him—almost always at the beginning of every religion, perhaps—is in the way of restraint and imprisonment.

Man thinks of every change that is to come to him as in the nature of denial of some thing that he is at present doing and being as the laying hold upon himself of some sort of restraint, bringing to him something which says: "I must not do the thing which I am doing. I must lay upon myself restraints, restrictions, commandments, and prohibitions. I must not let myself be the man that I am."

You see how the Old Testament comes before the New Testament, the law ringing from the mountain top with the great denials, the great prohibitions, that come from the mouth of God. "Thou shalt not do this, that, or the other—Thou shalt not murder. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

That is the first conception which comes to a man of the way in which he is to enter upon a new life, of the way in which the denial in his experience is to take effect. It is as if the hands were stretched out in order that fetters might be placed upon them. The man says, "Let some power come that is to hinder me from being this thing that I am." And the whole notion is the notion of imprisonment, restraint. So it is with all civilization.

It is perfectly possible for us to represent civilization as compared with barbarism, as accepted by mankind, as a great mass of restrictions and prohibitions that have been laid upon human life, so that the freedom of life has been cast aside, and man has entered into restricted, restrained, and imprisoned condition.

So it is with every fulfilment of life. It is possible for a man always to represent it to himself as if it were the restriction, restraint, and prohibition of his life. The man passes onward into the fuller life which belongs to a man. He merges his selfishness into that richer life which is offered to human kind. He makes himself, instead of a single, selfish man, a man of family; and it is easy enough to consider that marriage and the family life bring immediately restraints and prohibitions. The man may or may not have the freedom which he used to have.

So all development of education, in the first place, offers itself to man, or seems to offer itself to man, as prohibition and imprisonment and restraint. There is no doubt truth in such an idea. We never lose sight of it. No other richer and fuller idea which we come to by and by ever does away with the thought that man's advance means prohibition and self-denial, that in order that man shall become the greater thing he must cease to be the poorer and smaller thing he has been.

But yet there is immediately a greater and fuller. When we hear those words of Jesus, we see immediately that not the idea of imprisonment but the idea of liberty, not the idea of restraint but that of setting free, is the idea which is really in his mind when he offers the fullest life to humankind.

Have you often thought of how the whole Bible is a book of liberty, of how it rings with liberty from beginning to end, of how the great men are the men of liberty, of how the Old Testament, the great picture which forever shines, is the emancipator, leading forth out of imprisonment the people of God, who were to do the great work of God in the very much larger and freer life in which they were to live?

The prophet, the psalmist, are ever preaching and singing about liberty, the enfranchisement of the life of man, that man was not imprisoned in order to fulfil himself, but shall open his life, and every new progress shall be into a new region of existence which he has not touched as yet.

When we turn from the Old Testament to the New Testament, how absolutely clear that idea is! Christ is the very embodiment of human liberty. In his own personal life and in everything that he did and said, he was forever uttering the great gospel that man, in order to become his completest, must become his freest, that what a man did when he entered into a new life was to open a new region in which new powers were to find their exercise, in which he was to be able to be and do things which he could not be and do in more restricted life.

It is the acceptance of that idea, it seems to me, that makes us true disciples of Christ, and of that great gospel, and that transfigures everything. When my friend turns over some new leaf, as we say, and begins to live a new life, what shall we think of him? I learn that he has become a Christian man, that he is doing something, that he is working in a way and living a life which I have not known before.

What is my impression in regard to him? Is not your impression, as you look upon that man, that somehow or other he has entered into a slavery or bondage, that he has taken upon his life restrictions and imprisonments which he did not have before?

And you think of him, perhaps, as a man who has done a wise and prudent thing, who has done something that is going to be for his benefit some day in some distant and half-realized world, but as a man who, for the present, has laid a burden and bondage upon his life. That is never the tone of Christ; it is never the tone of the Christian gospel.

When a man turns away from his sins and enters into energetic holiness, when a man sacrifices his own self-indulgence and goes forth a pure servant of his God and his fellow men, there is only one cry in the whole gospel of that man, and that is the cry of freedom. As soon as he can catch that, as soon as I can feel about my friend, who has become a better man, that he has become a larger and not a smaller, a freer and not a more imprisoned man, as soon as I lift up my voice and say that the man is free, then I understand him more fully and he becomes a revelation to me in the higher and richer life which is possible for me to live.

But think of it for yourselves, for a moment, and ask what freer life really is. Try to give a definition of liberty, and I know not what it can be said to be except something of this kind: Liberty is the fullest opportunity for man to be and do the very best that is possible for him.

I know of no definition of liberty, that oldest and dearest phrase of men and sometimes the vaguest also, except that. It has been perverted, it has been distorted and mystified, but that is what it really means; the fullest opportunity for a man to do and be the very best that is in his personal nature to do and to be.

It immediately follows that everything which is necessary for the full realization of a man's life, even though it seems to have the character of restraint for a moment, is really a part of the process of his enfranchisement, in the bringing forth of him to a fuller liberty.

You see a man coming forward and offering himself as one of the defenders of his country in his country's need. You see him standing at the door where men are being received as recruits into the army of the country. He wants liberty. He wants to be able to do that which he cannot do in his poor, personal isolation here at home. He wants the badge which will give him the right to go forth and meet the enemies of his country, and he enrolls himself among these men.

He makes himself subject to obligations, duties, and drill. They are a part of his enfranchisement. They are really the breaking of the fetters upon his slavery, the sending him forth into freedom. He is like a bit of iron or steel that lies upon the ground. It lies neglected and perfectly free.

You see it is made by the adjustment of the end of it so that it can be set into a great machine and become part of a great working system. But there it lies. Will you call it free? It is bound to be nothing there. It is absolutely separate, and with its own personality distinct and individual and all alone.

What is to make that bit of iron a free bit of iron, to let it go forth and do the thing which it was meant to do, but the taking of it and the binding of it at both ends into the structure of which it was made to be a part? It seems to me the binding of a man—it seems to me that the binding of the iron is not the yielding of its freedom. It is not merely after finding its place within the system that it first achieves its freedom and so joins in the music and partakes of the courses with which the whole enginery is filled.

Is not it, then, for the first time a free bit of iron, having accomplished all that it was made to do when it came forth from the forge of the master, who had this purpose in his mind? This, then, is freedom; everything is part of the enfranchisement of a man which helps to put him in the place where he can live his best. Therefore every duty, every will of God, every commandment of Christ, every self-surrender that a man is called upon to obey or to make—do not think of it as if it were simply a restraint to liberty, but think of it as the very means of freedom, by which we realize the very purpose of God and the fulfilment of our life. It is interesting to see how all that is true in regard to the matter of belief, doctrine, and opinions which we are to accept. How strange it very often seems that men go to the Church, or to one another, and say: "Must I believe this doctrine in order that I can enter into the Church?" "Must I believe this doctrine in order that I may be saved?" men say, with a strange sort of notion about what salvation is.

How strange it seems, when we really have got our intelligence about us and know what it is to believe! To believe a new truth, if it be really truth and we really believe it, is to have entered into a new region, in which our life shall find a new expansion and a new youth.

Therefore, not "Must we believe?" but "May I believe?" is the true cry of the human creature who is seeking for the richest fulfilment of his life, who is working that his whole nature may find its complete expansion and so its completest exercise. We talk a great deal in these days and in this place about a liberal faith. What is a liberal faith, my friends? It seems to me that by every true meaning of the word, by every true thought of the idea, a liberal faith is a faith that believes much, and not a faith that believes little.

The more a man believes, the more liberally he exercises his capacity of faith, the more he sends forth his intelligence into the mysteries of God, the more he understands those things which God chooses to reveal to his creatures, the more liberally he believes.

Let yourselves never think that you grow liberal in faith by believing less; always be sure that the true liberality of faith can only come by believing more. It is true, indeed, that as soon as a man becomes eager for belief, for the truth of God and for the mysteries with which God's universe is filled, he becomes all the more critical and careful.

He will not any longer, if he were before, be simply greedy of things to believe, so that if any superstition comes offering itself to him he will not gather it in indiscriminately and believe it without evidence, without examination.

He becomes all the more critical and careful, the more he becomes assured that belief, and not unbelief, is the true condition of his life. The truth that God has entered into this world in a wondrous way and filled its life with Jesus Christ, the truth that man has a soul and not simply a body, that he has a spiritual need, that God cares for him and he is to care for himself, that there is an immortal life, and that that which we call faith is but the opening of a gate, the pushing back of a veil—shall a man believe those things as imprisonments of his nature, and shall it not make him larger?

Shall it not be the indulgence of his life when he enters into the great certainties which so are offered to his belief, believing them in his own way? Let us always feel that to accept a new belief is not to build a wall beyond which we cannot pass but is to open the door to a great fresh, free region, in which our souls are to live. And just so it is when we come to the moral things of life.

The man puts aside some sinfulness. He breaks down the wall that has been shutting his soul out of its highest life. He has been a drunkard, and he becomes a sober man. He has been a cheat and becomes a faithful man. He has been a liar and becomes a truthful man. He has been a profligate and he becomes a pure man. What has happened to that man? Shall he simply think of himself as one who has crushed this passion, shut down this part of his life? Shall he simply think of himself as one who has taken a course of self-denial?

Nay. It is self-indulgence that a man has really entered upon. It is an indulgence of the deepest part of his own nature, not of his unreal nature. He has risen and shaken himself like a lion, so that the dust has fallen from his mane, and all the great range of that life which God gave him to live lies before him.

This is the everlasting inspiration. This is the illumination. I don't wonder that men refuse to give up evil if it simply seems to them to be giving up the evil way, and no vision opens before them of the thing that they may be and do. I don't wonder that, if the negative, restricting, imprisoning conception of the new life is all that a man gets hold of, he lingers again and again in the old life. But just as soon as the great world opens before him then it is like a prisoner going out of the prison door, is there no lingering? Does not the baser part of him cling to the old prison, to the ease and the provision for him, to the absence of anxiety and of energy?

I think there can hardly be a prisoner who, with any leap of heart, goes out of the prison door, when his term is finished, and does not even look into that black horror where he has been living, cast some lingering, longing look behind. He comes to the exigencies, to the demands of life, to the necessity of making himself once more a true man among his fellow men. But does he stop?

He comes forth, and if there be the soul of a man in him still, he enters into the new life with enthusiasm, and finds the new powers springing in him to their work. And if it be so with every special duty, then with that great thing which you and I are called upon to do—the total acceptance by our nature of the will of God, the total acceptance by our nature of the mastery of Jesus Christ.

Oh! how this world has perverted words and meanings, that the mastery of Jesus Christ should seem to be the imprisonment and not the enfranchisement of the soul! When I bring a flower out of the darkness and set it in the sun, and let the sunlight come streaming down upon it, and the flower knows the sunlight for which it was made and opens its fragrance and beauty; when I take a dark pebble and put it into the stream and let the silver water go coursing down over it and bringing forth the hidden color that was in the bit of stone, opening the nature that is in them, the flower and stone rejoice. I can almost hear them sing in the field and in the stream.

What then? Shall not man bring his nature out into the fullest illumination, and surprise himself by the things that he might do? Oh! the littleness of the lives that we are living! Oh! the way in which we fail to comprehend, or when we do comprehend, deny to ourselves the bigness of that thing which it is to be a man, to be a child of God! Sometimes it dawns upon us that we can see it opening into the vision of these men and women in the New Testament. Sometimes there opens to us the picture of this thing that we might be, and then there are truly the trial moments of our life. Then we lift up ourselves and claim our liberty or, dastardly or cowardly, slink back into the sluggish imprisonment in which we have been living. How does all this affect that which we are continually conscious of, urging upon ourselves and upon one another? How does it affect the whole question of a man's sins? Oh! these sins, the things we know so well!

As we sit here and stand here one entire hour, as we talk in this sort of way, everybody knows the weaknesses of his own nature, the sins of his own soul. Don't you know it? What shall we think about those sins? It seems to me, my friends, that all this great picture of the liberty into which Christ sets man, in the first place does one thing which we are longing to see done in the world.

It takes away the glamour and the splendor from sin. It breaks that spell by which men think that the evil thing is the glorious thing. If the evil thing be that which Christ has told us that the evil thing is—which I have no time to tell you now—if every sin that you do is not simply a stain upon your soul, but is keeping you out from some great and spendid thing which you might do, then is there any sort of splendor and glory about sin? How about the sins that you did when you were young men? How can you look back upon those sins and think what your life might have been if it had been pure from the beginning, think what you might have been if from the very beginning you had caught sight of what it was to be a man?

And then your boy comes along. What are the men in this town doing largely in many and many a house, but letting their boys believe that the sins of their early life are glorious things, except that those things which they did, the base and wretched things that they were doing when they were fifteen and twenty and twenty-five and thirty years old, are the true career of a human nature, are the true entrance into human life?

The miserable talk about sowing wild oats, about getting through the necessary conditions of life before a man comes to solemnity! Shame upon any man who, having passed through the sinful conditions and habits and dispositions of his earlier life, has not carried out of them an absolute shame for them, that shall let him say to his boy, by word and by every utterance of his life within the house where he and the boy live together, "Refrain, for they are abominable things!"

To get rid of the glamour of sin, to get rid of the idea that it is a glorious thing to be dissipated instead of being concentrated to duty, to get rid of the idea that to be drunken and to be lustful are true and noble expressions of our abounding human life, to get rid of any idea that sin is aught but imprisonment, is to make those who come after us, and to make ourselves in what of life is left for us, gloriously ambitious for the freedom of purity, for a full entrance into that life over which sin has no dominion.

And yet, at the same time, don't you see that while sin thus becomes contemptible when we think about the great illustration of the will of God and Jesus Christ, don't you see how also it puts on a new horror? That which I thought I was doing in the halls of my imprisonment I have really been doing within the possible world of God in which I might have been free. The moment I see what life might have been to me, then any sin becomes dreadful to me. Have you ever thought of how the world has stood in glory and honor before the sinless humanity of Jesus Christ? If any life could prove, if any argument could show on investigation to-day that Jesus did one sin in all his life, that the perfect liberty which was his perfect purity was not absolutely perfect, do you realize what a horror would seem to fall down from the heavens, what a constraint and burden would be laid upon the lives of men, how the gates of men's possibilities would seem to close in upon them?

It is because there has been that one life which, because absolutely pure from sin, was absolutely free; it is because man may look up and see in that life the revelation and possibility of his own; it is because that life, echoing the great cry throughout the world that man everywhere is the son of God, offers the same purity—and so the same freedom—to all mankind; it is for that reason that a man rejoices to cling to, to believe in, however impure his life is, the perfect purity, the sinlessness of the life of Jesus.

When you sin, my friends, it is a man that sins, and a man is a child of God; and for a child of God to sin is an awful thing, not simply for the stain that he brings into the divine nature that is in him, but for the life from which it shuts him out, for the liberty which he abandons, for the enthrallment which it lays upon the soul.

There is one thing that people say very carelessly that always seems to me to be a dreadful thing for a man to say. They say it when they talk about their lives to one another, and think about their lives to themselves, and by and by very often say it upon their death-bed with the last gasp, as though their entrance into the eternal world had brought them no deeper enlightenment.

One wonders what is the revelation that comes to them when they stand upon the borders of the other side and are in the full life and eternity of God. The thing men say is, "I have done the very best I can." It is an awful thing for a man to say. The man never lived, save he who perfected our humanity, who ever did the very best he could. You dishonor your life, you not simply shut your eyes to certain facts, you not simply say an infinitely absurd and foolish thing, but you dishonor your human life if you say that you have done in any day of your life or in all the days of your life put together, the very best that you could, or been the very best man that you could be. You! what are you?

Again I say, The child of God, and this which you have been what is it? Look over it, see how selfish it has been, see how material it has been, how it has lived in the depths when it might have lived on the heights, see how it has lived in the little narrow range of selfishness when it might have been as broad as all humanity, nay, when it might have been as the God of humanity.

Don't dare to say that in any day of your life, or in all your life together, you have done the best that you could.

The Pharisee said it when he went up into the temple, and all the world has looked on with mingled pity and scorn at the blindness of the man who stood there and paraded his faithfulness; while all the world has bent with a pity that was near to love, a pity that was full of sympathy because man recognized his condition and experience, for the poor creature grovelling upon the pavement, unwilling and unable even to look upon the altar, but who, standing afar off, said "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Whatever else you say, don't say, "I have been the very best I could." That means that you have not merely lived in the rooms of your imprisonment, but that you have been satisfied to count them the only possible rooms of your life, and that the great halls of your liberty have never opened themselves before you. Shall not they open themselves somehow to us to-day, my friends? Shall we not turn away from this hour and go back into our business, into our offices, into the shops, into the crowded streets, bearing new thoughts of the lives that we might live, feeling the fetters on our hands and feet, feeling many things as fetters which we have thought of as the ornament and glory of our life, determined to be unsatisfied forever until these fetters shall be stricken off and we have entered into the full liberty which comes to those alone who are dedicated to the service of God, to the completion of their own nature, to the acceptance of the grace of Christ, and to the attainment of the eternal glory of the spiritual life, first here and then hereafter, never hereafter, it may be, except here and now, certainly here and now, as the immediate, pressing privilege and duty of our lives?

So let us stand up on our feet and know ourselves in all the richness and in all the awfulness of our human life. Let us know ourselves children of God, and claim the liberty which God has given to every one of his children who will take it. God bless you and give some of you, help some of us, to claim, as we have never claimed before, that freedom with which the Son makes free!

GRANT

GEORGE MONRO GRANT, a distinguished Canadian author and educator, was born at the Albion Mines, Nova Scotia, December 22, 1835. Educated at Pictou Academy and at the West River Seminary of the Presbyterian church, he received a bursary in 1853 that entitled him to a course at the University of Glasgow. His career there was distinguished by exceptional brilliancy. Ordained to the ministry in November, 1860, he returned to his native Province, and in the following year was appointed a missionary in County Pictou. Not long afterwards he was sent to Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. In May, 1863, he accepted a call to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, where he remained for fourteen years. In 1872 he accompanied the present Sir Sandford Fleming in his celebrated journey overland to British Columbia, as the result of which he published in 1873, "Ocean to Ocean." In 1877 he became principal of Queen's College, Kingston, receiving in the same year the degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater. In 1888 he went on a journey around the world, lecturing in Australia and elsewhere. In 1889 he was elected moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Canada; in the same year he was elected president of the Imperial Federation League, Kingston. He was elected president of the Royal Society of Canada in 1891, and in 1894 president of the St. Andrew's Society, Kingston, to which office he was re-elected in 1895-96. He received the honorary degree of LL.D., from Dalhousie University, Halifax, 1892. His published works include "New Year Sermons" (1865-66); "Reformers of the 19th Century," a lecture (1867); "Our Five Foreign Missions" (1887); "Advantages of Imperial Federation" (1899); "Our National Objects and Aims" (1890); "The Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity" (1894); and "The Religions of the World" (1895). He also edited "Picturesque Canada" (1882), and wrote frequently for English, American, and Canadian magazines.

OUR NATIONAL OBJECTS AND AIMS

ALLOW me, Mr. President, to thank you for conceiving and carrying out the plan of a series of addresses on Canadian subjects to the members of the National Club and their friends. I consented with pleasure to give this introductory lecture, if a friendly talk on a subject of common interest may bear so formal a title. It seems to me that those of us who have any leisure time should have sufficient seriousness to give it to the discussion and consideration of problems suggested by the history, the position, or the outlook of our country.

Different estimates are made of what our immediate future is likely to be, and no wonder, for our political position is perhaps unique in history. As a matter of fact we are something more than a colony and something less than a nation. A colony is a dependency, and we are practically independent. A nation has full self-government, not only as regards local questions, but as regards all foreign relations, including peace, war, and treaty-making. We have not ventured to undertake those supreme responsibilities, either alone or as a partner, and therefore we are not a nation.

Our actual position is veiled by the kindly courtesy of the mother country. It is the custom to associate a Canadian representative with the British ambassador when negotiations affecting our interests are carried on with other states. This year, too, Lord Salisbury, after submitting since 1886—in our interest as well as in the common interest—to aggressions that would not have been allowed to any other power on earth for a week, at last was constrained to inform Secretary Blaine that the country that continued to capture Canadian ships on the high seas must be prepared to take the consequences. So far nothing more could be desired, but we cannot forget that Lord Salisbury—nominally responsible to the Queen—is really responsible to the British House of Commons, and that neither in that House nor in the Queen's Privy Council have we any constitutional representation.

Few will maintain that the position is satisfactory either to Canada or to Britain. In these circumstances men cannot avoid speculating concerning our future, nor is it any wonder that diverse views are entertained concerning what that future is likely to be. Every day speculation is going on. Every one else takes a hand in it, and why should we keep silent?

Only a month or two ago the most distinguished student of history in Canada told an audience that political union with the great republic to the south of us was our manifest destiny. The newspaper that published his address did not agree with him, but declared editorially that "Canada's ultimate destiny is to become a great independent nation." How fortunate that the adjective "ultimate" was inserted, for, fancy the alarm from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, when our Minister of War should declare that if the "Bear" or the "Rush" captured any more Canadian vessels the United States must "take the consequences."

While representative individuals differ so widely from each other, our House of Commons last winter unanimously passed a solemn resolution to the Queen emphatically disavowing all who might allege that Canadians were not loyal to the present connection with Britain. That resolution is evidently understood in England, and I should suppose it was meant to be understood there, and every where else, as the voice of Canada, in opposition to the voices of eminently respectable units; but in looking behind the resolution we find that some who supported it took care to provide for themselves a safe retreat. Our ultimate destiny, after all, according to them, was to be separation from the empire of which we now form a part, but whether "ultimate" meant next year or the Greek kalends was left unspecified.

There is a peculiar fitness in the members of a National Club considering the whole question of the country's position. They themselves and those who address them can speak without restraint, whereas, the politician is often obliged to be silent or to fence. They can form their convictions calmly and express them modestly, whereas the editorial writer must advocate the views of his paper and must advocate them oracularly.

Great is the power of the press, especially for making mischief between countries filled with inflammable material, but, as the "Bystander" puts it, "the serious question is, what is behind the press? How many journals are there which are free from clandestine influences alien to the common weal?" When money can buy the most powerful pens, a free people will not surrender its judgment and its destiny to the thunder of double-leaded editorials. Their stunning noise repeated day in and day out, from year's end to year's end, is like the sound of many waters, but it all comes from half-a-dozen pens. It sounds effective, but it breaks no bones and changes few votes. An educated country makes up its own mind, and it will never dispense with the voice of the men it considers thoughtful, unselfish, and independent. A Club like this affords a platform for calm discussion by men who stand in the daylight. Each of us speaks for himself, and will have due weight given, not only to what he says, but to what he is.

In considering the position of Canada my first question is whether ground can be found on which men of different views will consent to stand. There is such ground. Whether we separate from the empire to form an independent state, or remain in the empire, gradually evolving into a position of closer union and equality of constitutional privilege and responsibility, it is equally a matter of the first importance that Canada be united and strong. No matter, then, which of the two destinies we believe the future to have in store for us, our duty is to be Canada First men.

This is ground that both unionist and separatist can take honestly. If a man professes independence with the intention of immediately breaking Canada up and handing it over in pieces to another Power, he, of course, cannot take this common ground. But it is quite needless to say that there are no such men in Canada.

I may pause a little here to point out the difference between the policies of the honest unionist and the honest separatist. The policy of the former preserves our historical continuity and promises peaceful development. That of the latter means a revolution to begin with and weakness forever afterward. Grown-up men know that revolutions are not things to be played with, and that national weakness is always next door to national humiliation. There are two parties to the existing union between Britain and Canada, and if one of them—represented by our House of Commons—has no desire to break the union, the other has just as little.

Last month I was in Halifax and took a sail on the harbor. Near the dockyard six ships of war, each a match for a fleet of the last generation, slept on the water. Beside them lay two or three modern torpedo-boats that had just crossed the Atlantic, and not far off was a dry-dock built at the joint expense of the British and Canadian governments and the city of Halifax. Beyond the harbor at York Redoubt, and on the opposite point of McNab's Island, Britain is now spending a part of its great special war vote, extending the old forts and fitting them with new armaments. There is no sign anywhere that separation is thought of by responsible persons.

And does the separatist fancy that the greatest empire in the world will dissolve itself at the first summons? that its government will give up without a struggle impregnable positions, the headquarters of its North America and West India squadrons, the Atlantic terminus of its alternative route to that crowded East where its interests are becoming vaster every year? that one of the parties to the existing contract has the right to terminate the connection in a fit of irritation, or that, if it should deliberately make up its mind to that as a policy, it could remain a friend, or actually hope for assistance, should assistance be needed soon afterward, for the preservation of independence? No state can be asked to consent calmly to disruption. All this, however, by the way.

My main object now is to point out that separatist and unionist can stand shoulder to shoulder on this common ground, that it is a first duty to labor for the unity, the strength, and the dignity of Canada. Admittedly this platform is not wide enough for the annexationist. His platform is different, whether it be considered good or bad; and I am far from saying that it could not be plausibly defended from the point of view of advantage to England, as well as advantage to Canada. The annexationist, however, at the outset surrenders the name of Canada, with all that it involves,—its history, its constitution, its past struggles, its present life, its hopes and aims,—as things absolutely worthless.

Of course to some men and all cattle these things are worthless. Greater material prosperity may indeed be promised to the different Provinces one by one. But the more effectually they can be set by the ears now, the more certainly will the millennium come. The Provinces would continue to exist as States, but the relations that make them a power would be dissolved. Each would be obliged to stand by itself or form new relations; for the Canada of which they are a part would be blotted from the map of the world forever. But, though the annexationist must be left out of count to-night, this probably does not matter much.

During the last fifteen months I have been in every Province of the Dominion, and after inviting the frankest interchange of opinion everywhere, I came to the conclusion that there is less thought of annexation now than at any time during the last forty years. The growing sentiment of Canadian nationality is quietly killing it out. It is denied, indeed, that there is any such national sentiment, seeing that the people of the Maritime Provinces and of British Columbia still call themselves by their old names.

But what else could be expected? People instinctively use old names. More than a quarter of a century ago the Free Church of Nova Scotia merged its name and existence in that of the Presbyterian Church, but the other day, when I asked a merchant in the little town where I went to school as a boy, for the address of a friend, the answer was, "He lives beside the Free church." Depend upon it, there is no part of the Dominion where a sturdier Canadian sentiment is growing than down by the Atlantic; and British Columbia, too, is all right.

What, then, is most needed to help us in the great and inspiring work of making a nation in which unionists and separatists alike can engage with all their hearts? At home a better understanding and larger tolerance of each other, and, with regard to other countries, such an attitude as shall ensure their respect. Let us consider what these two needs involve.

Firstly, Canada is a hard country to govern and to unify. It consists of geographical districts separated from each other by unfertile wildernesses. In spite of obstacles the success of Confederation has been remarkable to all who know how long it takes to make a country, and who know anything of the slowness with which the old thirteen North American colonies grew into unity. Cordial co-operation between the English and French-speaking Canadians is, of course, our great necessity. That must be based on justice, and on the limitation, as far as possible, of hostile and irritating forces, and of everything that would interfere with a good understanding between the two.

Admittedly the status recently given to the Jesuits has introduced a new element that cannot be disregarded. We can afford a good deal of wholesome neglect, but we can afford to neglect neither the unbroken testimony of history and the testimony of Roman Catholic nations and the Roman Catholic Church to that remarkable Order, nor the remarkably fine field for its tactics presented by the racial, religious, and financial position in Quebec, in connection with the present relation of the Province to the Dominion.

Whatever else the Order may be, it glories in being the implacable and disciplined foe of Protestantism, while, whatever else Canada needs, she demands peace between Protestants and Roman Catholics as a necessary condition of strength and unity. Individuals may 'vert to this side or that, but sensible people know that it is hopeless to turn a Protestant people back to Romanism, and just as hopeless to convert a Roman Catholic people to any of the existing forms of Protestantism.

This may sound Laodicean to bigots, fanatics, and visionaries; that is, to all who identify Christianity with the organization or church to which they themselves belong. It is none the less the simple truth, demonstrated by three centuries and a half of history. Proselytism on either side, no matter what the expenditure of money, will detach only individuals, and these, as a rule, not worth much. It does so at the expense of checking internal movements. It excites irritation, arrests development, and strengthens reaction. It is only since the Protestant churches have ceased to proselytize actively from each other that they have become friendly and are approximating.

We must agree to differ, with the prayer and hope that the Head of the Church will find a way of uniting the two great historic confessions of Christianity, that have so long stood face to face as enemies, in a Church of the future, grander than any existing Church. In the meantime peace between them is the attitude incumbent on all of us as patriots and Christians.

In the past, though we did not understand one another as we ought, there was a general spirit of moderation, and therefore hope for the future. The progress of material civilization and the leaven of modern ideas might be trusted to do the rest. "He that believeth doth not make haste." The Province of Quebec could not stand permanently aloof from the Maritime Provinces on one side, Ontario on the other, when all were united in one political organism. Not that the responsibility for past isolation is to be laid at the door of one race only.

We were as ignorant of and indifferent to the good qualities of the *habitants* as they could be with regard to us. How much that is excellent in them are we still blind to! As a people they are to a great extent an unknown quantity. We need some one to reveal them as Charles Egbert Craddock has interpreted the people of the Tennessee Mountains, and Cable the Creoles of Louisiana, and Rudyard Kipling the

Anglo-Indian empire, and Tolstoï and his brother novelists the Russian peasant and Russian society.

Who that has once sailed up the St. Lawrence from Quebec in the daylight can help having it borne in upon him that there is there, in the very centre of our country, a Christian civilization that is not of our type, but that is altogether beautiful from some points of view? Each side of the great river is lined with houses, like a continuous street, clustering at convenient spots three or four miles apart into picturesque little villages, each with its own imposing church, the centre of every sacred and secular interest for time and eternity to the whole population. For more than a hundred miles the eye cannot detect a single unpainted or unwhitewashed building. No tumble-down sheds, no ugly and irrelevant lean-to can be seen. Everything is clean, orderly, idyllic. It is Arcadia in the nineteenth century, Arcadia with steamboats, steam sawmills, the electric light, and native ponies drawing little rude, primitive carts. There are not as many mortgages on the farms as in Ontario, but the homesteads and long barns promise comfort.

There is tithe for the priest, courtesy for the stranger, plenty for everyone except the taxpayer. Who wishes to pay taxes that he can avoid? When the good man of the house sits on his own doorstep, smoking tobacco raised by himself, clad with wool from his own sheep and flax from his own fields, he must have an added sense of happiness when he reflects that no exciseman or customs officer has relieved him of twenty or thirty per cent,—it may be with the politeness of Claude Duval, though it is usually with the brusque "Stand and deliver" of the ordinary highwayman. If his brothers in other Provinces choose to pay, well and good. They are within their right. Their money replenishes the national exchequer and is not wholly wasted. But they have no right to quarrel with him for preferring what he considers a more excellent way. Jean Baptiste's view has its limitations, but he is too good a fellow to quarrel with on that account. Industrious, frugal, sober, and therefore generally blessed with a large family, he does not worry his soul about the necessity of progress, but neither does Hodge or the average English squire.

There ought to be no difficulty in fraternizing with such a race, children of the soil, heirs of ancient glories, endowed with attractive virtues and graces. Left to themselves, the future was certain. The sons and daughters went to Montreal, Kingston, Deseronto, up the Ottawa, and in a stream of ampler volume to the factories of New England. They came in contact with our larger freedom and fuller life, and carried back to their homes the good news that we were Christians of a sort, though each found a workable pope in his own Bible and his own breast.

Peaceful development and gradual fusion, disturbed possibly by occasional outbursts of sectarian rancor on both sides, we might have looked for. But now that the Jesuit has come we shall look in vain for such a blessed future, for at least the next few years. The public sanction and endowment given to the Order was a challenge to the Protestant churches, and they have too much respect for Loyola to despise the challenge. The men who love fighting are rather glad, but the men who believe that Christianity means peace on earth, and that the twin roots of the nation should be allowed to grow into one, are sorry.

It has been said that it is not possible to distinguish between the Jesuits and the Roman Catholic Church. Logically it may not be possible, but practically it is, and statesmen know that they have to deal with practice. Life is a good deal wider than logic. If the distinction cannot be made, how came it that the only person to offer anything like effective resistance to the incorporation of the Jesuits was the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada? He was overborne, but he succeeded in withholding legal existence from them in the dioceses around Quebec. Other Roman Catholic ecclesiastics acknowledge frankly in conversation that they dread and dislike the Order, that their incorporation was a mistake, and their endowment the result of a political intrigue. How can a bishop who wishes to be master in his own house welcome the Jesuits to his diocese?

But what can be done now? you ask. Had not Quebec the right to do what it liked with its own money? I, for one, felt from the first that that argument could not be answered. Quebec may throw its millions into the St. Lawrence. But two things it may not do. It must not turn round to ask us to replace the millions, and it must not deny to people anywhere else the freedom that it claims for itself. If there is any clause or any loophole in the constitution, in virtue of which it can claim either of those wrongs, the constitution must be amended. Justice is the only basis on which there can be a good understanding between individuals or Provinces. These must be no hesitation here.

When Mr. Mercier gives liberal grants of money to the Jesuits, to the Protestant school board, to universities in and out of Quebec, to municipalities in debt, to colonization, repatriation, and railway schemes, to every Roman Catholic and Protestant church that chooses to apply, for each and all of which objects a strong moral claim can be urged, it is entirely his affair. But when he has received great applause and some measure of political support for a glorious concordat between Church and State and for openhanded liberality, it will not do to turn round and ask us to pay the bill.

Yet that is the programme which has already been proposed and which is sure to be pressed. It is a programme more ruinous to Quebec than to any other Province. It means incalculable loss of money to all, for there is no such waste as when one spends and another finds the money, but to Quebec it means moral degradation as well.

The game was played to a certain extent before, and it was a bad one for all of us, but now that the Jesuit has taken a hand it can be played no longer. Every true Canadian, Protestant and Roman Catholic, must unite to make it impossible. I could take no part in the equal-rights agitation because I have no faith in the veto power, and the exercise of it in the case of the bill protested against would have done incredible harm.

Our constitution is essentially a federal one. Federalism means that each Province shall be supreme within prescribed limits, and also that within the said limits each shall pay its own way and cheerfully concede to the smallest member of the federation the same justice that it claims for itself. If the men who pressed for their own rights to the extreme point are not willing to accept the corresponding responsibilities, the agitation, no matter by what name it may be called, must go on and widen its basis by accepting Provincial autonomy in the frankest possible way.

Two objections are urged against this policy. It is said that if we give up the veto Canada will be not a nation, but a mere bundle of Provinces. Surely the example of the United States is sufficient to prove that a bundle of Provinces or States may be a nation. All that is needed is a more careful definition of the respective regions of the legislatures and the Parliament, with the judicial committee of the Privy Council or other supreme court to decide where the two disagree. It is also said that by the suggested policy we abandon the cause of the Protestant minority in Quebec.

Yes, and the sooner we do it the better for themselves and the better all round. The French-Canadian majority can be trusted to do no injustice to the minority, when there are no sham buffers interposed between the two. So can the Protestant majority in the other Provinces. It is high time that the minority in Quebec should trust, not to constitutional buckram, but to a cordial understanding with fellow citizens who are naturally liberal, just, and courteous.

This platform of Provincial autonomy is one on which all can find room. It means justice for all, and a frank recognition that there are different types of sentiment and thought among us, and that it is right to give room for the free development of these. Who that has faith in the fundamental principles of modern society, or who that has studied the history of France, can have any doubt as to the result in Quebec? France, both in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, handled the Jesuits with ease. Give Quebec a free hand, and in due time it will, while remaining Roman Catholic, abolish not only the Jesuits but the tithe, and make all the changes in education that may be required. But interference from without will simply strengthen reaction.

Every Province must have a liberty to err, a Provincial right to do what seems to outsiders wrong. Our present system of divided financial responsibility and sham veto is a fruitful source of easily aroused prejudice and mistrust, and of government by corruption and intrigue. If the coming of the Jesuit has aroused us to the conviction that it is necessary to take our stand firmly on federalism, unless we are prepared to go steadily on from bad to worse, we shall owe him thanks after all. His great merit in Canada shall be that which has been assigned him in every other country, namely, that in spite of his ability he never succeeds.

The formation of a platform that aims at revision of the constitution requires time, whereas our danger is imminent and immediate action is required. Of course neither of the existing parties is mad enough to pay twenty or thirty millions additional to one Province. Mr. Mercier is too astute to expect any such sum in one lump, but he understands the old saw, "Aim at being Pope, and you'll get to be Cardinal," or, more irreverently in Scotch, "Aim at the mune and you'll reach the midden," or perhaps better, "Aim at a silk goon, and you'll get a sleeve o't."

Party, Sir Richard Cartwright has told us, with his customary commendable frankness, is war, and as good men will do things in war that would be crimes in peace, what wonder if either party should be willing to pay two or three millions rather than see the country ruined by the triumph of the enemy? The payment of such a comparative trifle could easily be covered up under any one of a variety of pretty phrases. But let us understand that this is a case where the two or three would be just as bad as the twenty or thirty. The disgrace would be the same, and the first payment would be simply the first instalment.

What must we do at once? We are a free people. Let us show that we can act as free men. Let us send to Parliament men who are free, and not the bondmen of party; men who are prepared to support either of the existing parties in its general policy, but who can be trusted to draw the line there; still better, men who will not attend party caucuses, who will not seek office or ask for favors, but who will be true to their constituents and true to the sacred trust of the country. It is not enough that members of our high court adjudged guilty of "dishonorable, scandalous, and corrupt conduct" should be frozen out and kept out. If we call a man a thief we can no longer have him as a companion except by going down to his level. What is true of the individual is true of a court, and the more august it is the more necessary that it guard its own honor. But we must also have more men in Parliament like outspoken Professor Weldon.

I am proud of the present House of Commons. It is the best, because the most independent, that we have had. But we can make the next better, and it is time for us to be preparing to do our duty in this all-important matter. Of course it is hard to find the right men, but they are to be found. In the search for them, however, the old adage that "one volunteer is worth two pressed men" must be rigorously reversed.

It is harder still to get constituencies to elect the right men, but the day is coming when constituencies will canvass their wisest man to accept the nomination instead of expecting him to canvass them, and when all entrusted with votes shall be required by law to go to the polls on penalty of being disfranchised. That is the kind of penalty that nature inflicts for neglect of trust. She gives us limbs, senses, faculties, but we must use them or lose them, whereas the blacksmith's arm gets strong and the artist's perception true, and "drawn wells waste not."

What an inspiration there is in having a share in the making of a nation, and what a position Canada is in to become a great nation! I do not refer to greatness in area or wealth or population. These are the lowest standards. It is lunacy for men to talk of Canada having a larger area than the

United States, if they mean to imply that Canada has anything like the same extraordinary variety or boundless extent of natural resources. In making the boast, too, they add, "if we exclude Alaska," as if Alaska did not belong to the republic, or as if it were not worth a million or two of our frozen square miles between the North Pole and Labrador.

Canada is never likely to have more than a tenth of the population of the United States; but five millions, growing gradually to ten within the lifetime of some of us, are as many as one can get his arms around and enough certainly to make a nation; as many as England had in the great days of Elizabeth; far more than Athens had in the century after Marathon, when she bore the statesmen, poets, philosophers, historians, mathematicians, men of science, artists, and teachers, at whose feet the students of the world have sat for more than two thousand years; far more than Judea had in the golden age of that prophetic literature which is still so largely our guide and our inspiration to righteousness; far more than Rome had when her sun was at the zenith; for the glory of Rome was not when she held the East and West in fee, and Christian emperors like Constantine and Theodosius the Great ruled the world, but when, defeated at Trebia, Thrasymene, and Cannæ, her fields wasted, her veteran legions annihilated, her young men slain or prisoners, scarce freemen enough left in Rome to form one legion more, she still wavered not an inch, but closed her gates, forbade mothers and wives to ransom their captive sons and husbands, and refused to discuss terms of peace while Hannibal remained in Italy.

Oh, for something of that proud consciousness of national dignity and of that stern public virtue which is the strength of states! Why should we not have it in Canada to-day? We come of good stock. It is not more millions either in men or money that we need most, but more of the old spirit in the men we have; not a long list of principles, but a clear insight into those that are fundamental.

To give to each Province a free hand within its own sphere, to be tolerant of diversities, to deal equal justice to all, to treat minorities considerately, and to have faith in our country, this surely is a creed that can be taught at every fireside and in every school as well as on the hustings. These principles, tenaciously adhered to, will be sufficient. These duties, honestly discharged, will shed light on our course from day to day. We are asked simply to be true to ourselves and faithful to every brotherly covenant. With that spirit in our people, the national position of Canada is full of hope for the future and impregnable against every attack.

Secondly. Next to our need of a better understanding of one another is the need of a right attitude to other countries, especially to our neighbors. In speaking of this, the subject of our national aims comes up. Every great nation has contributed something to the cause of humanity. That is its divine mission and the reason for its existence. To that ideal it must on no account be false.

What does Canada intend to give to the world? What faith do we carry in our hearts? Depend upon it the future of individuals and of nations is determined by their own hearts and their actual positions in the world. Our position is peculiar. Since the Peace of Paris in 1763, when Canada, with the consent of all parties, became British, she has remained British.

We believe that this was good for the inhabitants. Otherwise they would have remained under the bondage of the old régime, and when it broke up they would have been sold as Louisiana was. Bonaparte cared nothing for the West. Good for vanquished and victors in the civil war that followed in the thirteen colonies of the south! Cities of refuge were provided in the forests of Ontario, on the banks of the St. John, and the shores of the Atlantic for those true Loyalists who otherwise would have been deported to the West Indies or have been made to fare even worse. The experiment of free government was thenceforward to be tried on this continent under different constitutional forms, and that, too, was gain.

Good for the United States! Their chief foes have always been of their own household. Their best thinkers lament that tendency to national brag and bluster, with consequent narrowing of public life and deterioration of character, which success engendered. It is no pleasant thing for me to say an unkind word concerning our neighbors. They are our own flesh and blood. They are an example to us in a hundred ways. They have among them men and women who are the salt of the earth. In no country is it more necessary to distinguish between the froth of the surface and the pure liquor beneath, between the outcries that we hear first and the sober judgment and Christian sentiment that find expression later on, between the selfishness of the politician and the calm wisdom and great heart of the saving remnant. Their wise men know that it was a good thing for them that their flag was kept on one side of the watershed of the continent.

The schism that took place when the thirteen colonies broke away from the empire has been a grievous bar to their own development on the best side, and to the progress of humanity. No greater boon can be conferred on the race than the healing of that schism. That is the work that Canada is appointed by its position and history to do, if only it has a great enough heart for the work. How to do it will tax our wisdom as well as our faith. One thing is clear. We can do nothing if we barter our honor for some hope of immediate gain. The man who does not respect himself will never be respected by others. Much more is that true of a nation. The man may have death-bed repentance and a future life, but there is no life for the nation in the hereafter.

What is the right attitude for us? To guard the independence we have gained in the course of successive civil struggles, and to guard our national as carefully as we would our individual honor. Language is sometimes used that looks in the direction of surrendering our fiscal independence to a foreign power, and at the same time of discriminating against our own empire and the rest of the world. The first means national extinction, and the second is as unreasonable and impossible as it would be for Britain to discriminate against us. The fewer restrictions on trade the better. Free trade would be good for us and better for our neighbors, and next to free trade are fair treaties of reciprocity.

But let us not use ambiguous language. Let us not call that unrestricted trade which means free trade with one foreign nation and prohibited trade with our own commonwealth and everyone else. That would ensure for us the contempt of the one foreign nation and the righteous indignation of all others with whom we are now trading.

I need say no more on this, for I believe that the independence and honor of Canada are safe with Canadian statesmen of both parties. If, however, any of them should waver, the people will not. Outside of the two planks named, tariff changes are questions of expediency and must be discussed by experts. I, for one, do not profess to be able to see any eternal principle at stake between seventeen and a half per cent and twenty per cent duty. Nor do I understand how the abolition of the old reciprocity treaty, the rejection of the agreements negotiated by Mr. Brown and Mr. Chamberlain, or the passing of the McKinley Bill, can be considered wise. In every case the action was injurious to the people of the United States. The last-named bill will hurt us, and hurt themselves more; but should it hurt us twice as much as some hope and others fear, we shall not lose our temper. For good or ill the press represents us to a great extent when Parliament is not in session, and I trust that it will not misrepresent us now. Let us wait hopefully for the time when our neighbors will be awakened to see that selfishness is blindness. Let us remember that we ourselves have not been wholly blameless in the past, and let us hope that we shall shake hands yet across the line, and, letting bygones by bygones, unite in furthering the good old cause of righteousness and peace over the world. There have been two wars between Britain and the United States. In the first the mother, and in the second the daughter, was most to blame. The honors are thus easy between them, and sensible people have made up their minds that there shall be no third exhibition of what has been rightly called the sum of human folly and villainy.

How can there be if the principle of arbitration is accepted? Great Britain and Canada are prepared to submit every dispute with the United States to impartial arbitration. The public cannot refuse the offer that the Queen has made in the hearing of the world, though every week's delay in accepting the offer exhibits the opposite of a neighborly spirit. Every day Canada is giving new hostages for peace.

There is a steady migration going on from northern to southern lands, in Europe, Asia, and America. We see this even within the boundaries of the same country; in Russia, in Germany, in the United States. The movement does not mean that the northern countries are being depopulated. They are increasing in population. They remain, too, the homes of obedience to law, of purity, health, and manly vigor. I expect that before long we shall have lost all our negro population and have gained instead Icelanders, Scandinavians, Jews, and Germans. Already there are a million of Canadians, mostly white, in the United States. They go because of the greater variety of industries, or because of the mildness of the climate, or because centres of population attract, or because there is no extradition treaty, or for other good reasons. They go to better their conditions, but they are at the same time missionaries of peace and good will.

Why should all our young men stay at home? Their parents did not, or we should not be here. The young men of Britain go everywhere, opening up fresh fields, making new homes in every quarter of the globe, whence are diffused the virtues of the highest civilization the earth has yet known, and yet the old country increases steadily in wealth, population, and intelligence, while she retains also the moral leadership of the race. We need not be alarmed because some of our young men go to the United States, while others follow the flag to Africa and India, to explore the Aruwhimi, like Stairs, or rule in Uganda, like Huntley MacKay. We have lands enough and to spare. Those who stay at home will build up the country, and those who go abroad will save us from parochialism. Does anyone fancy that there would be no movement of population to the south if we made a change in our commercial policy or political allegiance? If so, we need not argue with him.

I have spoken of the high aim that Canadians should carry in their hearts and always keep before their eyes when they think of the future. A great people will have a worthy aim, and such an aim will prove an ennobling inspiration. "It is best not to obey the passions of men; they are but for a season; it is our duty to regard the future," said Champlain, the man who built Quebec, and who may be regarded as the first great Canadian. We are to build up a North American Dominion, permeated with the principles of righteousness, worthy to be the living link, the permanent bond of union, between Britain and the United States. That ideal may be far in the distance. So is the Pole Star. Yet sailors steered by it for centuries.

But, you say, we must think of the present more than of the future. You ask me whether I have nothing to say with regard to our present duty. Here we are face to face with serious problems affecting our daily life and pressing us in their most acute form through the recent legislation of our neighbors. What should be our attitude with regard to these? For here, too, as well as in home affairs, an immediate policy should be outlined, as immediate action is necessary. This question I might pass by, on the ground that events are wiser than men, and that the best answer to it will gradually be evolved out of the conflict of parties. But I shall endeavor to give my contribution toward an answer. Take it for what it is worth, remembering that I now speak with that submission which is called for when matters of expediency rather than matters of principle are concerned. Let us first understand as clearly as possible the state of the case.

As regards the United States, its action has been long considered and fully discussed, and there is little likelihood of its being changed in a hurry. Those who tell us that the McKinley Bill is the darkest hour that precedes the dawn, and that the dawn is already breaking, deceive themselves. I hope they shall not deceive us. In due time the light will break, but the man who waits for it will have to be almost as patient as the rustic who waits till the river has ceased running that he may cross dryshod.

We have to think of present duty as well as keep in mind what we may be called on to do ten or twenty years hence. For fifty years free traders in England have been declaring that the dawn was just about to break in the United States, yet what is the present position of affairs? The Republican party, comprising a large majority of the sober, thoughtful, and patriotic men of the northern, western and northwestern States, is solidly protectionist. The Democratic party, comprising almost the whole of the rest of the people, does not dare to unfurl the flag of free trade. In the last election it spent its time trying to prove that it was more truly protectionist than the other party.

There is no present hope, then, of any radical change in the fiscal policy of our neighbors. They believe that their present policy gives them the advantages of both free trade and protection.

It appeals too strongly to national selfishness and national vanity, as well as to their fervent patriotism and anti-Britain spirit, to be cast hastily aside. No politician is likely to disregard the great forces that I have enumerated. They tell one another proudly of the happy lot of the American workingman compared with the "pauper labor" of Europe. They listen with unaffected delight to the groans which their flatterers tell them are now rising more despairingly than ever from all classes in the Old World. They are not likely to tire soon of such stimulants. When anything goes wrong, their cry will certainly be, "More brandy."

While this is the case as regards Europe, as regards Canada they have an additional reason for maintaining their national policy. We are on the same continent with them, but we are British. Once they were sure that our destiny was "to drop like a ripe plum" into their mouths,—a nice fate, by the way, for the plum; but now they see that we are making a nation. Mr. Blaine expressed the general view when he declared openly that this was wholly incompatible with our having free trade with them. As he puts it, we cannot be Canadians and Americans at the same time. Well, we mean to be Canadians any way.

That is the present position in the United States. It is folly for us to shut our eyes to the facts. It is worse than folly to content ourselves with speculating on the possible results of the November elections, or for private persons to go to Washington and pass themselves off there as the authorized representatives of Canada. Let us always welcome the fullest freedom of speech, but conduct of that kind comes so near to being treason to the country that I do not see how the charge can be escaped except on the plea of aberration. In stating the case I have no intention of finding fault with the United States.

Our own attitude proves that if we had been in their circumstances we would have acted in precisely the same way. We, too, are afraid of competing with what our neighbors call "pauper labor," or even of competing with what one of our newspapers call "the pauper hens of Holland, Germany, and France."

While our neighbors were preparing their unfriendly bill we gave them all the excuse that could have been desired by placing new taxes on their corn and pork; and at the very moment when we are more dependent than ever on the open markets of Britain some of us propose to shut our doors against her as the price of conciliating those who announce that we cannot be Canadians and Americans at the same time. The United States may be selfish in politics, but they have never proposed anything quite so selfish as that.

I have indicated the United States' position. The policy of Britain we all know. We are between the two. What course shall we take? If we imitate the United States we shall proceed to double our duties on almost everything that we tax now. Every sane man will admit that we cannot afford that. We simply cannot afford to make living in Canada dearer. If we imitate Great Britain we shall at once reverse all our previous policy. Almost everyone will admit that we cannot afford so violent a disturbance as that. Is there any middle course?

For answer I shall indicate three points that I have thought out, though there is barely time now to do more than state them.

First, that to fill the gap made by the McKinley Bill in our volume of trade we must look chiefly to an increased trade with Britain. In one way the country that lies alongside of us for three or four thousand miles is certainly our natural market, and I have no wish to argue with the people on either side of the line who refuse to admit that free trade with neighbors is a good thing. But it is just as certain that Great Britain is also our natural market. She is ready to take almost everything we produce, and distance by water is of far less consequence than distance by land. It is clear, too, that we must buy more from her as well as sell more to her if we are largely to increase our dealings.

Secondly, if we are to have commercial union with only one country it would be more natural to form such a union with Great Britain than with the United States. There would, in that case, be less disturbance even of our manufacturing interests; for the differences between Canada and Britain have led here to lines of manufactures in which, under any arrangement with her, we could easily hold our own or even preserve an unchallenged supremacy. These lines of manufacture would be at once multiplied and strengthened by the introduction of the one article of free iron from Great Britain.

On the other hand there is not a single line of manufactures in which the United States are not our keen competitors. With regard, again, to the manufactures in which Britain excels us, not only would consumers, in the event of free trade, get the benefit of cheap goods, but the merchants, especially along the borders, would find their business increasing by leaps and bounds. Besides, in any such union with Britain we could depend upon her stable trade policy and her friendliness, both matters of importance, as the history of our relations with the United States for half a century abundantly shows.

Thirdly, retaliation by us would be ridiculous. I do not say that retaliation is out of the question in every case. Sometimes it is the best way of bringing others to a reasonable frame of mind. Cobden could never have made his celebrated convention with France if Britain had been previously admitting all French products free. He had something to offer that it was worth France's while to accept. In the same way Canada and Britain will not get any reasonable measure of free trade with the United States till unitedly they can offer something which in the opinion of Congress is as good as that which we want from them.

If, then, Canada would agree to abolish its duties on British products and manufactures, or even keep on them a small revenue tariff for a short time, and if Britain would agree to discriminate against countries refusing any reasonable reciprocity with her and us, that would give us the weapon we need. That course would have other advantages. In my opinion it would be the best course, not only for Canada but for Britain. Neither of our great parties will take it for obvious reasons, but these parties are certain to break up before long; and if I were a young man going into political life I would nail my colors to it, simply because it is right in itself and most certain to lead to the best results. It would certainly teach the primer of free trade to the farmers of the United States. They are now in the fog and will remain in it for an indefinite time until the lesson is taught them in this way. They could not complain, for even a little imitation is a sincere form of flattery. Besides, they have already done their worst. If you agree with me on these points, it follows that we should approach the British government with a reasonable offer and find out whether any, and if so what, arrangement, can be made. We have approached Washington time and again. Ought we not to try London now? We are dogmatically told that Britain will never discriminate. It will be time enough for us to believe that when we are willing to share in the sacrifice that any change requires, or when she herself says so. At any rate, that which is worth getting is worth asking.

It is clear to me that our policy should follow henceforth the British rather than the United States system. It is clear that if we are to throw in our lot fiscally with any other nation we should do so with the mother country. It is clear that we can approach her without loss of dignity, and I believe, too, that if we are prepared to pay the fair price we would get all the advantages from her that existing treaties permit.

The people of Britain are free traders by conviction, but they believe that there is something more important than a rigid adherence to the good rule of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. It is also clear to me that the trade theory of Britain is right, though it does not follow that no exceptions can ever be allowed, or that there are not relative degrees of rightness. It is wrong in principle to limit trade to an island or a continent. At any rate, as far as we make changes let us head in the direction of what is right, and not of what is wrong—not only with regard to the lines on which changes should be made in our tariff, but in other respects also.

Our policy must be decided. Since our neighbors will not trade with us we must do everything in reason to open more widely the avenues of trade, not only with Britain, but with related countries. Commercial treaties with the West Indies on one side and Australia on the other, a fast steamship service across the Atlantic, the deepening of the St. Lawrence canals, a cable and a line of steamships to Australia and New Zealand, a railway to Hudson Bay, are all moves in the right direction.

But, while we may not agree on details, let us be at one on fundamental principles. There are matters of unspeakably greater importance to a people than the volume of its imports and exports, or anything that can be tabulated in the most roseate-colored and most carefully prepared statistics.

Not by these things does a country live. A country lives and lives in history by what its people are. Very little thought did the men who made Canada give to tariff questions. They were men who lived simple lives and whose hearts of oak no privations shook. Everything we have we owe to them, and the more firmly we stand on their foundations and get back to their simple manners, robust faith, and sincere patriotism, the better for us. We are living in a critical period. We need strong and true men. These will be given us if we are worthy of them. Let us take our stand on what is right without any fear of consequences. All sorts of bogeys will be used to frighten us, all sorts of temptations to allure us from the path of honor. Against all these stand fast. Remember how the spirit of our fathers shone out again and again like a pillar of fire when the night was darkest. Oh, yes, we come of good stock. Men emigrated to this New World who knew how to endure. They hoped to found in the forests of the West a state in which there would be justice for all, free scope for all, fair reward for labor, a new home for freedom, freedom from grinding poverty, freedom from the galling chain of ancient feuds, mutual confidence and righteousness between man and man, flowing from trust in God. They knew that there was no other sure foundation, no other permanent cohesion for the social fabric. These men yearned and prayed for the country. They were poor, yet they made rich all who came in contact with them. Some of them are still with us in the flesh, for Canada is only in its infancy. Let the knowledge that such men laid our foundations hallow our aims and give us faith in the country's future. I never despair.

CHAMBERLAIN

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, an eminent English statesman, secretary of state for the colonies of Great Britain, was born in Camberwell, England, July 8, 1836. He was educated at a private school and later at London University school, but never attended a university. At sixteen years of age he went into business with his father, a London boot-and-shoe manufacturer, but his leisure was devoted to reading and he early acquired a considerable knowledge of the best English and French literature. At the age of eighteen he removed to Birmingham to represent his father's interests there. When thirty-eight years old he had acquired a fortune, largely through his own executive ability, and he retired from business to devote all his energies to study and the practice of politics. In his thirty-third year he had been elected chairman of the executive committee of the National Educational League, and this was his advent into politics. In 1869 Mr. Chamberlain was elected to the Birmingham town council, where he fathered such causes as the opening of art galleries on Sunday, the admission of poor children to the grammar school, and other measures then regarded as almost revolutionary. The vigor and ability with which he led the Birmingham agitation against clericalism in the board school won for him his election as mayor of Birmingham in 1873. He was re-elected in 1874 and 1875. Mr. Chamberlain's administrations were characterized by a policy of municipal socialism. It was due to him that the slum district, lying in the centre of the town, was abolished during his last year in office. At this time in his life he was of the opinion that England would eventually become a republic, and in 1874 he had called himself a communist, the word, in his interpretation, meaning "one who fought for the principles of local self-government." In 1874 Mr. Chamberlain stood for Sheffield and was defeated, but two years later he entered Parliament from Birmingham. He was a Radical of Sir Charles Dilke's color. A ready speaker, concise and to the point, by 1880 his name had become associated with a number of important questions. During the years of his novitiate Parliament was considering the Eastern question and South Africa, and Mr. Chamberlain was strongly opposed to the Conservative government on both. His political strength had become so great in 1880 that Mr. Gladstone, after offering him the presidency of the board of trade, gave him a seat in the Cabinet. He resigned in 1886 because he could not agree with the premier's home-rule policy. He was then returned to Parliament from Birmingham and joined the Unionist cause. In 1887 Mr. Chamberlain was commissioner from Great Britain to the United States to negotiate a fisheries treaty, and in 1895, as a Liberal-Unionist, he was appointed secretary of state for the colonies in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, and he has since retained that office; becoming, during the British-Boer war, which began in 1899, a central figure in English affairs.

ON LIBERAL AIMS

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BIRMINGHAM, JUNE 3, 1885

MR. PAYTON AND GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very much for the cordiality with which you have invited me to be your representative in Parliament, and I take it as an earnest of the spirit and the genuine kindness with which I may hope to be received by the constituency itself. I think you will not be surprised when I say that I come before you to-day with mixed feelings. I am going, I hope, to be your member; but I cannot forget that I am, and that I have been, the representative of the whole of this great constituency, and being and having been member for Birmingham is really a very proud thing to reflect upon.

It is not only that it is, I believe, the largest of the constituencies of the United Kingdom; at the time of the last general election we numbered, I think, something like 65,000 registered electors, and other towns of larger population, like Liverpool and Glasgow, could only muster a few over 60,000. It is not merely the size of the borough which has made it an honor to represent it, it is also the great influence which it has so continuously exercised upon the political life and the legislation of the country; and to represent in the future 10,000 of my fellow townsmen after having represented 65,000, is like living in a cottage after having resided in a palace.

At the same time I hope that the difference is more apparent than real, and that we shall continue to preserve the unity of this great constituency; and that although none of the seven members whom it will now enjoy will be entitled to speak authoritatively in the name of the whole, yet that as a body we shall speak with the one potent voice of Birmingham, united, as we have been of yore, in the pursuit of every Liberal measure.

Well, I may say that if the separation was to take place, there is no division of the town which it would be personally more gratifying to me to represent than this Western Division. Your Chairman has already alluded to the reasons which make me see a peculiar fitness in the invitation which you have been good enough to address to me.

It is here that I made my first entry into public life. I believe my first political speech was made in a schoolroom in All Saints, under the presidency of my friend the Chairman, and in support of the candidature of Mr. Dixon as one of the members for Birmingham. Afterwards I was connected with many of your leading citizens in establishing that undenominational school, also in All Saints, which gave a practical illustration of the scheme of the National Education League to which Mr. Payton has referred, and which had so large a part in carrying the measure, of the advantages of which he has not said one word too much. As to St. Paul's Ward, I am glad indeed to recollect that it was through the kindness of the electors of St. Paul's Ward that I was introduced to local government and that I gained my experience of local life, which has been to me of the greatest possible value, and which has produced in my mind an enduring conviction of the importance and dignity of our local government, and an anxious desire to extend its functions and to increase the number of those on whom it may be conferred.

Well, then, gentlemen, I may say that I accept with gratitude the invitation which you have addressed to me. If there is to be opposition, I have no doubt that we shall give a good account of ourselves. And whether there be opposition or not, I have no doubt whatever that, if life is spared to me, somewhere about the end of November I shall be the member for the Western Division of Birmingham.

I thank those who have already addressed you for the kindness with which they have said that from me they ask no profession of faith. Well, it is true that my public and political life has been all before you, and there is probably no subject of the slightest importance on which you do not already know my opinion, and with regard to which you do not know that I will not do all that in me lies to give force to that opinion.

Of course I do not expect that my opinion agrees with yours upon every subject or upon every detail. That would be to presuppose that you yourselves are entirely agreed, which is more, perhaps, than I have a right to expect, even from the constituency which I aspire to represent.

No, gentlemen, but though we may differ sometimes upon details, and sometimes upon methods, I believe that we are agreed upon the main lines of Liberal policy, and that we shall always be found shoulder to shoulder in endeavoring to secure their general acceptance.

Now, this invitation, and the signs of activity which are everywhere around us, are proofs that we have arrived at a stage in our political history. The old order is passing away; the new order is beginning to make itself felt. I am not generally much inclined to indulge in political retrospect—I am more ready to say, "Let the dead past bury its dead; our business is with the present and with the future"; but standing here, as I do, at the turning of the ways, I will venture to assert that when the history of the last five years comes to be written, neither the government of which I have the honor to be a member, nor the Parliament which was returned to power with such tremendous enthusiasm five years ago, will have any cause to fear its verdict.

When that history comes to be written you know whose will be the central and prominent figure. You know that Mr. Gladstone will stand out before posterity as the greatest man of his time—remarkable not only for his extraordinary eloquence, for his great ability, for his steadfastness of purpose, for his constructive skill, but more, perhaps, than all these, for his personal character, and for the high tone that he has introduced into our politics and public life. I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. Gladstone a space of time before we shall see how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power.

I am certain that justice will be done to him in the future, and I am not less certain that there will be a signal condemnation of those men who, moved by motives of party spite in their eagerness for office, have not hesitated to load with insult and indignity the greatest statesman of our time, who had not allowed even his age, which should have commanded their reverence, or his experience, which entitled him to their respect, or his high personal character, or his long service to his Queen and to his country, to shield him from the vulgar affronts and lying accusations of which he has nightly been made the subject in the House of Commons. He, with his great magnanimity, can afford to forget and forgive these things; those whom he has served long it behooves to remember them, to resent them, and to punish them.

Now, I have said, gentlemen, that I do not think that this Parliament will have any cause to fear the verdict of history. Just contrast it for a moment with the Parliament which preceded it. That was a Parliament and a government which came into power under the most exceptionally favorable circumstances. Ireland was contented, there was peace all over the world, the finances were in the most admirable order. Never was there a better opportunity for a great and patriotic statesman to promote measures of urgent domestic importance, and yet I venture to say that during the whole existence of that Parliament, with the exception, perhaps, of the Artisans' Dwellings Act of Sir Richard Cross, which was, unfortunately, an unsuccessful, but which was, I believe, a well-meant attempt to grapple with a great social evil,—with that exception there is not, I believe, one single Act to which the future historian will deem it necessary to make even a passing reference.

But now, when we came into power, everything was changed. There was trouble all over the world. South Africa was in a state of anarchy: there had been war, shortly to be renewed, in Afghanistan; Ireland was dissatisfied, and was on the eve of the greatest agitation which has ever convulsed that country since the Tithe War; the finances were in hopeless confusion; and yet, in spite of all these things, in spite of obstruction carried with the tacit approval of the leaders of the Tory party up to the height of a science, and in spite of the most factious Opposition that I believe this country has ever known, there has not been a single session which has passed without measures of important reform finding their place in the statute-book, without grievances being redressed and wrongs being remedied.

We have abolished flogging in the army, we have suspended the operation of the odious Acts called the Contagious Diseases Acts, we have amended the game laws, we have reformed the burial laws, we have introduced and carried our Employers' Liability Bill, we have had a Bankruptcy Act, a Patents Act, and a host of secondary measures which, together, would have formed the stock-in-trade of a Tory government for twenty years at least; and yet these are only the fringe, only the outside, of the more important legislation of our time, the chief elements in which have been the Irish Land Bill and the Reform Bill.

The Irish Land Bill alone is a monument of Mr. Gladstone's genius. He probably was the only man who could have successfully dealt with so gigantic, so complicated, and so difficult a subject. But he has passed two great measures dealing with that subject, giving to the Irish tenant full security of tenure, and now, at all events, he enjoys in their entirety all the improvements which he may make in his holding. And sometimes, gentlemen, I cannot but wish that Liberals would have a little more faith in their principles, and a little more trust in the remedial legislation which they have assisted to pass.

If Ireland is pacified at the present moment I do not attribute it to coercion bills; I attribute it to the reform of the land laws and to the removal of the deep-seated agrarian grievance of the Irish peasant. Coercion may be necessary at times. Murder, and outrage, and assassination are things which no government can tolerate, which no honest man will lift a finger to approve; and when these things stalk through the land, then they must be put down at all hazards and at all risk, by every means within the power of the legislature and of the government. But coercion is for an emergency.

It is nonsense to talk of a constitutional system and constitutional government if the constitution is always being suspended. When the emergency is over, then it is the duty of wise statesmen to seek out the causes of discontent and to endeavor to remedy them. Well, I believe that one of the greatest of Irish problems is still before us, and must wait for its solution until the new Parliament, whose advent we anticipate with so much interest and with such expectations.

Mr. Gladstone has removed two of the greatest grievances of Ireland. He has disestablished an alien church and he has reformed the land laws. But there remains a question as important, possibly even more important, than both these two, and that is, to give in Mr. Gladstone's own words, the widest possible self-government to Ireland which is consistent with the maintenance of the integrity of the empire. What we have to do is to conciliate the national sentiment of Ireland. We have to find a safe means between separation on the one hand, which would be disastrous to Ireland and dangerous to England, and that excessive concentralization, on the other hand, which throws upon the English Parliament and upon English officials the duty and burden of supervising every petty detail of Irish local affairs, which stifles the national life, which destroys the sense of responsibility, which keeps the people in ignorance of the duties and functions of government, and which produces a perpetual feeling of irritation while it obstructs all necessary legislation. That is the problem, and I do not believe that the resources of statesmanship are exhausted, or that it will be impossible to find a solution.

We are going to have a new Parliament, when for the first time the whole people will be represented. We shall know what is the authoritative expression of the wishes of the majority of the people of Ireland. That is a great thing, and this authoritative expression of the wishes of the people of Ireland will be submitted to the judgment, not of classes, nor of those who are prejudiced by the existence of privileges or by separate and individual claims and rights, but to the whole people of England and Scotland. And when I think how much importance the English and the Scotch people attach to local government, when I know how we in the towns prize it, when I know how Liberals in the country desire it, when I know how Liberals in the metropolis are asking for it, I do not believe for a moment that they will hesitate before conceding to Ireland all the liberties and all the freedom which they will claim for themselves.

Well, now, gentlemen, I do not think I need dilate upon the circumstances or the manner in which what has been called the greatest reform, the greatest constitutional reform since the Revolution of 1688, has been carried through. The Tories opposed it, as they have opposed every measure of reform, as long as they dared, and until they saw the passions of the people were so aroused that it would be dangerous to resist any longer. They opposed it and attempted to delay it, attempted to minimize it, and now with characteristic effrontery, they are taking the credit for the passing of a measure which, if their power had been equal to their will, we should never have seen upon the statute-book of the land.

But though they have changed their language they have not changed their tactics. We have had a taste of their spirit, even within the last few weeks. What the Tories have not dared to do in the House of Commons, they have put up their confederates in the House of Lords to do for them, and by making medical relief a disqualification for the franchise they have taken away with the one hand what they gave with the other, and they have kept out from the enjoyment of their electoral rights probably one fourth of those whom we sought to enfranchise.

Well, this is monstrous injustice. It is an intolerable thing that a poor laborer, with his twelve shillings or possibly fourteen shillings a week, should be placed, in time of sickness and trouble in his family, between the alternative of either losing his electoral rights or of leaving his family without the assistance which medical skill could afford. It is an iniquity which, if it be not set right in the present Parliament, it will be the first duty of the new Parliament to correct. In the meantime I do not doubt that the new electors, those of them to whom the Lords in their great mercy have still left their votes, will know how to judge between the two parties in the State, and will know what trust to place in the assurances which the leaders of that party are giving of their confidence in the people.

Well, gentlemen, if I were to stop here, although I think I should have made out a pretty fair case for our domestic policy, I should lay myself open to the remark, "Oh, but you have said nothing about foreign policy; you confess, then, that that, at all events, is a failure, and that there you have broken down."

I am not going to confess anything of the kind; I am not going to make any such admission. I am going to claim your support for the main line of our foreign policy just as earnestly, and with as full a conviction of your assent, as I have claimed your support for our domestic policy.

I do not say that we have not made mistakes. I think it would be a very extraordinary administration indeed which, dealing with such difficult and complicated business as has been placed before us recently, had not made any mistakes; it would be very wonderful if, looking back now with fuller knowledge, we were not able to put our finger on some point where we would wish to have acted differently from what we did; but I say, for the main line of our policy, I claim your approval, and of the main line of the policy of our opponents I ask you to mark your emphatic dissent. I am not content, however, to rest entirely upon the fact that if there were a change of government the alternative which is presented to you by the Tories is not a very agreeable one.

If words mean anything, and if the language of their leaders should be interpreted by the law of common sense, then in the last five years, if Lord Salisbury had been in office, we should have been at war with two at least of the Great Powers of Europe. I want you to consider the spirit in which the two parties have addressed themselves to foreign policy. I can well understand that there are some people, many perhaps in Birmingham, who are in favor of what is called absolute non-intervention in the affairs of other countries.

But, gentlemen, although, when I consider the difficulties in which intervention has frequently landed us, I can sympathize with such a feeling, I tell you plainly that it is impracticable, that it is imposible of realization. Our relations are so far spread, we have so many interests in so many different parts of the world, that we could not, even if we would, remain absolutely isolated in the midst of what is taking place around us, and the question is, in what spirit are we to address ourselves to the communications which we must necessarily have with foreign Powers?

Now, if we may assume the leaders of the Tory party to speak for their followers, they would address themselves to any foreign nation with which we had matters of discussion in the spirit and tone of a superior dictating his will. They would state at the outset the demands which they make, and they would expect those demands to be instantly and entirely complied with. They would not abate one jot, they would yield nothing to the sensibility of others—they would deal with all those questions in the spirit of those whose word should always be law.

Well, I do not think this is a tone which is becoming us, which it is right or which it is prudent for a Great Power to adopt. I believe, on the contrary, that the government have been justified in dealing with foreign nations as with nations entitled to equal consideration with ourselves, and, while endeavoring to maintain the honor and interests of this country, not on that account to ignore altogether the honor and the interests of the countries with which we have had to deal. Now, I should have liked to have said something at length upon the details of our recent negotiations with Russia; but, as you have seen, those negotiations are not finally closed, and it would not, therefore, be permissible for me to deal fully with the communications which have already taken place. You are told that we have yielded basely to Russia, that we have compromised the interests of the country.

Well, gentlemen, all I will say is, that if it be found when the whole question is finally and happily settled—as I hope and believe it shortly will be—if it is then found that we have maintained the friendship and confidence of the Ameer of Afghanistan, that we have secured for our ally all that he himself has deemed of importance, that we have obtained everything that the government of India has thought necessary for the security, order, and credit of the empire, we shall not in that case be held to have failed, even though, in maintaining our position, we may have dealt with a great nation in a spirit of conciliation and of consideration, and, while anxious to maintain the dignity of this country, have been also ready to recognize the claims and the rights of the Power with which we have been dealing.

Well, now, it is in the same spirit that we have conducted all our negotiations and communications with our neighbors in France, and you will not doubt that we have had many difficult and complicated questions to discuss with the French government.

It is said that here also we have truckled to the French, and that we have betrayed English interests and exhibited an unparalleled pusillanimity. Well, I would just say, in passing, that these are statements which I do not think it is very patriotic to make in times of great national difficulty and embarrassment. They are statements which are very apt to bring about their own fulfilment; because if a foreign Power learns from the leaders of a great party in this country that the executive government of the day is cowardly, weak, vacillating, and yielding, and that this foreign government has only to demand in order that its utmost requirements may immediately be satisfied, I think you will say such a thing as that is very apt to increase the demands of the foreign government, and that it is not at all likely to lead to a satisfactory settlement of our disputes.

When I was in Paris the other day I was struck by a rather curious coincidence. When I left London the Tory Peers and some of the Tory speakers had been, after their wont, denouncing the government in the language to which I have already referred, but when I got to France I found there were French politicians, French Ashmead-Bartletts, and French Randolph Churchills, who were using precisely similar language concerning the government of that country; only it was the other side of the shield that was thus presented to me; it was the French government who was truckling to the arrogance of England, whose concessions knew no bounds, and who, if it had any care for the interests of France, would immediately issue its ultimatum to perfidious Albion.

In the last article I read before I left, in the "Times," I was told that the limits of concession on the part of the government of France must, it supposed, at last have been reached. In the first article I read in the "Débats," a most ably conducted journal in Paris, I found the French government assailed most bitterly for the manner in which it had yielded everything to the insolence of England.

Well, do not you think that when these things are being said on both sides, perhaps there is as little truth on one side as there is on the other, and that perhaps both governments are wiser than these irresponsible writers in the press, who risk sometimes a breach in the friendship which ought to exist between two great nations; wiser than the politicians whose recklessness endangered the peace of the world? Do not you think it possible that the two governments may be each earnestly seeking to conciliate the interests and the honor of their respective countries?

I will not apologize for saying a few more words on this Egyptian question, because I attach the greatest possible importance to the French alliance. The friendship between France and this country has been slowly built up during a generation, it has done a great deal for civilization, and it has helped on important occasions to secure the peace of Europe. I believe that, near neighbors as we are, in our continued and cordial friendship lies the best guarantee for the future happiness of both our nations; and I would be sorry that any temporary misapprehension, any misrepresentation, should jeopardize the alliance to which I attach so great an importance.

Now the Egyptian question has brought us face to face with great interests and a natural sensitiveness on the part of Frenchmen. To begin with, let me answer the question, "Why did you go to Egypt?" There are a great many people who think, in view of what has subsequently occurred, that it would have been wiser if we had kept away altogether; but then it should be borne in mind what the alternative would have been. We also have got interests in Egypt. I do not speak now of the sums of money which are invested there, whether in the debt or in public works and national enterprises. I do not speak merely of the great trade with that country, of the cotton and corn which come from Egypt to England, and which are purchased with our manufactures.

But Egypt is the highway to India and to our colonial possessions; four fifths of the ships that traverse the Canal are under the English flag, and probably a great deal more than one half of all the merchandise which they bear is either going or coming between England and her own possessions. It is quite impossible that any government with a sense of duty and responsibility should ignore these vast and important interests, and if we had allowed Egypt to become the prey of anarchy and disorder, and if subsequently some other Power had interfered and taken possession of the country, I do not believe that the government would have been forgiven; I do not believe that it would have been held to have done its duty; and I do not believe that its action would have contributed in the long run to the peace of the world.

But if we have great interests, bear in mind that the French have interests of hardly lesser magnitude. Probably as a mere commercial speculation they are less engaged in Egyptian affairs than we are; but then you will not forget that the Suez Canal itself we owe to the genius and enterprise of a great Frenchman, who, undeterred by ridicule, by opposition, I am afraid I must almost say by the hostility of England, so ably carried forward that great enterprise which has done an immense deal for the civilization and advantage of the world. It is not possible for Frenchmen to dissociate themselves from the honor and glory which attended upon the successful conduct of so great a matter; and we have to bear that in mind when we find that our neighbors are sensitive on the subject of our interference.

Not only so; but, as you know, in past history the military annals of France have gained an added glory in connection with the enterprise which Napoleon successfully carried out in that county, so that we have to bear with Frenchmen when we find them, more perhaps than other nations, susceptible to the action we have found it our duty to take. We thought it our duty to consult and concert with them, and, as you know, in the first instance every step was taken in alliance with the French government. At a certain period —at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria—the French government broke off from that alliance.

I am not complaining of their action; I am merely reciting facts. But it is well to hear in mind that it was they and not we who first severed the concert which up to that time had existed. Well, at that moment there were two courses which were open to us. We might, if we had liked, have taken possession of Egypt; we might have announced a protectorate similar to the French protectorate of Tunis, or we might have annexed the country as the French have annexed Algiers. I suppose at that time such a course could have been pursued without immediate danger of war; but the government thought it was assuming a responsibility altogether outside the proper sphere of English duty and of English interests.

The government thought that we had no right to destroy the independence of Egypt. They thought that we had no right to assume the immense responsibility which would follow upon our becoming, as we should have done, practically a European nation, and so losing the advantage which our insular position has hitherto given us; and, above all, we did not think it was worth our while, or desirable, or right, for such an object to risk the friendship of France, to which we attached so much value. Well, then, the alternative was this—the alternative was that we should remain in Egypt only so long as was necessary to restore order, and that then we should come away without having sought or obtained any territorial aggrandizement for ourselves. And when that policy was announced, what would you have said would have been the duty and the only natural course of a French patriotic statesman?

I confess I should have said: "We are dealing with a government which announces its intention in such a way as to afford us no just cause of offence. This government has declared its willingness to evacuate Egypt as soon as order is re-established; it is our business to keep it to its pledges, and to make this policy as easy as possible to it."

Well, I must confess I did not think that, although it appears to me to be the obvious policy of French statesmen, it has always been the course which has been pursued by the French government.

We have found great difficulties thrown in our way both in connection with the administration of Egypt and also in connection with the re-arrangement of its finances; and I cannot help pointing out to you, and through you to others, that one effect of this policy has been to delay the evacuation which both nations have equal reason to desire, to postpone it, to make it difficult, and perhaps even in the last resort to make it impossible. Now, gentlemen, what are the objects with which we still remain in that country? In the first place we are bound to secure the independence of Egypt. It cannot be tolerated that, after the sacrifices we have made, our going away should be the signal for another Power to take up a preponderating position there. We have a right to ask, we have a right to expect, that some guarantee will be given to us that other nations will be as self-denying as we intend to be ourselves before we can leave the country. But we have also something else to do. We have a duty which we owe to the Egyptians. We have to provide them with some form of government which is likely to be a settled one; we have to relieve the peasants from excessive or unjust taxation, which might be a cause of discontent and trouble in the future; and we have to create some kind of native or other army which may answer for the defence of the country against external enemies and against internal disorder.

These are objects surely in which we may seek and obtain the cordial assistance of France, and which are not calculated to provoke jealousy or alarm among other nations of the Continent. I have dwelt upon this matter because, as I say, I believe that some of the unfriendliness which I fear has sometimes prevailed has been due to misunderstanding and to misapprehension, and because I believe that, if that misapprehension could be removed, the reasons that should draw the two nations together are so strong that the clouds which have hitherto hung over our alliance will be entirely and speedily dispelled.

Gentlemen, I feel that I owe you an apology for addressing you at such length, and especially, perhaps, for speaking on subjects which are rather outside the ordinary scope and limit which I have fixed to my political addresses; but I have recently had more than one opportunity of speaking on the future domestic policy of the Liberal party, and I did not think that on this occasion it was necessary that I should repeat myself. I have nothing to add to what I have already said in reference to this matter; I have nothing to withdraw. I believe, and I rejoice to believe, that the reduction of the franchise will bring into prominence social questions which have been too long neglected, that it will force upon the consideration of thinking men of all parties the condition of our poor—aye, and the contrast which unfortunately exists between the great luxury and wealth which some enjoy, and the misery and poverty which prevails among large portions of the population.

I do not believe that any Liberal policy, mine or any other, will ever take away the security which property rightly enjoys; that it will ever destroy the certainty that industry and thrift will meet with their due reward; but I do think that something may be done to enlarge the obligation and responsibility of the whole community toward its poorer and less fortunate members. In that great work, if I am permitted to take any part, I hope I may have—I am confident I shall have—your support and sympathy; and I hope that this great constituency of Birmingham will be as one man in carrying forward the Liberal measures from which in the past the country has derived such signal advantage.

Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the cordiality with which you have conveyed to me your invitation. I hope that before long I may have an opportunity of addressing a larger meeting in the constituency, and I hope that the connection which has existed between us, first in the Town Council and in connection with local affairs, and then in Parliament, may not be broken during my lifetime.

MOODY

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY, a celebrated American evangelist, was born at Northfield, Massachusetts, February 5, 1837, and died there December 22, 1899. His early education was limited in extent, and after working on a farm till 1854 he was for the next two years a clerk in a shoe-store in Boston, removing to Chicago in 1856. He there became active in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and during the Civil War period engaged in the duties of the Christian Commission. He subsequently established an independent church in Chicago, of which he was for some time the unordained pastor. In 1873 he was joined by the singer, Mr. Sankey, with whom he conducted a revival tour for two years through the principal cities of Great Britain. On their return to the United States in 1875, the two continued their evangelistic work, holding crowded religious meetings in many cities. Moody engaged in this work at intervals for the rest of his life, being usually accompanied by Sankey, whose singing had much to do with the remarkable interest everywhere manifested. At Chicago Moody established a Biblical Institute, and at Northfield, his birthplace, founded three more educational institutions, two schools preparatory for college, and one for the training of women. His writings include "Great Joy" (1877); "Arrows and Anecdote" (1877); "Heaven" (1880); "Secret Power" (1881); "The Way to God" (1884); "Bible Characters" (1888); "Notes From My Bible" (1895); "Overcoming Life, and Other Sermons" (1897); "How to Study the Bible."

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

I SUPPOSE there is no one here who has not thought more or less about Christ. You have heard about him, and read about him, and heard men preach about him. For eighteen hundred years men have been talking about him and thinking about him; and some have their minds made up about who he is, and doubtless some have not. And although all these years have rolled away, this question comes up, addressed to each of us, to-day, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not know why it should not be thought a proper question for one man to put to another. If I were to ask you what you think of any of your prominent men, you would already have your mind made up about him. If I were to ask you what you thought of your noble Queen, you would speak right out and tell me your opinion in a minute.

If I were to ask about your prime minister, you would tell me freely what you had for or against him. And why should not people make up their minds about the Lord Jesus Christ, and take their stand for or against him? If you think well of him, why not speak well of him and range yourselves on his side? And if you think ill of him, and believe him to be an impostor, and that he did not die to save the world, why not lift up your voice and say you are against him? It would be a happy day for Christianity if men would just take sides—if we could know positively who was really for him and who was against him.

It is of very little importance what the world thinks of any one else. The Queen and the statesman, the peers and the princes, must soon be gone. Yes; it matters little, comparatively, what we think of them. Their lives can interest only a few; but every living soul on the face of the earth is concerned with this Man. The question for the world is, "What think ye of Christ?"

I do not ask you what you think of the Established Church, or of the Presbyterians, or the Baptists, or the Roman Catholics; I do not ask you what you think of this minister or that, of this doctrine or that; but I want to ask you what you think of the living person of Christ?

I should like to ask, Was he really the Son of God—the great God-Man? Did he leave heaven and come down to this world for a purpose? Was it really to seek and to save? I should like to begin with the manger, and follow him up through the thirty-three years he was here upon earth. I should ask you what you think of his coming into this world and being born in a manger when it might have been a palace; why he left the grandeur and the glory of heaven, and the royal retinue of angels; why he passed by palaces and crowns and dominion and came down here alone?

I should like to ask what you think of him as a teacher. He spake as never man spake. I should like to take him up as a preacher. I should like to bring you to that mountainside, that we might listen to the words as they fall from his gentle lips. Talk about the preachers of the present day! I would rather a thousand times be five minutes at the feet of Christ than listen a lifetime to all the wise men in the world. He used just to hang truth upon anything. Yonder is a sower, a fox, a bird, and he just gathers the truth round them, so that you cannot see a fox, a sower, or a bird without thinking what Jesus said. Yonder is a lily of the valley, you cannot see it without thinking of his words, "They toil not, neither do they spin."

He makes the little sparrow chirping in the air preach to us. How fresh those wonderful sermons are, how they live to-day! How we love to tell them to our children, how the children love to hear! "Tell me a story about Jesus," how often we hear it; how the little ones love his sermons! No story-book in the world will ever interest them like the stories that he told. And yet how profound he was; how he puzzled the wise men; how the scribes and the Pharisees could never fathom him! Oh, do you not think he was a wonderful preacher?

I should like to ask you what you think of him as a physician. A man would soon have a reputation as a doctor if he could cure as Christ did. No case was ever brought to him but what he was a match for. He had but to speak the word, and disease fled before him. Here comes a man covered with leprosy.

"Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean," he cries

"I will," says the Great Physician, and in an instant the leprosy is gone. The world has hospitals for incurable diseases; but there were no incurable diseases with him.

Now, see him in the little home at Bethany, binding up the wounded hearts of Martha and Mary, and tell me what you think of him as a comforter. He is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. The weary may find a resting-place upon that breast, and the friendless may reckon him their friend. He never varies, he never fails, he never dies. His sympathy is ever fresh, his love is ever free. O widow and orphans, O sorrowing and mourning, will you not thank God for Christ the Comforter?

But these are not the points I wish to take up. Let us go to those who knew Christ, and ask what they thought of him. If you want to find out what a man is nowadays, you inquire about him from those who know him best. I do not wish to be partial; we will go to his enemies, and to his friends. We will ask them, What think ye of Christ? We will ask his friends and his enemies. If we only went to those who liked him, you would say:

"Oh, he is so blind; he thinks so much of the man that he can't see his faults. You can't get anything out of him unless it be in his favor; it is a one-sided affair altogether."

So we shall go in the first place to his enemies, to those who hated him, persecuted him, cursed and slew him. I shall put you in the jury-box, and call upon them to tell us what they think of him.

First, among the witnesses, let us call upon the Pharisees. We know how they hated him. Let us put a few questions to them. "Come, Pharisees, tell us what you have against the Son of God, What do you think of Christ?" Hear what they say! "This man receiveth sinners." What an argument to bring against him! Why, it is the very thing that makes us love him. It is the glory of the gospel. He receives sinners. If he had not, what would have become of us? Have you nothing more to bring against him than this? Why, it is one of the greatest compliments that was ever paid him. Once more: "When he was hanging on the tree, you had this to say of him, 'He saved others, but he could not save himself and save us too.'" So he laid down his own life for yours and mine. Yes, Pharisees, you have told the truth for once in your lives! He saved others. He died for others. He was a ransom for many; so it is quite true what you think of him—He saved others, himself he cannot save.

Now, let us call upon Caiaphas. Let him stand up here in his flowing robes; let us ask him for his evidence. "Caiaphas, you were chief priest when Christ was tried; you were president of the Sanhedrim; you were in the council-chamber when they found him guilty; you yourself condemned him. Tell us; what did the witnesses say? On what grounds did you judge him? What testimony was brought against him?" "He hath spoken blasphemy," says Caiaphas. "He said, 'Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' When I heard that, I found him guilty of blasphemy; I rent my mantle and condemned him to death." Yes, all that they had against him was that he was the Son of God; and they slew him for the promise of his coming for his bride!

Now let us summon Pilate. Let him enter the witness-box.

"Pilate, this man was brought before you; you examined him; you talked with him face to face; what think you of Christ?"

"I find no fault in him," says Pilate. "He said he was the King of the Jews, [just as he wrote it over the cross]; but I find no fault in him." Such is the testimony of the man who examined him! And, as he stands there, the centre of a Jewish mob, there comes along a man, elbowing his way in haste. He rushes up to Pilate, and, thrusting out his hand, gives him a message. He tears it open; his face turns pale as he reads—"Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." It is from Pilate's wife—her testimony to Christ. You want to know what his enemies thought of him? You want to know what a heathen thought? Well, here it is, "no fault in him;" and the wife of a heathen, "this just man!"

And now, look—in comes Judas. He ought to make a good witness. Let us address him. "Come, tell us, Judas, what think ye of Christ? You knew the master well; you sold him for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed him with a kiss; you saw him perform those miracles; you were with him in Jerusalem. In Bethany, when he summoned up Lazarus, you were there. What think you of him?" I can see him as he comes into the presence of the chief priests; I can hear the money ring as he dashes it upon the table, "I have betrayed innocent blood!" Here is the man who betrayed him, and this is what he thinks of him! Yes, those who were guilty of his death put their testimony on record that he was an innocent man.

Let us take the centurion who was present at the execution. He had charge of the Roman soldiers. He had told them to make him carry his cross; he had given orders for the nails to be driven into his feet and hands, for the spear to be thrust in his side. Let the centurion come forward. "Centurion, you had charge of the executioners; you saw that the order for his death was carried out; you saw him die; you heard him speak upon the cross. Tell us, what think you of Christ?" Hark! Look at him; he is smiting his breast as he cries, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

I might go to the thief upon the cross, and ask what he thought of him. At first he railed upon him and reviled him. But then he thought better of it: "This man hath done nothing amiss," he says.

I might go further. I might summon the very devils themselves and ask them for their testimony. Have they anything to say of him? Why, the very devils called him the Son of God! In Mark we have the unclean spirit crying, "Jesus, thou Son of the most High God." Men say, "Oh, I believe Christ to be the Son of God, and because I believe it intellectually I shall be saved." I tell you the devils did that. And they did more than that, they trembled.

Let us bring in his friends. We want you to hear their evidence. Let us call that prince of preachers. Let us hear the forerunner; none ever preached like this man—this man who drew all Jerusalem and all Judæa into the wilderness to hear him; this man who burst upon the nations like the flash of a meteor. Let John the Baptist come with his leathern girdle and his hairy coat, and let him tell us what he thinks of Christ. His words, though they were echoed in the wilderness of Palestine, are written in the Book forever, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" This is what John the Baptist thought of him. "I bare record that he is the Son of God." No wonder he drew all

Jerusalem and Judæa to him, because he preached Christ. And whenever men preach Christ, they are sure to have plenty of followers.

Let us bring in Peter, who was with him on the mount of transfiguration, who was with him the night he was betrayed. Come, Peter, tell us what you think of Christ. Stand in this witness-box and testify of him. You denied him once. You said, with a curse, you did not know him. Was it true, Peter? Don't you know him? "Know him!" I can imagine Peter saying: "It was a lie I told then. I *did* know him." Afterward I can hear him charging home their guilt upon these Jerusalem sinners. He calls him "both Lord and Christ." Such was the testimony on the day of Pentecost. "God hath made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ." And tradition tells us that when they came to execute Peter he felt he was not worthy to die in the way his Master died, and he requested to be crucified with his head downward. So much did Peter think of him!

Now let us hear from the beloved disciple John. He knew more about Christ than any other man. He has laid his head on his Saviour's bosom. He had heard the throbbing of that loving heart. Look into his gospel if you wish to know what he thought of him.

Matthew writes of him as the Royal King come from his throne. Mark writes of him as the servant, and Luke of the Son of Man. John takes up his pen, and, with one stroke, forever settles the question of Unitarianism. He goes right back before the time of Adam. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Look into Revelation. He calls him "the bright and the Morning Star." So John thought well of him—because he knew him well.

We might bring in Thomas, the doubting disciple. You doubted him, Thomas? You would not believe he had risen, and you put your fingers into the wound in his side. What do you think of him?

"My Lord and my God!" says Thomas.

Then go over to Decapolis and you will find Christ has been there casting out devils. Let us call the men of that country and ask what they think of him. "He hath done all things well," they say.

But we have other witnesses to bring in. Take the persecuting Saul, once one of the worst of his enemies. Breathing out threatenings he meets him. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" says Christ. He might have added, "What have I done to you? Have I injured you in any way? Did I not come to bless you? Why do you treat me thus, Saul?" And then Saul asks, "Who art thou, Lord?"

"I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." You see, he was not ashamed of his name; although he had been in heaven, "I am Jesus of Nazareth." What a change did that one interview make to Paul! A few years after we hear him say, "I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dross that I may win Christ." Such a testimony to the Saviour!

But I shall go still further. I shall go away from earth into the other world. I shall summon the angels and ask what they think of Christ. They saw him in the bosom of the Father before the world was. Before the dawn of creation; before the morning stars sang together, he was there. They saw him leave the throne and come down to the manger. What a scene for them to witness! Ask these heavenly beings what they thought of him then. For once they are permitted to speak; for once the silence of heaven is broken.

Listen to their song on the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He leaves the throne to save the world. Is it a wonder the angels thought well of him?

Then there are the redeemed saints—they that see him face to face. Here on earth he was never known, no one seemed really to be acquainted with him; but he was known in that world where he had been from the foundation. What do they think of him there? If we could hear from heaven we should hear a shout which would glorify and magnify his name. We are told that when John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and being caught up, he heard a shout around him, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands and thousands of voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!" Yes, he is worthy of all this. Heaven cannot speak too well of him. Oh, that earth would take up the echo and join with heaven in singing, "Worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

But there is still another witness, a higher still. Some think that the God of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New. But when Jesus came out of Jordan, baptized by John, there came a voice from heaven. God the Father spoke. It was his testimony to Christ: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Ah, yes! God the Father thinks well of the Son. And if God is well pleased with him, so ought we. If the sinner and God are well pleased with Christ, then the sinner and God can meet. The moment you say, as the Father said, "I am well pleased with him," and accept him, you are wedded to God. Will you not believe the testimony? Will you not believe this witness, this last of all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings himself? Once more he repeats it, so that all may know it. With Peter and James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, he cries again, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." And that voice went echoing and re-echoing through Palestine, through all the earth from sea to sea; yes, that voice is echoing still, Hear him! Hear him!

My friend, will you hear him to-day? Hark! what is he saying to you? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Will you not think well of such a Saviour? Will you not believe in him? Will you not trust in him with all your heart and mind? Will you not live for him? If he laid down his life for us, is it not the least we can do to lay down ours for him? If he bore the Cross and died on it for me, ought I not to be willing to take it up for him? Oh, have we not reason to think well of him? Do you think it is right and noble to lift up your voice against such a Saviour? Do you think it is just to cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Oh, may God help all of us to glorify the Father, by thinking well of his only-begotten Son.

PORTER

HORACE PORTER, an American soldier and orator, was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, April 15, 1837. He was prepared for college in his native State, entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, and while there was appointed to the United States Military Academy, from which he was graduated in 1860. He was instructor of artillery at West Point for several months, and at the beginning of the Civil War was ordered to duty in the South. He was chief of artillery and had charge of the batteries at the capture of Fort Pulaski, was on the staff of Gen. McClellan in July, 1862, and served with the Army of the Potomac until after the engagement at Antietam. In the following year he was chief of ordnance on Gen. Rosecrans' staff, and went through the Chickamauga campaign with the Army of the Cumberland. When Grant took command in the East Porter became his aide-de-camp with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and later as colonel. He accompanied Grant through the Wilderness campaign and the sieges of Richmond and Petersburg, was present at the surrender of Appomattox, and afterward made a series of inspection tours in the South and on the Pacific coast. He was brevetted captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services during the war. General Porter was assistant secretary of war while Grant was secretary, and during Grant's first presidential term served as secretary to him. In 1873 he resigned from the army and became prominently identified with several large railroads and corporations, for which he served as president or director. He made several important inventions, and had a widespread reputation as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker. In 1897 he was appointed Ambassador to France.

SPEECH: "OUR GUESTS"

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1875

MR. PRESIDENT,—Some hours ago you were engaged in welcoming the coming guests. But at this late period of the evening, your mind, no doubt, naturally reverts to the necessity of speeding the departing guests, and I suppose my services have been called in at this point on account of something in my style which it is thought will be peculiarly efficacious in speeding the departure of guests. But, sir, while I yield to no one in disposition to heartily second all your efforts, yet it is always dangerous to call in the services of a novice on occasions of emergency. This fact was impressed upon me most forcibly during one of the prominent engagements in the war. When the commanding general had decided to make a decisive movement to determine the fate of the day, and had made all the necessary disposition of the troops, he called to a young staff officer who had just joined the army, and told him that when he gave the order for the final advance he wanted him to take out his watch and tell the exact time. The young officer stepped forward with that look of vanity and self-consciousness upon his face which is only begotten of youth and inexperience. He thought the supreme moment of his life had arrived, and when the final order was given he pulled out his watch in the presence of a group of anxious staff officers and promptly informed the general that —it had run down!

And, sir, it sometimes happens that a speech-maker does not fully realize the fact, until he has opened his mouth, that he has "run down."

When Gibbon was writing his Roman History it is said that it took him more than ten years to finish his "Rise and Fall." There are times when an extemporaneous speaker may accomplish this in less than that many minutes. In this country, where everybody makes speeches, speaking is supposed to be contagious, and men are presumed to take to it as naturally as they take the measles; and, like the victims of that disease, you cannot always tell just when, or how badly, they are going to break out.

Now, as I was informed, when I came here, that ten minutes was the time allotted to each speaker on these occasions, and which, I learn, has never been known to be exceeded, I can hardly be expected to say all the kind words of acknowledgment and appreciation which your guests for whom I am reputed to speak would like to have said on their behalf to-night.

I will say that we have all enjoyed with inexpressible pleasure the banquet which has been set before us; but your guests will leave here considerably perplexed in mind to know just why the landing of a silent and hungry band of pilgrims should be celebrated by sumptuous banquets and fluent speeches; and when we look at the first frugal meal eaten upon Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrim Fathers, and then turn to this groaning board surrounded by their descendants, your guests are impressed with the idea that this is the most rapid case of "Pilgrim's Progress" on record.

We who have been so unfortunate as to be able to study the Puritan character only from a distance have been led to believe that the only form of speech adopted by them in public was that of prayer; though in my army experience, more especially during a stampede of quartermaster's mules through camp on a dark night, I have heard descendants of the Puritans use the name of their Maker in a way which their best-advised friends assured me was not in prayer.

Now, sir, in our better reading we have been taught to associate in our minds prayer with fasting; but in the forms of speech used here to-night I am sure they have not been accompanied by any abstinence of diet. But while there shall be no adverse criticism upon the banquet, particularly on the part of those of us who have just shown such a practical appreciation of it, yet we can see nothing in your feast at all suggestive of speaking. There is certainly not an article on your table which at all resembles our speeches here to-night—not even the milk, for that is sometimes condensed.

In endeavoring to respond for your guests I presume I shall not be expected to speak for the guests of the city of New York. They are at home, and are able to speak for themselves; at least, they will be able to if they can bring their minds down to a lower plane than that on which they now travel. For at present they are thinking only of elevated railroads, the height of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the future price of their up-town lots. This state of mind has become a subject of remark. It is always worthy of remark when New Yorkers get to setting their affections on "things above."

I suppose I shall be allowed to confine my remarks principally to the guests from Pennsylvania, as I know more about that State, although I fully recognize that among our most popular orators of the present day a knowledge of the subject whereof they speak is not by any means considered an essential.

Now, it was all very well for you to have your Miles Standish going about promising to whip the Indians with his shot-gun brigade; but we had our William Penn, who went about with his coat-tail pockets full of painted beads, quack medicines, and patent grindstones for sharpening scalping-knives. He was his own Indian contractor. Miles Standish may have been a very promising young man, but William Penn was a paying one. I, for one, have never credited those stories about William Penn which try to make people believe that he introduced among the untutored savages a peculiar game of the palefaces,—that he sat down with them under the deep shade of the primeval forests, and, while pointing them to a better land above, dealt himself four aces from the bottom of the pack and won the game.

These stories make us doubt the truth of all history, even the history of that still greater patriot, George Washington; for we have learned to believe from tradition that he was a man of unimpeachable personal veracity, and yet when we come to read his history we find recorded there only one solitary instance of his ever having told the truth.

Now, Pennsylvania has often been the common ground on which New England has met other sections of the country to interchange patriotic ideas and brush up their rusty statesmanship. For instance, at the City of Brotherly Love met that arm-in-arm convention which assembled there some years ago, in which Massachusetts and South Carolina, with a degree of fraternity unparalleled in politics, mingled their tears together, and wiped their weeping eyes on Pennsylvania's coat-sleeve.

We have not only interchanged statesmanlike ideas, but we have interchanged statesmen themselves. When we were short of Revolutionary statesmen we sent to New England and got Benjamin Franklin. It was popularly supposed, at the time, that he left Massachusetts because he could not get the Boston post-office.

Knowing his ambition, as soon as he arrived in Philadelphia we recommended him for the Philadelphia post-office, and he was appointed. And so Boston, with all her boasted pride in literature, has not always been the first city to recognize a man of letters. It may be a useful hint to your distinguished guest of this evening who presides over the affairs of the nation, to say that if ever he finds any candidates for postal honors in New England who cannot succeed in getting any recommendations there, let him send them down to Pennsylvania, and the difficulty can be solved at once.

Now, sir, to even up this matter of an exchange of statesmen, it was foreseen, a number of years ago, with that degree of foresight which is peculiar to New England, that a contingency might arise in the affairs of our government in which it might be necessary for the State of Maine to furnish a Speaker for the House of Representatives. Well, Pennsylvania was equal to the emergency, and we sent you up our friend Blaine, and we think we are now no longer indebted to New England after this swap.

I like to dwell upon the State of Maine. I dwelt *in* that State a whole week, once, for the express purpose of testing practically the working of the Maine liquor law. It was a dry season. Even the women were out in processions, waging a crusade against that peculiar form of original sin which is put up in quart bottles. There was an "irrepressible conflict" going on between the Santa Cruz rum and the saintly crusaders. It was the driest spot I ever encountered except one. That was a military post on the alkali plains of the Great American Desert, where the supply of liquor had been cut off, where no water had risen from earth or descended from heaven for nine months, and where the commanding officer used to write beseeching letters to all the recruiting-officers in the East, begging them to send him all their dropsical recruits, so that he could tap them and use them for purposes of irrigation.

There have been eminent public men in our nation who are claimed by both New England and Pennsylvania on account of the migratory habits of their parents. It was a distinguished admiral of our navy who used to be very fond of remarking, with that degree of nautical perspicacity common only to seafaring men, that though his bark was launched in New England, the keel was laid in Pennsylvania.

But, sir, we guests from different sections of the country learned to know each other better when, for four long years, we were, many of us, guests in common of the State of Virginia, when we stood side by side and fought together on the color line—that is, next to the black troops; for the colored troops were there, and the honors were about equally divided between us: we had the "circumstance" and they had the "Pomp" of war. That reminds me that people of that sable hue used to be the guests of Pennsylvania long before the war. They used to come to us, not by the elevated, but by the underground railroad.

Well, we did not want to be selfish, and keep every good thing we came across to ourselves, so in a spirit of liberality we used to distribute them throughout New England; and, to the credit of that section be it said, they treated them better than we did; for sometimes it would happen that in our haste to get them out of the State their faces got turned the wrong way in the night, and they would find their way back to their masters.

There was one old woman, we cannot tell how old—the leaf of the family Bible was torn out, and tradition only says that she was one of the seventy-five nurses of George Washington, who, according to all accounts, was the most nursed man in the nation. She escaped twice, and, under the sanctifying influences of the Fugitive Slave Law, had twice been sent back. She escaped a third time, and she thought if there was any gratitude left in republics she ought to be considered a heroine in turbans. She held her head as high as the Queen of Sheba, and expected she would immediately be elected an honorary member of all the female sewing-societies, be presented with free passes on all the city railroads, and be admitted to a front seat in every travelling circus; I don't know but she expected to be made a member of the Legislature.

But she found that republics were not grateful: her position was not appreciated; it was hard work even to get admission to travelling side-shows. One time she succeeded in getting into an exhibition given by Tom Thumb. Just before the close of the performance the English showman who had charge of the exhibition came forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to observe that himmediately oftah the performance is ovah you will find the little gentleman standing near the main hexit, upon a chair. He will be most 'appy to supply copies of his photographs to any of the ladies wishing to purchase, for the small sum of sixpence apiece, and any lady making a purchase will have the hadditional pleasure in store for 'er of receiving a kiss from 'is Liliputian lips—that is, if she so desire; hotherwise she will himmediately poss hout, and not block hup the doorway." As Aunty passed out, she bought a photograph, and then leaned forward to the little man and said, "Now, son, I'se done bought one yer pretty 'graphs, now, den, gib de ole gal a good smack, honey!" He drew back and said, "I don't kiss colored people." "Well, afore God," said she, "I berily believe that if dar was an individooal in dis town no bigger nor a tadpole, he'd have sumfing agin de colored popoolashun." Well, sir, I think that New England is about the only section that at that time did not have something against the colored population.

And now, before taking our departure, let me say that your guests cannot help wondering what the Pilgrim Fathers would say if they should rise from their graves and look upon this age of rapidity in which we live—an age of steam and electricity; an age of political calisthenics and religious gymnastics; an age in which American rifles are fired at targets so far off that it requires a telescope to see them; an age in which couples get married by proxy, children race to Sunday-school on velocipedes, and people join the church by telegraph, and send forward their photographs to be baptized; when everything is moving with marvellous rapidity except the American flag—and Sergeant Bates still persists in dragging that along on foot.

And now, sir, if we are to judge the future by the past, what kind of an age will our children's children live in? The descendants of our friends here, General Hawley and Judge Gildersleeve and other sharpshooters, may be purchasing whole continents to find a range for their improved arms; pocket-pistols may carry as far as rifled cannon of the present day; even Quaker guns may speak, and then you will hear loudly from Pennsylvania; and some future Mr. Bergh, in the tenderness of a humanity increasing with the ages, may be seen floating about through the heavens in an improved balloon, cautioning pigeons to fly higher.

Pardon me, sir, for exceeding the allotted time. I know that in allotting the prescribed number of minutes to us to-night, you intended to pay us a high compliment. It is enough to satisfy the ambition of any of us speakers; for you have virtually said to us that we have gone ahead of our Revolutionary sires as rapidly as the decades fly. They are known in history as "minute-men," but you would have us go down to posterity as "ten-minutes men."

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN INVENTION

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1877

MR. PRESIDENT,—I suppose it was a matter of necessity, calling on some of us from other States to speak for you to-night, for we have learned from the history of Priscilla and John Alden that a New-Englander may be too modest to speak for himself. But this modesty, like some of the greater blessings of the war, has been more or less disguised to-night.

We have heard from the eloquent gentleman on my left all about the good-fellowship and the still better fellowships in the rival universities of Harvard and Yale. We have heard from my sculptor friend upon the extreme right all about Hawthorne's tales, and all the great *Storys* that have emanated from Salem; but I am not a little surprised that in this age, when speeches are made principally by those running for office, you should call upon one engaged only in running cars, and more particularly upon one brought up in the military service, where the practice of running is not regarded as strictly professional. It occurred to me some years ago that the occupation of moving cars would be fully as congenial as that of stopping bullets—as a steady business, so when I left Washington I changed my profession.

I know how hard it is to believe that persons from Washington ever change their professions. In this regal age, when every man is his own sovereign, somebody had to provide palaces, and, as royalty is not supposed to have any permanent abiding-place in a country like this, it was thought best to put these palaces on wheels; and, since we have been told by reliable authority that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," we thought it necessary to introduce every device to enable those crowned heads to rest as easily as possible.

Of course we cannot be expected to do as much for the travelling public as the railway companies. They at times put their passengers to death. We only put them to sleep. We don't pretend that all the devices, patents, and inventions upon these cars are due to the genius of the management. Many of the best suggestions have come from the travellers themselves, especially New-England travellers.

Some years ago, when the bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homœopathic principle, a New-Englander got on a car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New-Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said, "Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?"

"We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these yer cars, sah," was the reply.

"Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold onto one of your pillows that kind of worked its way into my ear."

The pillows have since been enlarged.

I notice that in the general comprehensiveness of the sentiment which follows this toast you allude to that large and liberal class of patrons, active though defunct, known as "deadheads." It is said to be a quotation from Shakespeare. That is a revelation. It proves conclusively that Shakespeare must at one time have resided in the State of Missouri. It is well known that the term was derived from a practice upon a Missouri railroad, where, by a decision of the courts, the railroad company had been held liable in heavy damages in case of accidents where a passenger lost an arm or a leg, but when he was killed outright his friends seldom sued, and he never did; and the company never lost any money in such cases.

In fact, a grateful mother-in-law would occasionally pay the company a bonus.

The conductors on that railroad were all armed with hatchets, and in case of an accident they were instructed to go around and knock every wounded passenger in the head, thus saving the company large amounts of money; and these were reported to the general office as "deadheads," and in railway circles the term has ever since been applied to passengers where no money consideration is involved.

One might suppose, from the manifestations around these tables for the first three hours to-night, that the toast "Internal Improvements" referred more especially to the benefiting of the true inwardness of the New-England men; but I see that the sentiment which follows contains much more than human stomachs, and covers much more ground than cars. It soars into the realms of invention.

Unfortunately the genius of invention is always accompanied by the demon of unrest. A New-England Yankee can never let well enough alone. I have always supposed him to be the person specially alluded to in Scripture as the man who has found out many inventions. If he were a Chinese pagan, he would invent a new kind of Joss to worship every week. You get married and settle down in your home. You are delighted with everything about you. You rest in blissful ignorance of the terrible discomforts that surround you, until a Yankee friend comes to visit you. He at once tells you you musn't build a fire in that chimney-place; that he knows the chimney will smoke; that if he had been there when it was built he could have shown you how to give a different sort of flare to the flue.

You go to read a chapter in the family Bible. He tells you to drop that; that he has just written an enlarged and improved version, that can just put that old book to bed.

You think you are at least raising your children in general uprightness; but he tells you if you don't go out at once and buy the latest patented article in the way of steel leg-braces and put on the baby, that the baby will grow up bow-legged.

He intimates, before he leaves, that if he had been around to advise you before you were married, he could have got you a much better wife.

These are some of the things that reconcile a man to sudden death.

Such occurrences as these, and the fact of so many New-Englanders being residents of this city and elsewhere, show that New-England must be a good place—to come from.

At the beginning of the war we thought we could shoot people rapidly enough to satisfy our consciences, with single-loading rifles; but along came the inventive Yankee and produced revolvers and repeaters, and Gatling guns, and magazine guns—guns that carried a dozen shots at a time.

I didn't wonder at the curiosity exhibited in this direction by a backwoods Virginian we captured one night. The first remark he made was, "I would like to see one of them thar new-fangled weepons of yourn. They tell me, sah, it's a most remarkable eenstrument. They say, sah, it's a kind o' repeatable, which you can load it up enough on Sunday to fiah it off all the rest of the week."

Then there was every sort of new invention in the way of bayonets. Our distinguished Secretary of State has expressed an opinion to-night that bayonets are bad things to sit down on. Well, they are equally bad things to be tossed up on. If he continues to hold up such terrors to the army, there will have to be important modifications in the uniform. A soldier won't know where to wear his breastplate.

But there have not only been inventions in the way of guns, but important inventions in the way of firing them. In these days a man drops on his back, coils himself up, sticks up one foot, and fires off his gun over the top of his great toe.

It changes the whole stage business of battle. It used to be the man who was shot, but now it is the man who shoots that falls on his back and turns up his toes. The consequence is that the whole world wants American arms, and as soon as they get them they go to war to test them. Russia and Turkey had no sooner bought a supply than they went to fighting. Greece got a schooner-load, and although she has not yet taken a part in the struggle, yet ever since the digging up of the lost limbs of the Venus of Milo it has been feared that this may indicate a disposition on the part of Greece generally to take up arms.

But there was one inveterate old inventor that you had to get rid of, and you put him on to us Pennsylvanians—Benjamin Franklin.

Instead of stopping in New York, in Wall Street, as such men usually do, he continued on into Pennsylvania to pursue his *kiting* operations. He never could let well enough alone. Instead of allowing the lightning to occupy the heavens as the sole theatre for its pyrotechnic displays, he showed it how to get down on to the earth, and then he invented the lightning-rod to catch it. Houses that had got along perfectly well for years without any lightning at all now thought they must have a rod to catch a portion of it every time it came around. Nearly every house in the country was equipped with a lightning-rod through Franklin's direct agency.

You, with your superior New-England intelligence, succeeded in ridding yourselves of him; but in Pennsylvania, though we have made a great many laudable efforts in a similar direction, somehow or other we have never once succeeded in getting rid of a lightning-rod agent.

Then the lightning was introduced on the telegraph wires, and now we have the duplex and quadruplex instruments, by which any number of messages can be sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time, and they all appear to arrive at the front in good order.

Electricians have not yet told us which message lies down and which one steps over it, but they all seem to bring up in the right camp without confusion. I shouldn't wonder if this principle were introduced before long in the operating of railroads. We may then see trains running in opposite directions pass each other on a single-track road.

There was a New-England quartermaster in charge of railroads in Tennessee, who tried to introduce this principle during the war. The result was discouraging. He succeeded in telescoping two or three trains every day. He seemed to think that the easiest way to shorten up a long train and get it on a short siding was to telescope it. I have always thought that if that man's attention had been turned in an astronomical direction he would have been the first man to telescope the satellites of Mars.

The latest invention in the application of electricity is the telephone. By means of it we may be able soon to sit in our houses and hear all the speeches without going to the New-England dinner. The telephone enables an orchestra to keep at a distance of miles away when it plays. If the instrument can be made to keep hand-organs at a distance, its popularity will be indescribable. The worst form I have ever known an invention to take was one that was introduced in a country town, when I was a boy, by a Yankee of musical turn of mind, who came along and taught every branch of education by singing. He taught geography by singing, and to combine accuracy of memory with patriotism, he taught the multiplication-table to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

This worked very well as an aid to the memory in school, but when the boys went into business it often led to inconvenience. When a boy got a situation in a grocery store and customers were waiting for their change, he never could tell the product of two numbers without commencing at the beginning of the table and singing up till he had reached those numbers. In case the customer's ears had not received a proper musical training this practice often injured the business of the store.

It is said that the Yankee has always manifested a disposition for making money, but he never struck a proper field for the display of his genius until we got to making paper money. Then every man who owned a printing-press wanted to try his hand at it. I remember that in Washington ten cents' worth of rags picked up in the street would be converted the next day into thousands of dollars.

An old mule and cart used to haul up the currency from the Printing Bureau to the door of the Treasury Department. Every morning, as regularly as the morning came, that old mule would back up and dump a cart-load of the sinews of war at the Treasury.

A patriotic son of Columbia, who lived opposite, was sitting on the doorstep of his house one morning, looking mournfully in the direction of the mule. A friend came along, and seeing that the man did not look as pleasant as usual, said to him, "What is the matter? It seems to me you look kind of disconsolate this morning."

"I was just thinking," he replied, "what would become of this government if that old mule was to break down."

Now they propose to give us a currency which is brighter and heavier, but not worth quite as much as the rags. Our financial horizon has been dimmed by it for some time, but there is a lining of silver to every cloud. We are supposed to take it with 412½ grains of silver—a great many more grains of allowance. Congress seems disposed to pay us in the "dollar of our daddies"—in the currency which we were familiar with in our childhood. Congress seems determined to pay us off in something that is "childlike and *Bland*."

But I have detained you too long already; the excellent President of your Society has for the last five minutes been looking at me like a man who might be expected, at any moment, to break out in the disconsolate language of Bildad the Shuhite to the patriarch Job, "How long will it be ere ye make an end of words?"

Let me say then, in conclusion, that, coming as I do from the unassuming State of Pennsylvania, and standing in the presence of the dazzling genius of New-England, I wish to express the same degree of humility that was expressed by a Dutch Pennsylvania farmer in a railroad car at the breaking out of the war. A New-Englander came in who had just heard of the fall of Fort Sumter, and he was describing it to the farmer and his fellow passengers. He said that in the fort they had an engineer from New-England, who had constructed the traverses, and the embrasures, and the parapets in such a manner as to make everybody within the fort as safe as if he had been at home; and on the other side the Southerners had an engineer who had been educated in New-England, and he had, with his scientific attainments, succeeded in making the batteries of the bombarders as safe as any harvest field, and the bombardment had raged for two whole days, and the fort had been captured, and the garrison had surrendered, and not a man was hurt on either side. A great triumph for science, and a proud day for New-England education. Said the farmer, "I suppose dat ish all right, but it vouldn't do to send any of us Pennsylvany fellers down dare to fight mit dose pattles. Like as not ve vould shoost pe fools enough to kill somepody."

IN COMMEMORATION OF GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN[1]

[Address delivered April 6, 1892, before the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.[2]]

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS,—This has been a banner night for the Loyal Legion. It is supposed that there are periods of an evening when veteran soldiers occasionally have to be removed from the tables, but to-night the tables have been removed from them. Movements are always rapid when things are passing to the rear, and the strategic movement by which those tables were taken from the room was eminently successful until they reached a point near the door, when a corner of one of those tables collided with the manly bosom of Horatio King, and, for a brief moment, I feared that he was about to go into the hands of a receiver.

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[1] From "Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion."

[2] Used by permission of the New York Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

We have been honored here to-night by the members of that sex which originally, in the Garden of Eden, was created out of the crookedest part of man, and is now principally engaged in straightening man out. As we sat here gazing upon them in the gallery we have religiously obeyed that injunction of Scripture which commands us to set our affections upon things above, and in our unmeasured vanity we have been considering ourselves only a little lower than the angels.

I wish to say that I yield to no one in the pleasure with which I have listened to that manly tribute of a brother to a brother. It seems all like a dream that General Sherman is dead; we seem still to hear his cheery, manly voice lingering in this hall where we heard it so often, and yet it is more than a year since we found ourselves standing within the profound shadow of a manly grief, oppressed by a sense of sadness which is akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement, when we heard that our old commander had passed away from the living here, to join that other living, commonly called the dead; when the echo of his guns had given place to the tolling of cathedral bells, when the flag of his country, which had never once been lowered in his presence, dropped to half-mast, as if conscious that his strong arm was no longer there to hold it to the peak.

His loss has created a gap in this particular community which neither time nor men can ever fill. No social circle was complete without him; where he sat was the head of the table. We can heap no further honors upon him by any words of ours; he had them all. He had been elevated by his country to the highest position in the army, tendered votes of thanks by Congress, made a member of distinguished societies abroad, had medals struck in his honor. We can add nothing to his earthly glory; we can only gather, as we assemble here to-night, to recount the hours of pleasant intercourse we have had with him, to show our esteem for the soldier and our love for the man, for our hearts always warm to him with the glow of an abiding affection.

He seemed to possess every characteristic of the successful soldier. Bold in conception, vigorous in execution, and unshrinking under grave responsibilities, he demonstrated by every act that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute."

In battle, wherever blows fell thichest, his crest was in their midst. The magnetism of his presence transformed routed squadrons into charging columns, and snatched victory from defeat. Opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets never to rise again; he paused not until he saw the folds of his banners wave above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. Much discussion had been going on at General Grant's headquarters at City Point in regard to the contemplated march to the sea. One officer of our staff thought that if that army cut loose from its base it would be led only to destruction. I had a firm conviction that if ever Sherman cut loose and started through that country he would wipe up the floor from one end of the Confederacy to the other, and pulverize everything he met into dust.

General Grant said to me, after he had had a good deal of correspondence by letter and telegraph with Sherman: "Suppose you go out and meet the General, you can repeat to him my views in detail, and get his ideas thoroughly, and I have no doubt a plan, can be arranged which will provide for his cutting loose and marching to the sea."

I went to Atlanta, very curious to see this great soldier of the West. I arrived there one morning soon after he had captured Atlanta; I found him sitting on the porch of a comfortable house on Peachtree Street, in his shirt-sleeves, without a hat, tilted back in a big chair, reading a newspaper. He had white stockings and low slippers on his feet. He greeted me very cordially, wanted to hear all the news from the East, and then he began a marvellous talk about his march to the sea. His mind, of course, was full of it. He seemed the very personification of nervous energy.

During that talk the newspaper was torn into a thousand pieces; he tilted backward and forward in his chair until everything rattled; he would shoot off one slipper, then stick out his foot and catch it again, balance it on his toe, draw it back, and put it on. He struck me as a man of such quick perceptions, as one who knew so well in advance precisely what he was going to do, as a person who seemed to have left nothing unthought of, or uncared for, regarding the contemplated march to the sea, that I felt confident that with him at the head of the movement it could not help being an absolute, a triumphant success.

I went back; General Grant was much interested in my account of the interview, telling in detail General Sherman's views and the arrangements he was making for the movement. Soon after that Sherman cut the wires and railroads in his rear and struck out from Atlanta to the sea. I next saw him when he came, after his marvellous march had been completed, to meet General Grant at City Point. We were sitting in camp one day when some one said to General Grant: "The boat has arrived, Sherman is on deck."

The General dropped everything, ran hurriedly down the long flight of rude steps leading to the landing on the river, and, as he reached about the last step, General Sherman came off the boat, rushing to meet him, and there they grasped each other's hands.

It was "How are you, Sherman?" "How do you do, Grant? God bless you!"

There they stood and chatted like two schoolboys on a vacation. Then came that memorable conference of intellectual giants. Just think of the group that sat together in the cabin of the President's steamer that afternoon—Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Admiral Porter, the four men who seemed to hold the destinies of the country in their grasp.

There Sherman related, as only he could relate, that marvellous march to the sea. It was in itself a grand epic, and recited with Homeric power. People will never cease to appreciate the practical workings of the mind of the great strategist, who, in his wonderful advance, overcame not only his enemy, but conquered Nature itself. But above and beyond all this, people will see much in his career which savors of the imagination, which excites the fancy, which has in it something more of romance than of reality; they will be fond of picturing him as a great legendary knight moving at the head of conquering columns whose marches are measured, not by single miles, but by thousands; as a general who could make a Christmas gift to his President of a great seaboard city; as a commander whose field of operations extended over half a continent, who had penetrated everglade and bayou, whose orders always spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier, whose strength converted weaklings into giants, who fought from valley's depth to mountain height, and marched from inland river to the sea.

His friends will never cease to sing pæans to his honor, and even the wrath of his enemies may be counted in his praise. No man can rob him of his laurels, no one can lessen the measure of his fame. He filled to the very full the largest measure of military greatness, and covered the land with his renown. His distinguished brother has well said that he and General Grant were a Damon and a Pythias. Fortunate for us that those two illustrious commanders had souls too great for rivalry, hearts untouched by jealousy, and could stand as stood the men in the Roman phalanx of old and lock their shields against a common foe. We are going to build a great monument to him now, but, busy and vigorous as our hands may be, we can never expect to build it high enough to reach the lofty eminence of his fame.

HANNA

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA, a prominent American politician and financier, was born at New Lisbon, Ohio, September 24, 1837, and, after preparing for college in the common schools of Cleveland, graduated at Western Reserve College. After his graduation he secured employment in a wholesale grocery store. He soon became a partner in the firm, was remarkably prospered, and added to his responsibilities many positions of trust, such as that of director of the Globe Ship Manufacturing Company, president of the Union National Bank, Cleveland City Railway Company, Chapin Mining Company, and head of a great coal business. He entered politics and directed the campaign which secured the election of William McKinley as President of the United States. He has rarely spoken in public, but his few utterances are characterized by a practical common sense.

PROMOTION OF COMMERCE AND INCREASE OF TRADE

[Delivered in the United States Senate December 13, 1900, the Senate having under consideration the bill to promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for government use when necessary.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—The time has not faded out of the memory of members in this chamber when, during our war with Spain, the people of the Atlantic coast were shivering with terror and appealing to the departments of this government for coast protection against the invasion of the Spanish navy and those unknown but much-dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers. Everyone who was here and conversant with affairs during that time knows that from the northern coast of Maine to the coast of Florida there was one uninterrupted demand upon the War Department for coast-protecting guns. Every one of our large commercial cities upon the Atlantic coast thought it needed more and immediate defence for life and property.

But, Mr. President, when it was known that those four ships of the American Line which had been chartered by the Navy Department, manned by their own crews, every man of whom had taken the oath of allegiance to the cause for which they proposed to fight, I say when it became known that those four swift steamers were on the picket line on the ocean, steamers that could show their heels to any man-of-war in the Spanish navy, ready to transmit to our fleet of war ships any plans or information on the part of the supposed invaders, there was a feeling of confidence, of complete confidence, of safety, that if you would descend to measure it by a money value would be worth more than the whole subsidy proposed in this bill.

I say, Mr. President, that when we attempt to combat prejudice which is used against an enterprise that induces our people to go so far in that direction of sentiment, if you please to call it, as did those who built and who run those ships, we have got to appeal to the people of the country and go behind those missionaries of foreign shipowners who come to educate Congress.

There is no one thing in the building up of our great navy that is more important as an auxiliary than to have a merchant marine of vessels of modern type, of sufficient speed and strength, built under this bill, which are made under the law a part of the United States navy whenever the Secretary, in his judgment, sees fit to call them into action.

It is a well-known fact that at the beginning of the Spanish war, while we had a navy equal, even surpassing that of our adversary, we had no ships except those of the American Line that could be used as pickets. We had not enough ships to transport our men to Cuba or Porto Rico. We were obliged to avail ourselves of nearly every vessel plying in the coastwise trade, and we bought hundreds of tons of vessel-room from foreigners. And we paid any price for it in the emergency. I cannot impress too strongly that feature of this bill upon those who were called upon to legislate on that question. Even putting aside the feeling of pride and patriotism which should be a part of it, as a purely business proposition, I say, Mr. President, that it is a mistaken policy not to have at the service of our government these auxiliary cruisers. . . .

If I made my statement too sweeping with reference to the auxiliary cruisers, I will qualify it. I was simply speaking of that section of the bill which put the obligation upon certain vessels built under the provisions of the bill in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. All ships built under the bill are to receive a subsidy in proportion to the speed and carrying capacity of the ship. But such vessels, when requisitioned by the government, of course cease from that moment to receive subsidy, and so long as they are subject to the control of the government they receive no subsidy. That, Mr. President, is a feature of this bill which I do not believe is fully understood in this country.

I have noticed many newspaper comments and criticisms upon this measure, nearly all tending to the one point—that this whole measure is intended to be in the interest of certain lines or certain kinds of steamships. I deny it. I deny it because in all the discussion that has taken place during the construction of this measure by the so-called Maritime Committee every kind of ship and every kind of trade was represented there.

No one man or no one agency had any more power in shaping the policy embodied in the bill there framed than any other. I speak for myself, and I know I reflect the sentiment of the Maritime Committee when I state as the sole purpose and object that we started upon the hypothesis that something must be done to build up our merchant marine if we were to have one, and, as I said in the beginning, the spirit of conciliation and compromise prevailed at every meeting that was held and every discussion that was had.

I claim that the men who have and who take the responsibility of this measure before the country are entitled to just as much consideration for honesty of purpose and ability to accomplish the result as the people who criticise the measure as a subsidy. It was intended that the very class of vessels specially mentioned by the senator from Georgia [Mr. Clay] as the most useful to this country should receive the first and the highest consideration at the hands of the committee. It is to the low-power ship, the economic ship, the ship that can bring to us the lowest prices of transportation, that the fullest consideration is given; and when it is said that all of the benefits of this provision will be given to lines already in operation, to the men already controlling certain lines and certain business facilities engaged in foreign trade, I say that it is not true.

Yet, as you go to put into successful operation the provisions of the proposed law, where will you look for the accomplishment of its purposes, which is so earnestly desired, but to the men who have given their lifetime to the study and operation of each business which is peculiar unto itself? If we have a few ships engaged in foreign trade to-day, all the better. If we can induce the men who are conducting that business to build more ships, all the better; it accomplishes the result for which we are striving. If the upbuilding of the merchant marine of the United States depends upon the successful issue of the measure, it must be through the hands and under the administration of the men who know and thoroughly understand the business.

The question of the admission of foreign tonnage to American registry is troubling many, and it troubled me. I have always been opposed, as a matter of principle, to giving advantage to ships constructed abroad. I was inclined to take a narrow view of that proposition when I was first called into the councils of this committee; but there are none of us who know so much upon any subject that we cannot learn something, and I learned from those discussions that it was necessary to protect the property and the capital of American citizens who had invested their money in foreign-built ships, who in the conduct of their business found it absolutely necessary that they should have ships, and finding it impossible because of the higher cost to build those ships in the United States, in order to further their business interests, were obliged to invest their capital in foreign-built ships and operate them under a foreign flag.

In that way, owing to the rapid and continuous development of our export trade, in the growth of their business in connection with our affairs at home, and through energy and effort on their part, several important lines have been established and maintained fairly well against all competition. I speak now of foreign ships owned by American citizens and operated under a foreign flag. When it came to the consideration of this question in perfecting the measure which was to come before Congress and the people of the United States, it was very important that consideration should be given to everybody alike, and there was no attempt to do otherwise and no thought or desire to do otherwise.

We felt that it was our duty as much to those who had acquired interests in ships under a foreign flag, without any prospect of anything better, and in the protection and development of their own business interests had invested their capital in that direction, that the only men who are experienced and able to put into effective operation the provisions of this law, must receive just as much consideration as those representing any other interest; and they did, but under different conditions. That was a concession made, and entirely made, to that spirit which dominates the American people, that we shall first take care of ourselves when considering the question of competition.

The condition was made that for every ship owned by American capital and operated under a foreign flag, when their owners availed themselves of the provisions of this bill, the contract would not be complete until they had constructed in the shipyards of the United States a tonnage equal to that coming under American registry. In that connection came the interest of the American shipbuilder.

Mr. President, one of the first objections that I met in the informal discussion of this bill among business men of my acquaintance in the East was that the measure was framed purely upon the plan of building our own tonnage, even although Congress might decide to give it exclusively to that class of vessels, owing to the fact that under the conditions which had existed in this country ever since the civil war the shipbuilding industry of this country had been confined entirely to the construction of coastwise and naval vessels. The shipbuilding industry of the United States has not been profitable since then, and capital has not sought that industry for investment.

What they wanted was immediate relief, the opportunity at this time, now, to take advantage of the conditions which seemed so favorable to make one more effort in this direction, and therefore the claim was that if you depend upon the limited capacity of the shipyards of the United States, already almost filled to overflowing in the construction of our magnificent navy, of which we are all so proud, before a merchant marine can be built which will be of any service or relief to the business of the country our competitors, with the full knowledge of our purpose and intent, will, as they have always done, be ready to meet us and circumvent us if possible.

I said a moment ago that every time the question of subsidizing American ships was even mentioned in the newspapers of the United States there came a renewed effort and a continuing effort for the upbuilding of English and German ships, even to the extent that a credit almost unheard of was offered by the shipbuilders in Europe, saying:

> "We will build your ships; we will let you pay for them when you can; we will extend to you a rate of interest one-half what you would be obliged to pay in your own country; we will do anything, we will do everything, rather than have you invest your capital in ships built in the United States."

I say that the necessity for immediate relief in the direction which I have indicated was the one overpowering argument, because it appealed to my business sense as right, that if the government of the United States was willing to take the responsibility of expending the money of the people in this direction, every man who is called upon to cast his vote upon this legislation would want to feel that the result would justify that vote.

No one can be blamed for considering that feature of this case. Therefore I say it was an argument that appealed to the business sense of that committee, and I believe to a large proportion of the committee of the Senate, that, having by our action adopted that policy, we felt it was necessary that the results should justify the act, and that those results should come quickly. In other words, the benefit to those who would avail themselves of the privileges in their export trade—I mean the shippers—if they found that as a result of this measure they would soon have the opportunity to ship their export goods in American bottoms and under the American flag, they would know further, and they would know it surely, too, that that would mean a competition which would result in lowering freights across the Atlantic and the Pacific.

In one of the many speeches made yesterday, although we are all well aware of the great development of our country, I must confess that I was almost astonished at the figures read by Governor Shaw, of Iowa, showing the development of this country during the last century, what tremendous strides we have made in our export trade, and showing, too, the extent of the undertaking, under the auspices of the United States government, in a measure which we are soon to consider, the Nicaragua Canal Bill, a sister interest in connection with our merchant marine.

In connection with that subject is to be considered the cost of transportation, which I quoted as a result of the development of the lake commerce in less than thirty years, where there has been a reduction from $3.50 a ton to 60 cents a ton on iron ore, standard rate. When Governor Shaw made the statement of the immense tonnage moved upon our railroads and the further statement that the cost of railroad transportation in this country was always less than one third that of Europe, quoting England and Germany, it only showed that this whole subject of transportation goes together, and the Nicaragua Canal and any other contributing cause that helps to cheapen transportation will be in the interest of the people of this country. But after we have built that canal and opened up that great highway to the commerce of the world, and we find ourselves confined utterly and absolutely to our coastwise trade, a trade which is forbidden to foreigners, how can we reconcile that as a public-spirited measure commensurate with a great country, starting now on the highway to a development and prosperity unequaled in the history of the world, unless we pass the pending bill?

Mr. President, to my mind there never was a plainer business, common-sense proposition to justify action on the part of this government to give such aid as is necessary to attract capital and lay the foundation for the building up of this great industry, than is offered by this bill.

Conditions in this country to-day differ widely from those of the time immediately following the civil war. I need not refer to those conditions, but steadily and sturdily have we been growing in importance in our commerce, in our industries, and in the development of our natural resources.

There is one feature of this question which I desire briefly to touch upon, and that is from the standpoint of the shipbuilder. The upbuilding of the merchant marine of this country means more than many can appreciate without a careful study of the situation. The privilege which we give to those American citizens who bring under our registry a foreign-built vessel, requiring that they must build a compensating tonnage in this country, will make a demand, without any doubt, in the next five years, for more capacity than we have shipyards in this country to supply.

Six hundred thousand tons—300,000 tons now in existence and 300,000 tons more to be newly built—would be added to our merchant marine, because under the provisions of this bill it is intended—and rightly so—that the benefits shall not be confined to those who first avail themselves of this $9,000,000. Anybody and everybody can go on and build ships and then go to the Secretary of the Treasury and ask a contract under the same provisions, and when he has complied with the features of the law, given bond, and signed the contract, his ship can be registered for the foreign trade and begin earning the same proportionate amount of subsidy as that given to the ships which were built and in operation before the $9,000,000 was absorbed.

It was intended and it is expected that that provision of the bill as we grow in experience and ability, as we enlarge this sphere of industry, if it is found profitable, will attract idle capital not otherwise invested; and if it pays more than the normal rate of two or three per cent interest—which has come to be the rate on the best securities upon which money can be invested—then it will have served the purpose that is intended, to not confine the size of this merchant marine in tonnage or number within the limit of the $9,000,000—not that the $9,000,000 is to be increased; but that any man who builds a vessel after that amount has been absorbed can come under the provisions of the bill, and that the necessary percentage shall be taken from the others and given to him.

One word about our shipbuilding industry. I say, should this bill become a law, it will immediately affect that industry very perceptibly and very beneficially. What does that mean? Every ship that is built in a yard of the United States will be built wholly from materials furnished in the United States, beginning with the iron ore in the ground. Every additional ton that is demanded for this new industry will be an addition to the demand for labor in this country.

It will take that many more men to mine that ore—and I speak now more particularly of ores from Lake Superior, which is the source of our main supply—to handle it on the railroads to the lake shipping points and then on vessels to the distributing points on the lower lake, then to furnish additional ships needed upon the lakes, additional men to man them, additional men to handle that ore upon the docks in its reshipment, additional men to aid the transportation to the point of manufacture, then through all the ramifications of that manufacture to bring that iron ore into a condition to go into the ship and during the construction of that ship until she is slipped upon the waters and is a part of the merchant marine of the United States, thousands of men will find employment in an industry heretofore comparatively unknown to this country.

Mr. President, when we look at the rapid growth of the population of the United States, aided so largely, as it is, by immense immigration, over half a million of people coming to our shores every year from foreign countries, attracted here by the belief, in fact, by the certainty, that they can better their condition, and when we find in that connection that the production in the United States is one third larger than our consumption, we are met with a very serious proposition, a proposition which, from an economic standpoint in connection with this interest and any other legislation, should command our most serious consideration.

I say our productive capacity is one third of our consumption. So, either one of two things must happen; we must either find a foreign market for that surplus or we must curtail the production one third. What does that mean? In the conditions existing to-day it would mean to throw out of employment thousands and thousands of our workingmen. Why, then, is it not better sense and better policy to study all the conditions from the American standpoint of bettering them for ourselves and bettering the conditions of the people who look to us?

It is just as much the duty of Congress to consider a question of that kind as it is for the manufacturer. When he finds his market will not consume his product he must consider what he had best do first to protect his own interest, which he does, and that of those who are dependent upon him; or, if he be public spirited and enough of the philanthropist, he would consider those interests mutually, and would study the subject in order to avail himself of every opportunity to discover some method, even at less profit to himself, to find a market for that surplus product.

There is no country on the face of this earth that is so richly endowed with mineral wealth as ours. There is no section of this country that has more undeveloped mineral wealth than the border States of the South.

The chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, in his remarks the other day, made a statement which has impressed me more than ever before, because I know it is true. He said we are on the eve of a war, not of arms, but on the eve of a contest for commercial supremacy in the markets of the world; the result of recent changing conditions, which have opened the door, and will keep open the door of those great markets of the Orient, where every nation that has any industries to protect, that has any industries to develop, is availing itself of the fullest opportunity at its command.

Mr. President, we are always proud when we speak of the greatness of our country, either in peace or in war. We are always proud when we refer to our army and our navy and their achievements. We have been especially proud of the position we have attained as the result of our war with Spain.

We are equally proud of the result of our diplomacy in the treatment of these great international questions which has placed the United States in the very firing line of nations—a world Power, prepared to meet any and every emergency which may confront us as a nation, whether placed in that position as a result of circumstances or by a higher will. We are proud to claim that with our civilization goes the progress of the world. We are proud to know that the nations of Europe, which have never looked upon this country as a world Power in their councils, now not only respect but, I may say, fear us.

Occupying that position, Mr. President, shall we shrink from responsibility in meeting all questions which may arise from every standpoint of reason and business policy? When we see this opportunity open to us to possess ourselves of our share of this foreign market—aye, of more than our share—shall we refuse to avail ourselves of it? No, Mr. President; and when the American people start in that direction they generally get all they go for.

This country is endowed with the greatest natural mineral resources of any in the world. Already the markets are opening to her coal product. The senator from Georgia stated—and truthfully so—that the development of the manufacture of pig iron has grown enormously. That is true of those infant industries in the South, where thousands of spindles are singing, where thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are being taken from beneath the soil, where the materials for the manufacture of pig iron lie within the circumference of a few miles. The industry in northern Alabama and Tennessee has grown so rapidly that almost fifty per cent of its product is being exported to Europe.

Mr. President, the limit of that export to-day is reached by the inability to secure transportation upon the high seas. In order successfully to operate and carry out great industries of that kind, looking to a foreign market, it is not only important but absolutely necessary that the manufacturer shall know what it will cost to deliver the goods. He must know what it will cost every month of the twelve months of the year if he attempts to predicate his operations upon the demand and the business that he can build up in the foreign trade.

There are other conditions in the United States which contribute much to the situation and bring to us forcibly the fact mentioned by the senator from Maine [Mr. Frye], that we are now entering upon this great commercial struggle, as I say, with equal advantage compared with any other nation, aye, a greater advantage in every direction save one, and that is the connecting link between the producer and the consumer—the ships to carry our exports to those foreign markets. We have none, comparatively. We are growing so rich as the result of our great natural wealth, enterprise, and industry that capital for investment is increasing every year.

Mr. President, the United States has changed its condition from a debtor to a creditor nation. We are not only loaning money to foreign countries, purchasing their bonds, but we are loaning to them millions of dollars which come to us as the balance of trade and which are left in their hands because there is greater remuneration abroad than at home. Is it not better for the American people that they shall invest that capital here in any of the variety of industries which will not only call capital into activity, but will furnish bread for thousands and thousands of men, women, and children who are a part of us, depending upon us, and who in all conditions must be considered?

The question of the employment of labor and the continuance of it is one that the American people must meet, and meet boldly; and any policy that will contribute to that end in any legitimate way should commend itself to those who are called upon to act in public stations. They should act from conviction in the interests of the whole people, and from nothing else.

I alluded to the development of the Southern States. The coal and iron industries in the South are yet in their infancy. There are there wonderful deposits of both minerals awaiting development, and the people who control those industries have told me time and again that the one difficulty they meet with every year in building up the export trade is the lack of adequate and regular transportation. I have known, since this measure began to be discussed in Congress, within the last three years, of several enterprises which contemplated the organization and establishment of a line from Pensacola to South America and one from Norfolk to South America and another to a Mediterranean port, awaiting your decision upon this question.

That development will do more for the rapid consummation of the hopes of our friends in those States than anything else, because in connection with that comes further investment of capital in those industries, and the greater the facilities the better the opportunity to increase that trade, the greater the demand for more capital. What we want in this county is to continue in this development and in the growth of our material wealth, and then to find an opportunity for the application of it.

This question is broader than the lines of the bill can write it. It will be widespread in its benefits. It is not aimed at any class or any particular industry. It is one of those measures the influence of which will permeate every industry and every class in the length and breadth of the United States. When I am told that the people of the interior of this country are not interested in the shipping question—that the farmers take no interest in it—I say it is not true in fact.

I know that every man, no matter what his vocation in life, is interested and will be benefited, directly or indirectly, because you cannot create an industry like this, bringing about, as it must naturally, first the development of our raw materials and then a condition which ends with the construction of the ships, opening up the markets of the world, giving greater opportunities to our merchants and manufacturers, without benefiting every industry and every line of business.

I spoke of the amount of capital seeking investment at this time; and in connection with this commercial contest I wish to go a little further. We all know that England and Germany and Holland and France long ago established in the Orient depots for the distribution of their products. Of course we know also that long ago they provided transportation by the building up of their merchant marine. They have their banking facilities. They have their agents representing every manufactured product, and altogether that makes up the organization which is the machinery by which this business must be transacted.

Every time an American product is sent to those foreign markets, whether from the farm or the factory, the mine or the mill, it goes there subject to a condition which is a tax upon every turn it makes, whether in substance or the representative of it in value. In short, the English or German shipowner charges what he pleases for the freight, and when the vessel arrives at her destination those goods are put into consignment in the hands of an English or a German factor, and by him distributed to the consumer; and every time those goods are handled they pay tribute. When the owner of the goods receives his pay, he receives it through a foreign banking house, which collects its tribute upon every dollar. So from a business standpoint we pay as tribute, for every particle of foreign trade that we now enjoy, a sum equivalent to a fair profit.

These conditions are changing and will change more. The growing wealth of this country will demand a change, because capital will unite with transportation and will supply the connecting link between the producer and the consumer. We will establish our own depots for the distribution of our products; we will establish our own banking houses for the conduct of our exchange, so that all the profit accruing which is now paid to the foreigner will go to the American manufacturer and business man.

Mr. President, that proposition is so clear, and this opportunity is so great, I wonder that any man can hesitate to seize upon the advantage which we now have at this critical time, when we are considering our future commerce and the disposition of the great surplus of our farms and our manufacturing institutions every year. The laws of commerce are as infallible as the laws of nature. If we do not travel along the lines that experience and time have proved to be necessary to commercial development, taking immediate advantage of every opportunity offered, we must gradually fall behind again, and we shall.

When I say that a measure of this kind is in the interest of the whole people of this country, I mean it. The farmer who wants to dispose of the products of the soil, who can raise more wheat, or corn, or oats, or other products than can be sold in this country, complains that the markets of Liverpool fix the price upon his commodity. If that be so, then why not look elsewhere for wider markets. Why not take advantage of the situation in the East?

I predict—and I do it because I believe it—that, should this bill become a law, inside of ten years there will scarcely be a bushel of wheat shipped from the Pacific coast to Europe if we avail ourselves of our opportunity, and find a way to put under our control the transportation of those products in connection with the great transportation system of the United States, which has been made a successful study until, as Governor Shaw told us yesterday, we have reduced the cost to one third of that paid by any other country. This is a part of it, and a very important part of it just now, because if we do not avail ourselves of this situation other countries will, and they are preparing now to do it.

There is a strange contradiction of interests that has crept into this matter since I have paid attention to it recently. I find that people in Boston and people in New York, engaged in the same business—what I would call a commission business—exporting, and otherwise, and who have built up a great business at each of those points, at this late day are bringing to our attention, in the way of an argument against this measure, the fact that it is detrimental to those interests.

The argument has been made to me personally, and, I presume, to many others of my colleagues, that if this measure should become a law it would greatly injure if not destroy that line of business, provided we open the door to the register of foreign vessels. On the other hand, the other house engaged in the same line of business in Boston complains that if we do not open it wider it will ruin its business. In other words, in the first instance the admission of foreign tonnage to American register will put into operation under this bill lines of steamships that will control certain business.

Take, for example, the South American trade or the Australian trade:—

It is claimed that if a regular line is formed between New York and Brazil or the Argentine, which would supply the needs of that trade regularly, in a short time it would become a monopoly, controlling the trade, and would put freight at an abnormally high price. It is claimed that that would be the result of admitting foreign ships. There is no objection on the part of those people to a subsidy being paid to American vessels. On the other hand, the Boston party contends that unless the door is opened wide enough in this measure to give him or anybody else the privilege at any time in the near future of bringing in as many foreign ships as he can or wants to bring in, after he has made a careful calculation as to the profits of the investment, it will injure his business.

Questions of that character we have had to meet at every stage of the proceeding, but never, until within a week or two, during all of the time that I have been engaged in investigating this subject, has that phase of the question been brought to my attention, that in the same line and kind of business you do one thing and it will ruin one party, and you do the other thing and it will ruin the other party. I cannot understand it. But I do say that the bill as framed and as it is now upon the calendar, as recently amended, is approved, so far as I know, by all the interests that have been consulted and advised with during the three years we have been considering the subject. If it fails to meet every demand and every condition which may arise, it is because we have not had an opportunity to see everybody and to consult everybody. I believe that it fully and completely answers the demand, and therefore I am in favor of its passage.

I am in favor of its passage upon the ground that it is for the best interests of the whole country, without regard to any special interest, and I know I voice the sentiments of all those who have labored so long and so faithfully in trying at least to perfect this measure when I say it is their desire that only a measure which shall contribute to those ends shall be passed by Congress. Let us start upon the hypothesis that we are all agreed that it will be a good thing for the United States to build up our merchant marine. If some of us believe that entire free ships is the best way to do it, and if the majority of us believe that connected with the other questions involved it is much better that it should be done in this way, but not by this bill, then to those who are willing to admit that the upbuilding of the American merchant marine is a good thing for the United States I say, give us something better than this, and we will support it. I would not under any circumstances be influenced by any other motive.

There is one more feature, but I shall not trespass longer upon the patience of the Senate. I wish to ask one question. Suppose there should be a war between Germany and England, or between England and France, or between any of the great European Powers, particularly any of those three, which are the greatest maritime Powers of Europe. Ninety-two and five tenths per cent of our entire export trade is to-day carried in the ships of England, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, and Holland. Suppose a war should break out between any of those great maritime Powers, with the conditions that always follow war, particularly now, when each one of them has been growing in naval power every year until the destructive powers of the navies of Europe would entirely obliterate the whole merchant marine of the world as a consequence.

What would become of us? What would become of the farmers then? What would become of the manufacturer looking to a foreign market to dispose of his surplus? What would become of the men who are working in the mines and the factories with that business absolutely paralyzed? We would have no ships, although a neutral power, to take up and continue that necessary transportation in order that our goods may be carried to markets; and until the war should cease or until some other remedy could be supplied the condition of the United States would be absolutely deplorable and beyond remedy.

If you bring it down to a question of dollars and cents as weighing against the higher considerations, when those conditions come upon us as a sequence of war, and we are asked what would we not give had we a merchant marine, being a neutral power, to go on with the export of our products and not suffer the consequences of the war, would we stop to consider the whole amount of the subsidy, $9,000,000, multiplied by the twenty years of the existence of this contract, as a price to be paid in cash to remove such conditions as would bring ruin upon us for at least a while?

Oh, no, Mr. President, in making my appeal to the American people for this great industry, I want to put it upon higher grounds than that of dollars and cents. I want to put it upon the broad ground of a connecting link between the producer and the consumer, as an adjunct to our further growth and prosperity, which it is written must continue in the nature of things because of the conditions which control us and our future—conditions which rise above the speculative question whether one man will get a little more benefit than another, conditions which appeal even to our benevolence in the responsibilities that we owe to the working people of this country.

As to the popularity or the unpopularity of this measure, I stand here to-day in the presence of the whole American people and claim that this kind of legislation is inspired by the best sentiment and the wisest experience of those best qualified to judge its merits. I am standing here as the exponent of that principle, and I claim for every line in the bill that it is in the interest of the whole people of the United States, and particularly of those who must look to higher and more experienced authority to conduct the public affairs of our government in their interest. Upon that basis I make my appeal, and I leave it in your hands.

BOURINOT

JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT was born October 24, 1837, in Cape Breton, and spent the early part of his life in the Province of Nova Scotia. He had a successful career as a journalist and newspaper-publisher, conducting the Halifax "Daily Reporter and Times," an evening paper which during the Franco-Prussian war acquired a high reputation by reason of the accuracy and fulness of its telegraphic war news. He was for a number of years official reporter of the Provincial Legislature. In 1880 he was appointed clerk of the Canadian House of Commons. He was one of the early presidents of the Royal Society of Canada and served for many years as its honorary secretary. He is a recognized authority on parliamentary procedure, his works upon this subject—"How Canada Is Governed" and "Parliamentary Procedure and Government in Canada"—having alone given him a national reputation. Sir John has also been a voluminous writer upon historical subjects. Among his works in this field are "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Régime;" "Builders of Nova Scotia;" "Canada under British Rule;" and "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," an address; besides articles in the "Quarterly Review," "Forum," and other periodicals.

EARLY CANADIAN LITERATURE

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA, MAY, 1893

I CANNOT more appropriately commence this address than by a reference to an oration delivered seven years ago in the great hall of a famous university which stands beneath the stately elms of Cambridge, in the old "Bay State" of Massachusetts: a noble seat of learning in which Canadians take a deep interest, not only because some of their sons have completed their education within its walls, but because it represents that culture and scholarship which know no national lines of separation, but belong to the world's great federation of learning.

The orator was a man who, by his deep philosophy, his poetic genius, his broad patriotism, his love for England, her great literature and history, had won himself a reputation not equalled in some respects by any other citizen of the United States of these later times.

In the course of a brilliant oration in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, James Russell Lowell took occasion to warn his audience against the tendency of a prosperous democracy "toward an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an overestimate of material success, and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind."

He did not deny that wealth is a great fertilizer of civilization and of the arts that beautify it; that wealth is an excellent thing, since it means power, leisure, and liberty; "but these," he went on to say, "divorced from culture, that is, from intelligent purpose, become the very mockery of their own essence, not goods, but evils fatal to their possessor, and bring with them, like the Nibelungen hoard, a doom instead of a blessing."

"I am saddened," he continued, "when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage, or of bushels of wheat exported; for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade. The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judæa with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the Prices Current; but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And if we go back a century, where was Germany outside of Weimar? Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind."

These eloquently suggestive words, it must be remembered, were addressed by a great American author to an audience, made up of eminent scholars and writers, in the principal academic seat of that New England which has given birth to Emerson, Longfellow, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Hawthorne, Holmes, Parkman, and many others, representing the brightest thought and intellect of this continent. These writers were the product of the intellectual development of the many years that had passed since the pilgrims landed on the historic rock of Plymouth.

Yet, while Lowell could point to such a brilliant array of historians, essayists, poets, and novelists, as I have just named, as the latest results of New England culture, he felt compelled to utter a word of remonstrance against that spirit of materialism that was then, as now, abroad in the land, tending to stifle those generous intellectual aspirations which are best calculated to make a people truly happy and great.

Let us now apply these remarks of the eminent American poet and thinker to Canada—to ourselves, whose history is even older than that of New England; contemporaneous rather with that of Virginia, since Champlain landed on the heights of Quebec and laid the foundations of the ancient capital only a year after the English adventurers of the days of King James set their feet on the banks of the river named after that sovereign, and commenced the old town which has long since disappeared before the tides of the ocean that stretches away beyond the shores of the Old Dominion.

If we in Canada are open to the same charge of attaching too much importance to material things, are we able at the same time to point to as notable achievements in literature as results of the three centuries that have nearly passed since the foundation of New France?

I do not suppose that the most patriotic Canadian, however ready to eulogize his own country, will make an effort to claim an equality with New England in this respect; but, if indeed we feel it necessary to offer any comparison that would do us justice, it would be with that Virginia whose history is contemporaneous with that of French Canada.

Statesmanship rather than letters has been the pride and ambition of the Old Dominion,—its brightest and highest achievement. Virginia has been the mother of great orators and great presidents, and her men of letters sink into insignificance alongside of those of New England. It may be said, too, of Canada, that her history in the days of the French régime, during the struggle for responsible government, as well as at the birth of confederation, gives us the names of men of statesmanlike designs and of patriotic purpose.

From the days of Champlain to the establishment of the Confederation Canada has had the services of men as eminent in their respective spheres, and as successful in the attainment of popular rights, in molding the educational and political institutions of the country, and in laying broad and deep the foundations of a new nationality across half a continent, as those great Virginians to whom the world is ever ready to pay its meed of respect. These Virginian statesmen won their fame in the large theatre of national achievement—in laying the basis of the most remarkable federal republic the world has ever seen; while Canadian public men have labored with equal earnestness and ability in that far less conspicuous and brilliant arena of colonial development the eulogy of which has to be written in the histories of the future.

Let me now ask you to follow me for a short time while I review some of the most salient features of our intellectual progress since the days Canada entered on its career of competition in the civilization of this continent. So far there have been three well-defined eras of development in the country now known as the Dominion of Canada. First, there was the era of French Canadian occupation, which in many respects had its heroic and picturesque features. Then, after the cession of Canada to England, came that era of political and constitutional struggle for a larger measure of public liberty which ended in the establishment of responsible government about half a century ago.

Then we come to that era which dates from the Confederation of the Provinces—an era of which the first quarter of a century only has passed, of which the signs are still full of promise, despite the prediction of gloomy thinkers, if Canadians remain true to themselves and face the future with the same courage and confidence that have distinguished the past.

As I have just said, the days of the French régime were in a sense days of heroic endeavor, since we see in the vista of the past a small colony whose total population at no period exceeded eighty thousand souls, chiefly living on the banks of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal, and contending against great odds for supremacy on the continent of America. The pen of Francis Parkman has given a vivid picture of those days when bold adventurers unlocked the secrets of this Canadian Dominion, pushed into the western wilderness, followed unknown rivers, and at last found a way to the waters of that southern gulf where Spain had long before, in the days of Grijalva, Cortez, and Pineda, planted her flag and won treasures of gold and silver from an unhappy people who soon learned to curse the day when the white men came to the fair islands of the south and the rich country of Mexico.

In these days the world, with universal acclaim, has paid its tribute of admiration to the memory of a great discoverer who had the courage of his convictions and led the way to the unknown lands beyond the Azores and the Canaries. This present generation has forgiven him much in view of his heroism in facing the dangers of unknown seas and piercing their mysteries. His purpose was so great, and his success so conspicuous, that both have obscured his human weakness. In some respects he was wiser than the age in which he lived; in others he was the product of the greed and the superstition of that age; but we, who owe him so much, forget the frailty of the man in the sagacity of the discoverer.

As Canadians, however, now review the character of the great Genoese, and of his compeers and successors in the opening up of this continent, they must, with pride, come to the conclusion that none of these men can compare in nobility of purpose, in sincere devotion to God, king, and country, with Champlain, the sailor of Brouage, who became the founder of Quebec and the father of New France.

In the daring ventures of Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, and Tonty, in the stern purpose of Frontenac, in the far-reaching plans of La Galissonière, in the military genius of Montcalm, the historian of the present time has at his command the most attractive materials for his pen. But we cannot expect to find the signs of intellectual development among a people where there was not a single printing-press; where freedom of thought and action was repressed by a paternal absolutism;

where the struggle for life was very bitter up to the last hours of French supremacy in a country constantly exposed to the misfortunes of war, and too often neglected by a king who thought more of his mistresses than of his harrassed and patient subjects across the sea. Yet that memorable period —days of struggle in many ways—was the origin of a large amount of literature which we, in these times, find of the deepest interest and value from a historic point of view.

The English colonies of America cannot present us with any books which, for faithful narrative and simplicity of style, bear comparison with the admirable works of Champlain, explorer and historian, or with those of the genial and witty advocate, Marc Lescarbot, names that can never be forgotten on the picturesque heights of Quebec or on the banks of the beautiful basin of Annapolis. Is there a Canadian or American writer who is not under a deep debt of obligation to the clear-headed and industrious Jesuit traveller, Charlevoix, the Nestor of French-Canadian history?

The only historical writer that can at all surpass him in New England was the loyalist Governor Hutchinson, and he published his books at a later time, when the French dominion had disappeared with the fall of Quebec. To the works just mentioned we may add the books of Gabriel Sagard, and of Boucher, the governor of Three Rivers, and founder of a still eminent French-Canadian family; that remarkable collection of authentic historic narrative, known as the "Jesuit Relations;" even that tedious Latin compilation by Père du Creux, the useful narrative by La Potherie, the admirable account of Indian life and customs by the Jesuit Lafitau, and that now very rare historical account of the French colony, the "Établissement de la Foy dans la Nouvelle France," written by the Recollet Le Clercq, probably aided by Frontenac. In these and other works, despite their diffuseness in some cases, we have a library of historical literature which, when supplemented by the great stores of official documents still preserved in the French archives, is of priceless value as a true and minute record of the times in which the authors lived, or which they described from the materials to which they alone had access. It may be said with truth that none of these writers were Canadians in the sense that they were born or educated in Canada, but still they were the product of the life, the hardships, and the realities of New France; it was from this country they drew the inspiration that gave vigor and color to their writings.

New England, as I have already said, never originated a class of writers who produced work of equal value, or indeed of equal literary merit. Religious and polemic controversy had the chief attraction for the gloomy, disputatious Puritan native of Massachusetts and the adjoining colonies. Cotton Mather was essentially a New-England creation, and if quantity were the criterion of literary merit he was the most distinguished author of his century; for it is said that indefatigable antiquarians have counted up the titles of nearly four hundred books and pamphlets by this industrious writer. His principal work, however, was the "Magnalia Christi Americana; or, Ecclesiastical History of New England from 1620 to 1698",—a large folio, remarkable as a curious collection of strange conceits, forced witticisms, and prolixity of narrative, in which the venturesome reader soon finds himself so irretrievably mystified and lost that he rises from the perusal with wonderment that so much learning as was evidently possessed by the author could be so used to bewilder the world of letters. The historical knowledge is literally choked up with verbiage and mannerisms. Even prosy Du

Creux becomes tolerable at times compared with the garrulous Puritan author.

Though books were rarely seen, and secular education was extremely defective as a rule throughout the French colony, yet at a very early period in its history remarkable opportunities were afforded for the education of a priesthood and the cult of the principles of the Roman Catholic religion among those classes who were able to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the Jesuit college which was founded at Quebec before even Harvard at Cambridge, or by the famous Great and Lesser Seminaries in the same place, in connection with which, in later times, rose the University with which is directly associated the name of the most famous bishop of the French régime.

The influence of such institutions was not simply in making Canada a most devoted daughter of that great Church which has ever exercised a paternal and even absolute care of its people, but also in discouraging a purely materialistic spirit and probably keeping alive a taste for letters among a very small class, especially the priests, who, in politics as in society, have been always a controlling element in the French Province. Evidences of some culture and intellectual aspirations in the social circles of the ancient capital attracted the surprise of travellers who visited the country before the close of the French dominion.

" Science and the fine arts," wrote Charlevoix, " have their turn, and conversation does not fail. The Canadians breathe from their birth an air of liberty which makes them very pleasant in the intercourse of life, and our language is nowhere more purely spoken."

La Galissonière, who was an associate member of the French Academy of Science, and the most highly cultured governor ever sent out by France, spared no effort to encourage a systematic study of scientific pursuits in Canada. Dr. Michel Sarrazin, who was a practising physician in Quebec for nearly half a century, devoted himself most assiduously to the natural history of the colony, and made some valuable contributions to the French Academy, of which he was a correspondent.

The Swedish botanist, Peter Kalm, who visited America in the middle of the last century, was impressed with the liking for scientific study which he observed in the French colony. "I have found," he wrote, "that eminent persons, generally speaking, in this country, have much more taste for natural history and literature than in the English colonies, where the majority of people are entirely engrossed in making their fortune, while science is, as a rule, held in very light esteem."

Strange to say, he ignores in this passage the scientific labors of Franklin, Bartram, and others he had met in Pennsylvania. As a fact, such evidences of intellectual enlightment as Kalm and Charlevoix mentioned were entirely exceptional in the colony, and never showed themselves beyond the walls of Quebec or Montreal. The Province, as a whole, was in a state of mental sluggishness. The germs of intellectual life were necessarily dormant among the mass of the people, for they never could produce any rich fruition until they were freed from the spirit of absolutism which distinguished French supremacy, and were able to give full expression to the natural genius of their race under the inspiration of the liberal government of England in these later times.

Passing from the heroic days of Canada, which, if it could hardly, in the nature of things, originate a native literature, at least inspired a brilliant succession of historians, essayists, and poets in much later times, we come now to that period of constitutional and political development which commenced with the rule of England. It does not fall within the scope of this address to dwell on the political struggles which showed their intensity in the rebellion of 1837-38, and reached their fruition in the concession of parliamentary government, in the large sense of the term, some years later.

These struggles were carried on during times when there was only a sparse population chiefly centred in the few towns of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Upper and Lower Canada, on the shores of the Atlantic, on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and not extending beyond the peninsula of the present Province of Ontario. The cities, or towns rather, of Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and York, were then necessarily the only centres of intellectual life.

Education was chiefly under the control of religious bodies or in the hands of private teachers. In the rural districts it was at the lowest point possible, and the great system of free schools which has of late years extended through the Dominion, and is the chief honor of Ontario, was never dreamed of in those times of sluggish growth and local apathy, when communication between the distant parts of the country was slow and wretched, when the conditions of life were generally very hard and rude, when the forest still covered the greater portion of the most fertile districts of Ontario, though here and there the pioneer's axe could be heard from morn to eve hewing out little patches of sunlight, so many glimpses of civilization and better times amid the wildness of a new land even then full of promise.

The newspapers of those days were very few and came only at uncertain times to the home of the farmer by the side of some stream or amid the dense forest, or to the little hamlets that were springing up in favored spots and represented so many radiating influences of intelligence on the borders of the great lakes and their tributary streams, on the Atlantic seaboard, or on the numerous rivers that form so many natural highways to the people of the Maritime Provinces. These newspapers were for years mostly small quarto or folio sheets, in which the scissors played necessarily the all-important parts; but there was, nevertheless, before 1840, in the more pretentious journals of the large towns, some good writing done by thoughtful men who studied their questions and helped to atone for the very bitter vindictive partisan attacks on opponents that too frequently sullied the press in those times of fierce conflict. Books were found only in the homes of the clergy or of the official classes, and these were generally old editions and rarely the latest publications of the time. Montreal and Quebec, for many years, were the only places where bookstores and libraries of more than a thousand volumes could be seen. It was not until 1813 that a successful effort was made to establish a "social library" at Kingston, Bath, and some other places in the Midland district. Toronto had no library worth mentioning until 1836.

What culture existed in those rude days was to be hunted up among the clergy, especially of the Church of England, the Roman Catholic priests of Lower Canada, and the official classes of the large towns. Some sermons that have come down to us in pamphlets of very common paper—and very few were printed in those days when postage was dear and bookselling was not profitable—have no pretensions to originality of thought or literary style: sermons in remarkable contrast with the brilliant and suggestive utterances of such modern pulpit orators as Professor Clarke, of Trinity.

The exhaustive and generally close reasoned sermons of the Presbyterian divine had a special flavor of the Westminster Confession and little of the versatility of preachers like Principal Grant in these later times when men are attempting to make even dogma more genial, and to understand the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount. Then, as always in Canada, there were found among the clergy of all denominations hard-working, self-denying priests and missionaries who brought from time to time, to some remote settlement of the Provinces, spiritual consolation, and to many a household, long deprived of the intellectual nourishment of other days, an opportunity of conversing on subjects which in the stern daily routine of their lives in a new country were seldom or ever talked of.

It was in the legislative halls of the Provinces that the brightest intellect naturally found scope for its display, and at no subsequent period of the political history of Canada were there more fervid, earnest orators than appeared in the days when the battle for responsible government was at its height. The names of Nelson, Papineau, Howe, Baldwin, Wilmot, Johnstone, Young, Robinson, Rolph, and Mackenzie recall the era when questions of political controversy and political freedom stimulated mental development among that class which sought and found the best popular opportunities for the display of their intellectual gifts in the legislative halls in the absence of a great printing-press and a native literature.

Joseph Howe's speeches displayed a wide culture, an original eloquence, and a patriotic aspiration beyond those of any other man of his time and generation, and would have done credit to the Senate of the United States, then in the zenith of its reputation as a body of orators and statesmen.

It is an interesting fact that Howe, then printer and publisher, should have printed the first work of the only great humorist that Canada has yet produced. I mean, of course, "The Clockmaker," in which Judge Haliburton created "Sam Slick," a type of a down-East Yankee peddler who sold his wares by a judicious use of that quality which is sure to be appreciated the world over,—"soft sawder and human natur." In this work, which has run through ever so many editions and is still found on the shelves of every well-equipped library and bookstore, Sam Slick told some home truths to his somewhat self-satisfied countrymen, who could not help laughing even if the humor touched them very keenly at times.

Nova Scotia has changed much for the better since those dull times when the House of Assembly was expected to be a sort of political providence, to make all the roads and bridges and give good times and harvests; but even now there are some people cruel enough, after a visit to Halifax, to hint that there still is a grain of truth in the following reflection on the enterprise of that beautiful port:

"How the folks to Halifax take it all out in talkin'—they talk of steamboats, whalers, and railroads; but they all end where they begin—in talk. I don't think I'd be out in my latitude if I was to say they beat the womankind at that. One feller says, I talk of goin' to England—another says, I talk of goin' to the country—while another says, I talk of goin' to sleep. If we Yankees happen to speak of such things we say, 'I'm right off down East;' or 'I'm away off South,' and away we go jist like a streak of lightnin'."

This clever humorist also wrote the best history—one of his own Province—that had been written in British North America up to that time—indeed it is still most readable, and worthy of a place in every library. In later days the Judge wrote many other books and became a member of the English House of Commons; but "Sam Slick" still remains the most signal illustration of his original genius.

During this period, however, apart from the two works to which I have referred, we look in vain for any original literature worthy of special mention. A history of Canada written by William Smith, a son of an eminent chief justice of New York, and subsequently of Canada, was published, in excellent style for those days, as early as 1815 at Quebec, but it has no special value except to the collector of old and rare books. Bouchette's topographical and geographical account of Canada illustrated the ability and zeal of an eminent French-Canadian who deserved the thanks of his country, but these well-printed books were, after all, mere compilations and came from the English press. Pamphlets were numerous enough, and some of them had literary skill, but they had, in the majority of cases, no permanent value except to the historian or antiquarian of the present day, who must sift out all sorts of material and study every phase and incident of the times he has chosen for his theme.

Michel Bibaud wrote a history of French Canada which no one reads in these days, and the most of the other works that emanated from the Canadian press, like Thompson's "War of 1812," are chiefly valued by the historical collector.

It was not to be expected that in a relatively poor country, still in the infancy of its development, severely tried by political controversies, with a small population scattered over a long stretch of territory from Sydney to Niagara, there could be any intellectual stimulus or literary effort except what was represented in newspapers like the "Gazette" of Montreal—which has always maintained a certain dignity of style in its long journalistic career; the "Gazette" and the "Canadian" of Quebec; the "Nova Scotian" of Halifax, or displayed itself in keen contests in the legislatures or court-houses of a people delighting always in such displays as there were made of mental power and natural eloquence.

From a literary point of view our American neighbors had, during this period, left us away behind, in fact no comparison can be made between the two countries, laying aside the original creation of Sam Slick.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century Belknap published his admirable history of New Hampshire, while the third volume of Hutchinson's history of Massachusetts appeared in 1828, to close a work of rare merit alike for careful research, philosophic acuteness, and literary charm. That admirable collection of political and constitutional essays known as the "Federalist" had attained a wide circulation, and largely influenced the destinies of the Union under the constitution of 1783. Chief Justice Marshall illumined the bench by his great judicial decisions, which have won a remarkable place in legal literature, on account of their close, acute reasoning, breadth of knowledge, insight into great constitutional principles, and their immediate influence on the political development of the federal republic.

Washington Irving published, as far back as 1819, his "Sketch Book," in which appeared the original creation of Rip Van Winkle, and followed it up with other works which recall Addison's delightful style and gave him a fame abroad that no later American writer has ever surpassed. Cooper's romances began to appear in 1821, and Bancroft published in

1834 the first volume of what is a great history despite its somewhat rhetorical and ambitious style. Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" appeared in 1835, but his fame was to be won in later years, when he wrote the "Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables," the most original and quaint productions that New-England genius has yet produced.

If I linger for a moment among these men it is because they were not merely American by the influence of their writings; but wherever the English tongue is spoken and English literature is read these writers of a past generation, as it may be said of others of later times, claim the gratitude of the untold thousands whom they have instructed and helped in many a weary and sad as well as idle hour. They were not Canadians, but they illustrated the genius of this continent of ours.

It was in the years that followed the concession of responsible government that a new era dawned on Canada—an era of intellectual as well as material activity. Then common schools followed the establishment of municipal institutions in Ontario. Even the Province of Quebec awoke from its sullen lethargy and assumed greater confidence in the future, as its statesmen gradually recognized the fact that the union of 1841 could be turned to the advantage of French Canada despite it having been largely based on the hope of limiting the development of French-Canadian institutions, and gradually leading the way to the assimilation of the two races.

Political life still claimed the best talent and energy, as it has always done in this country; and, while Papineau soon disappeared from the arena where he had been, under a different condition of things, a powerful disturbing influence among his compatriots, men of greater discretion and wider statesmanship like Lafontaine, Morin, and Cartier, took his place, to the decided benefit of French Canada.

Robert Baldwin, a tried and conservative reformer, yielded to the antagonistic influences that eventually arrayed themselves in his own party against him, and retired to a privacy from which he never ventured until his death.

William Lyon Mackenzie came back from exile and took a place once more in legislative halls, only to find there was no longer scope for mere querulous agitators and restless politicians. Joseph Howe still devoted himself with untiring zeal to his countrymen in his native Province, while Judge Wilmot, afterward governor, like the former in Confederation days, delighted the people of New Brunswick with his rapid, fervid, scholarly eloquence.

James W. Johnstone, long the leader of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia, remarkable for his great flow of language and argument; William Young, an astute politician; James Boyle Uniacke, with all the genius of an Irish orator; Laurence O'Connor Doyle, wit and Irishman; Samuel J. W. Archibald, with his silver tongue, afterward Master of the Rolls; Adams G. Archibald, polished gentleman; Leonard Tilley, with his suavity of demeanor and skill as a politician; Charles Tupper, with his great command of language, earnestness of expression, and courage of conviction,—were the leading exponents of the political opinions and of the culture and oratory of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

In the Upper Provinces we had, in addition to the names of the distinguished French Canadians I have already mentioned, that of John A. Macdonald, at all times a ready and incisive debater, a great party tactician, and a statesman of generous aspirations, who was destined to die very many years later with the knowledge that he had realized his conception of a federation uniting all the territory of British North America, from Sydney to Victoria, under one government. The names of Allan McNab, Francis Hincks, George Brown, George Etienne Cartier, Alexander Galt, D'Arcy McGee, Louis Sicotte, John Hillyard Cameron, Alexander Mackenzie, Seth Huntington, William McDougal, Antoine Dorion, Alexander Campbell, and of other men, eminent for their knowledge of finance, their powers as debaters, their graceful oratory, their legal acumen, their political skill and their intellectual achievements in their respective spheres, will be recalled by many of those who hear me, since the most eminent among them have but recently disappeared from the stage of active life.

As long as party government lasts in this country, men will be divided into political divisions, and objection will be, of course, time and again taken to the methods by which these and other political leaders have achieved their party ends; and none of us will be always satisfied with the conclusions to which their at times overweening ambition has led them; but, taking them all in all, I believe, for one who has lived all my life among politicians and statesmen, that, despite their failings and weaknesses, the public men of our country in those days labored on the whole conscientiously, from their own points of view, to make Canada happier and greater. Indeed, when I look around me and see what has been done in the face of great obstacles during a half century and less, I am bound to pay this tribute to those who labored earnestly in the difficult and trying intellectual field of public life.

But this period, which brought so many intellects into the activities of political life, was distinguished also, not merely for the material advance in industry, but notably for some performance in the less hazardous walk of literature. The newspaper press, with the progress of population, the increase of wealth, the diffusion of education, the construction of railways and telegraph lines, and the development of political liberty, found itself stimulated to new energy and enterprise. A daily press now commenced to meet the necessities of the larger and wealthier cities and towns.

It must be admitted, however, that from a strictly intellectual point of view there was not, in some respects, a marked advance in the tone and style of the leading public journals. Political partisanship ran extremely high in those days,—higher than it has ever since,—and grosser personalities than have ever characterized newspapers in this country sullied the editorial columns of leading exponents of public opinion. No doubt there was much brilliant and forcible writing, despite the acrimony and abuse that were too often considered more necessary than incisive argument and logical reasoning when a political opponent had to be met.

It was rarely that one could get at the whole truth of a question by reading only one newspaper; it was necessary to take two or three or more, on different sides of politics, in order to obtain even an accurate idea of the debates in the legislative halls. A Liberal or Conservative journal would consider it beneath its legitimate functions, even as a newspaper, to report with any fulness the speeches of its political adversaries.

Of course this is not newspaper editing in the proper sense of the phrase; it is not English method assuredly, since the London "Times," the best example of a well-equipped and well-conducted newspaper, has always considered it necessary to give equal prominence to the speeches of Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone,—of all the leaders irrespective of party. Even in these days of heated controversy on the Irish question one can always find in the columns of the London press fair and accurate reports of the speeches of Gladstone, Balfour, McCarthy, Chamberlain, Morley, and Blake.

This is the sound basis on which true and honest journalism must always rest if it is to find its legitimate reward, not in the fickle smiles of the mere party follower, but in the support of that great public which can best repay the enterprise and honesty of a true newspaper. Still, despite this violent partisanship, to which bright intellects lowered themselves, and the absence of that responsibility to public opinion expected from its active teachers, the press of Canada, during the days of which I am speaking, kept pace in some essential respects with the material progress of the country, and represented too well the tone and spirit of the mass in the country where the rudiments of culture were still rough and raw. Public intelligence, however, was being gradually diffused, and according as the population increased, and the material conditions of the country improved, a literature of some merit commenced to show itself.

The poems of Crémazie, of Chauveau, of Howe, of Sangster, and others, were inbued with a truly Canadian spirit—with a love for Canada, its scenery, its history and its traditions, which entitled them to a larger audience than they probably ever had in this or other countries. None of those were great poets, but all of them were more or less gifted with a measure of true poetic genius, the more noteworthy because it showed itself in the rawness and newness of a colonial life. Amid the activities of a very busy period the poetic instinct of Canadians constantly found some expression.

One almost now forgotten poet who was engaged in journalism in Montreal wrote an ambitious drama, "Saul," which was described at the time by a British critic as "a drama treated with great poetic power and depth of phychological knowledge which are often quite startling;" and the author followed it up with other poems, displaying also much imagination and feeling, but at no time reaching the ears of a large and appreciative audience.

We cannot, however, claim Charles Heavysege as a product of Canadian soil and education, for he was a man of mature age when he made his home in this country, and his works were in no wise inspired by Canadian sentiment, scenery, or aspiration. In history Canadians have always shown some strength, and perhaps this was to be expected in view of the fact that political and historical literature—such works as Hamilton's "Federalist" or Todd's "Parliamentary Government"—naturally engages the attention of active intellects in a new country at a time when its institutions have to be molded, and it is necessary to collect precedents and principles from the storehouse of the past for the assistance of the present. A most useful narrative of the political occurrences in Lower Canada, from the establishment of legislative institutions until the rebellion of 1837-38 and the Union of 1841, was written by Mr. Robert Christie, long a publicist of note and a member of the Assembly of the Province. While it has no claim to literary style it has the great merit of stating the events of the day with fairness, and of citing at length numerous original documents bearing on the text. In French Canada the names of Garneau and Ferland have undoubtedly received their full meed of praise for their clearness of style, industry of research, and scholarly management of their subject.

Now that the political passion that so long convulsed the public mind in this country has disappeared with the causes that give it birth, one is hardly prepared to make as much a hero of Papineau as Garneau attempted in his assuredly great book, while the foundation of a new Dominion and the dawn of an era of larger political life have probably given a somewhat sectional character to such historical work. Still, despite its intense French-Canadian spirit, Garneau's volumes notably illustrate the literary instinct and intellectual strength which have always been distinguishing features of the best productions of the able and even brilliant men who have devoted themselves to literature, with marked success among their French-Canadian countrymen, are wont to pay a far deeper homage to such literary efforts than the colder, less impulsive English-Canadian character has ever shown itself disposed to give to those who have been equally worthy of recognition in the English-speaking Provinces.

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